14, 1940

Liberty

5¢

E AMERICAN
AY OF LIFE

Rudolph
Belarski

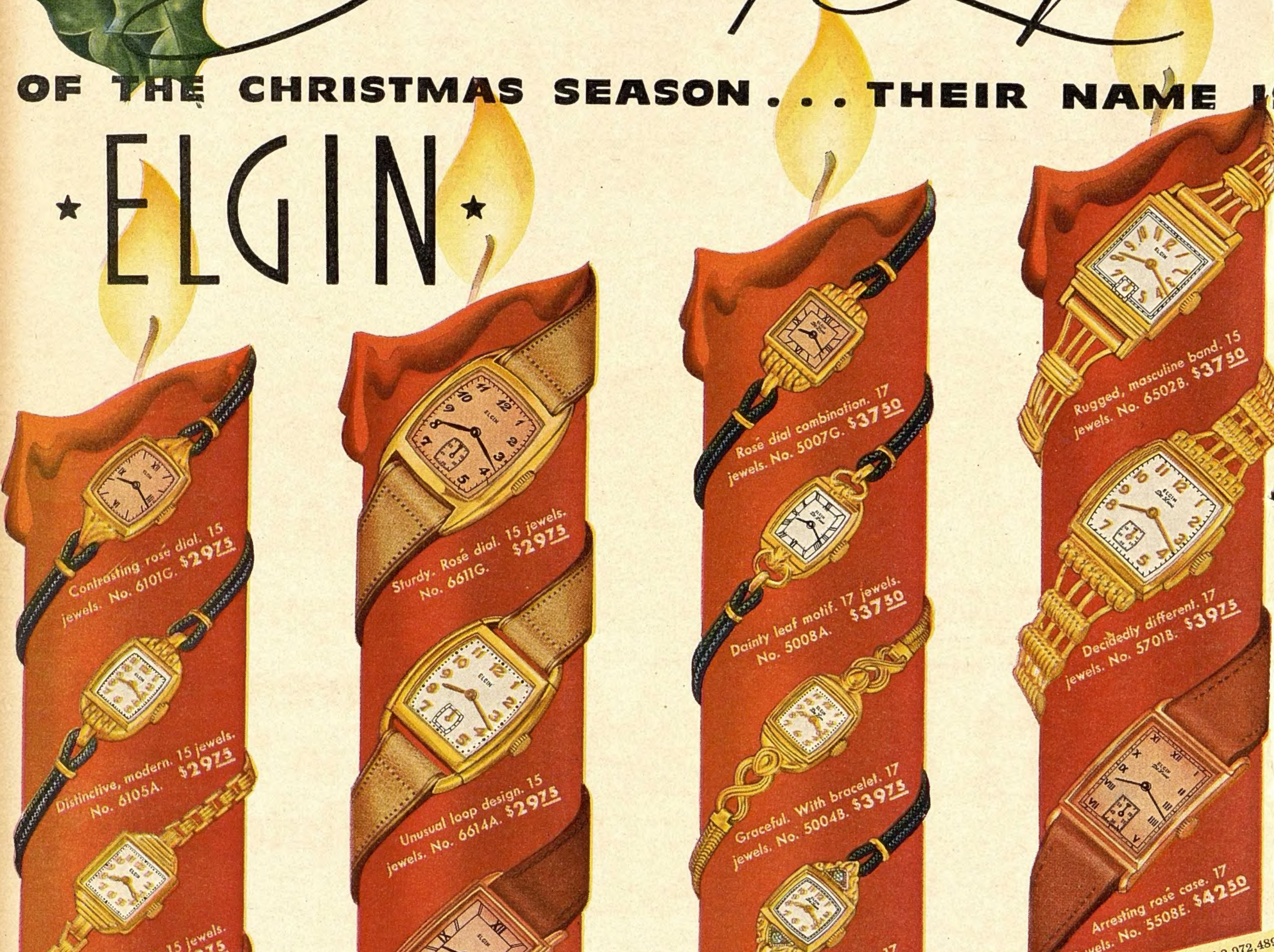
VE MINUTES A DAY FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH, by Jack Dempsey

URDER OVER BROOKLYN– THE FACTS ABOUT DISTRICT ATTORNEY O'DWYER AND THE SYNDICATE OF DEATH

Shining Lights

OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON . . . THEIR NAME I

★ ELGIN ★



Contrasting rosé dial. 15 jewels. No. 6101G. $29.75

Distinctive, modern. 15 jewels. No. 6105A. $29.75

Matching bracelet. 15 jewels. No. 6103B. $33.75

Beautiful rosé style. 17 jewels. No. 5005E. $37.50

Sturdy. Rosé dial. 15 jewels. No. 6611G. $29.75

Unusual loop design. 15 jewels. No. 6614A. $29.75

Handsome rosé case. 15 jewels. No. 6501E. $33.75

Rosé dial combination. 17 jewels. No. 5007G. $37.50

Dainty leaf motif. 17 jewels. No. 5008A. $37.50

Graceful. With bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 5004B. $39.75

14K gold. 2 diamonds. 17 jewels. No. 5001A. $60.00

Rugged, masculine band. 15 jewels. No. 6502B. $37.50

Decidedly different. 17 jewels. No. 5701B. $39.75

Arresting rosé case. 17 jewels. No. 5508E. $42.50

*Patents No. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

See all the Christmas Elgins at your jeweler's now. Truly American in design, in workmanship, in value.

Do you seek a gift for a very special someone? . . . a present that will stand out from the crowd and be a source of joy for many Christmases to come? Then look for it in your jeweler's collection of ELGIN watches.

Produced completely under one roof in the world's largest fine-watch factory, every ELGIN is a combination of finest materials and skilled American craftsmanship. Here are carefully adjusted time pieces, created in a wide variety of new and extremely smart cases. There is an inspired use of rosé gold. Crystals are domed and high-curved, as well as plain. Dials come in black, rosé, and two-tone effects. There's an ELGIN to suit every taste, and they're all kind to your pocketbook.

Two new advances help make the famous ELGIN movement even more accurate than ever before. They are the Elginium hairspring* and the Beryl-X balance—both rustproof, non-magnetic, unaffected by temperature or climatic changes.

See the brilliant ELGINS—"shining lights" of the gift season—at your jeweler's now. Thrill to their breath-taking beauty. Prices start modestly at $24.75. Lord and Lady Elgins from $50.00. These watches in Canada are, of course, priced slightly higher.

GRACIOUS NANCY ALDEN STRONG *is among the most popular of Washington's younger hostesses. She attended the Holten Arms School, traveled extensively, and made her debut in October. Interested in dramatics, Nancy still finds time for tennis, swimming and winter sports. "Elgin has been our family watch for over three generations," she says.*

Copr. 1940 by Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Ill.

Commuter to Cuba—

OWL: How often does your ship call at Havana, Captain Dalzell?

DALZELL: Every week. Havana's like home to me!

OWL: Well, you must be a *real* expert on Havana cigars, Captain.

DALZELL: I sure smoke a lot of them . . . get a *new* supply every time we put in to Havana.

OWL: Then you can certainly tell if the *new* White Owl has the true Havana flavor! Try this one!

CAPTAIN DALZELL recognizes real Havana Taste in New White Owls

DALZELL: Well, this is milder than all-Havana Cuban cigars. But it's the genuine Havana taste, all right . . . you can't miss it!

WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

WHEN the S. S. "Seatrain New York" slips into Havana harbor, you'll find Captain Arnold A. Dalzell in command on the bridge. Once each week he brings his Seatrain Ship into Cuban waters . . . unloads his valuable cargo . . . reloads and sails for the United States.

As a weekly visitor to Havana, Captain Dalzell is in a unique position to judge Havana cigars. We asked him to try the *new* White Owl with its blended-with-Havana filler—and he quickly recognized its true Havana taste.

Enjoy this rich, luxury-tasting, mild Havana smoke yourself, for only 5¢.

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—*Today* 5¢

New White Owls are made in U. S. A. only

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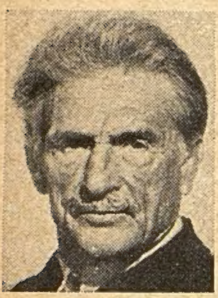
DECEMBER 14, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

AMERICANISM—IS IT WORTH SAVING?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Is it possible to believe that the majority of the voters in this country wish to part with what we call Americanism? There are many different definitions as to what constitutes that particular form of government.

The average voter has but little knowledge of the contents of the Constitution which has guided us for a century and a half. Only a small percentage of our citizens are familiar with their governmental rights.

The last election was a heated campaign. Catastrophe, too terrible to even describe, was predicted by campaign orators on both sides if the opposing party were elected. Needless abuse, personal and otherwise, was freely used.

It was maintained that President Roosevelt, if reelected, would have this country at war within thirty days. He definitely stated that he had no such intention, and time will doubtless refute this accusation.

It was charged that the President had dictatorial ambitions; that if he were re-elected we would be in the hands of a dictator not unlike those who now have Europe in a viselike grip; and we join with all other patriotic citizens in the hope that this prediction is false.

Again and again it has been stated on this page, and in various other publications, that many of our elected officials have in the past ignored their oath of office. All those elected in the last campaign will have to be sworn in before they assume their duties, and the voters of both parties hope that these public servants will adhere closely to their sworn obligations, that they will be guided by the governmental principles set forth so clearly in our Constitution.

If our Constitution is no longer to guide us our legislative enactments will be minus restrictions. Individuals or groups can make laws that favor them to the disadvantage of the general public.

The Preamble of our Constitution tells us that one of our main objectives is to " secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The Fifth Amendment in our Bill of Rights states " No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

No one can deny that many of our citizens have been robbed of liberties through recent legislation that is a clear infringement of these constitutional rights.

The First Article of the Constitution clearly states that " All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States."

The First Article of the Constitution clearly confines all lawmaking powers to Congress, and the policy should be discontinued of delegating lawmaking powers to various bureaus and commissions.

Now, some of our officials have maintained that the Constitution is out of date. If there is truth in this statement, then lawful measures should be adopted for bringing it up to date. The principles which this document sets forth should not be ignored. If changes are desired in our Constitution they should be made in accordance with legal procedure as prescribed. We could hardly maintain that it is desirable to continue to make laws that blindly ignore constitutional restrictions.

The charge has been frequently repeated that some of our officials want to change our form of government. Some of the recent laws passed by Congress appear to substantiate this accusation.

Let us hope that our newly elected officials will have a clear understanding of their lawmaking privileges.

There can be no quibbling about the truth of the charge that we are gradually being robbed of our liberties. Our citizens are suffering from various legal restrictions which clearly abridge their constitutional rights.

As citizens, we are all anxious to know if we can safely make plans for the future with courage and confidence. To stumble around in legal darkness, misunderstanding, confusion is indeed an unenviable situation.

But Americanism, the system of government that has given us untold treasures, must be saved—regardless of the cost.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

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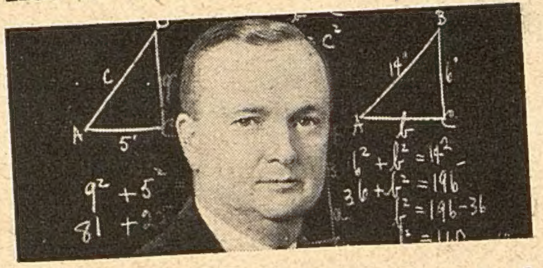
"THAT'S IT BETTY... A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE AND YOU CAN BE MY SECRETARY!"
NORMAN SAKSVIG, WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL TYPING CHAMPION
"OH, MR. SAKSVIG... I'LL BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!"
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

"Typing will give your children a head *start* in life!"

says Norman Saksvig, *World's Professional Typing Champion*

"I KNOW MANY GROWN-UPS who are constantly grateful that they learned how to type during their school days. Typing is easy—even an eight year old can learn to operate a Corona. And typing helps people in so many ways. It enables one to think faster...clearer ...encourages neatness and precision...develops talent and rewards ambition."

Perhaps typing can benefit someone in your family—give them a head start in life. *This Christmas Corona offers the most complete line of portable typewriters in its history*...from the inexpensive Zephyr to the superb Corona Silent. Each may be purchased on our "pay-as-you-use-it" plan. See the Corona line at your dealer's today . . . and if you are interested in a larger machine for business or secretarial work, see the sensational new Super-Speed L C Smith. Phone any branch office for free demonstration.



Dr. S. O. Rorem, Head, Department of Education, Alma College, Alma, Mich. "Five million more people would use portable typewriters if convinced they could operate one. Pupils of Grade Eight, experimenting with typewriters for thirty days, exceeded the rate and legibility of home and school handwriting."

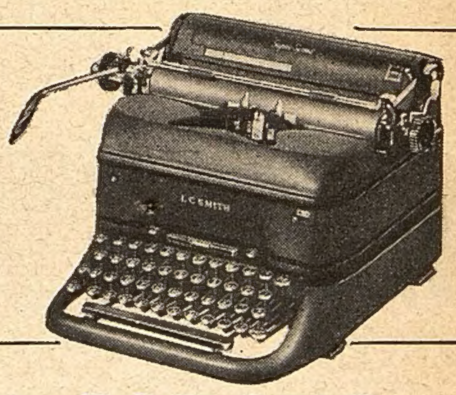
for everybody... beginner to expert!

CORONA ZEPHYR . . . "the 9-pound wonder of the typewriter world." Lower in cost, a genuine sensation among modern portables...yet has 4-row 84-character standard keyboard, back-spacer, high-speed escapement! Two models, Regular and DeLuxe. List prices, $29.75 and $34.75 (or 75c a week, plus small down payment).*

THREE *SPEEDLINE* CORONAS. Standard, Sterling, and Silent...each with Floating Shift, each "tops" among portables in its price class. Easy to operate, fast, sturdy, and dependable. Touch-typing chart and smart carrying case included with each Corona. List prices, $49.50, $59.50, $64.50 (or $1.00 a week, plus small down payment).*

NEW *Super-Speed* L C SMITH. Take a *good* look at the latest word in office typewriters...modern, complete, and incredibly fast. Automatic Margin Set, Touch Selector, Floating Shift, ...standard or silent, choice of many type faces and carriage widths. Free demonstration in your office.
List prices from $115.50.*

*All prices subject to revision



L C SMITH & CORONA
Typewriters

"TYPING IS EASY!"
Tips to typists
from L C Smith

FREE BOOKLETS! For the beginner, a helpful folder, *"Typing is Easy,"* by World Champion Typist Norman Saksvig.

For the Secretary, *"Tips to Typists"* . . . time saving ideas for the expert.

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Makers also of Carbon Ribbon Typewriters ★ Corona Adding Machines ★ Vivid Duplicators

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc Desk 12
135 Almond Street, Syracuse, New York

I am interested in buying a new ☐ Office ☐ Portable Typewriter. Please send free copy of booklet checked below.

☐ "TIPS TO TYPISTS" ☐ "TYPING IS EASY"

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

St. Nick previews 1940 gift shirts

1. SOME FELLOWS' gift shirts will shrink so, they'll fit my little drum majors. These shirts won't be Arrows, for Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage guaranteed less than 1%.

2. OTHERS WILL get shirts cut for a Teddy bear's shape. Not Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit has sloped shoulders, curved waist, tapered arms—the way *men* are built!

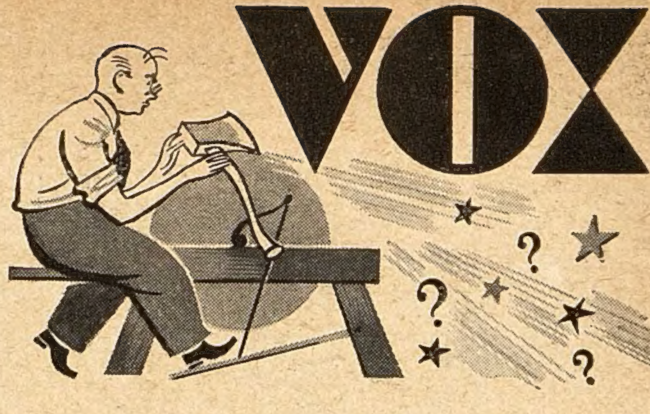
3. STILL OTHERS will get shirts whose collars seem tricked up by my Staff Clown. Not Arrow Shirts—their famous Arrow Collars are perfectly tailored in the smartest, new styles.

4. LUCKY MALES will get such handsome shirts as Arrow Dart ($2.25) and Dale ($2.50) both lustrous broadcloths with non-wilt collars. Other Arrows, $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit



VOX

RUPERT HUGHES, MORAL REARMAMENT, AND LIBERTY

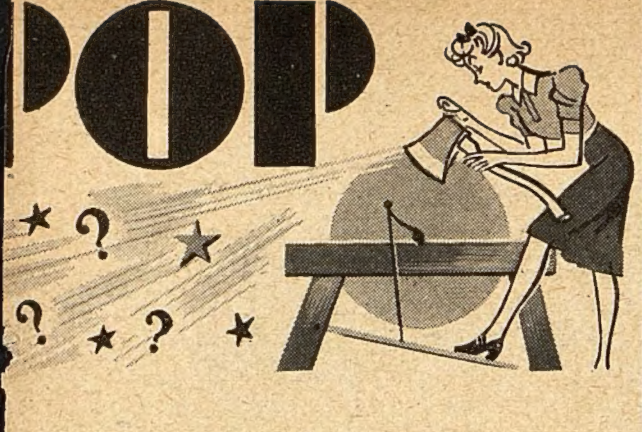
RENO NEV CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE ARISEN WHICH BROOK NO DELAY. YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY CATEGORICALLY DENY ALL STATEMENTS ABOUT BUCHMAN IN RECENT ARTICLE LIBERTY. HONORABLE C J HAMBRO PRESIDENT NORWEGIAN PARLIAMENT NOW SEATTLE WASHINGTON SAYS LETTER DATED OCTOBER 10TH QUOTE I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY IN CANADA WHEN INVITED TO ADDRESS THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH OF CANADA TO SAY SOME WORDS AGAINST THIS RIDICULOUS PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE OXFORD GROUP END QUOTE REPLY IMMEDIATELY HOTEL GLOBIN ALTAHOE CALIFORNIA WHAT POLICY YOU ARE PURSUING. IF POLICY NOT SATISFACTORY WILL PURSUE MY OWN IN CONJUNCTION WITH FRIENDS WEST AND EAST. WOULD AS AN IMMEDIATE RETRACTION ACCEPT TELEGRAM SENT FROM YOU TO BE PUBLISHED NEVADA PAPERS DEPLORING UNTRUE ASSERTION ABOUT FRANK BUCHMAN OXFORD GROUP RECENT ARTICLE LIBERTY. I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MEN TO ENLIST FOR ORIGINAL PLATTSBURGH 1915. I HAVE A HOME AT WELLESLEY MASSACHUSETTS. A HARVARD GRADUATE MY INTERESTS ARE BUSINESS—HUGH D SCOTT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Things are very serious as a result of your recent article When Pacifists Are Traitors (October 12 Liberty). I wonder if you realize what damage has been done by Liberty's printing such a fallacious article.

Actually, it has made Liberty an ally of the fifth column which we have been working night and day to combat throughout the country. For the millions who know our work at first hand such a misrepresentation only discredits Liberty, not Moral Rearmament. But for the millions of others who are just beginning to take action to strengthen the nation's inner defenses such an article works havoc and gives a weapon for the very forces which I know you want to see rooted out of our national life.

There certainly should be, in all fairness and patriotism, an editorial note as soon as possible correcting the misstatements in Rupert Hughes' article, and quoting C. J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament.

Being a good friend of yours, I want to help you recover the ground that Liberty has lost by misinterpreting this national service of which Charles Edison as Secretary of the Navy said, "Moral Rearmament shares equally in importance with material rearmament in these critical days." — *Kenaston Twitchell.*



❨ The Editor of Liberty, Fulton Oursler, replies to Mr. Twitchell's foregoing letter, and trusts it will also answer other protestants who wrote us in similar vein. Mr. Oursler's letter follows:

I think you must realize that, as an exponent of true Americanism and free speech, Liberty Magazine cannot censor the views and convictions of its contributors.

On the other hand, it has been the often-stated policy of Liberty, ever since I have been its editor, to give both sides of all important questions. As you know, we have done this so far as the Oxford Group is concerned. We have published many articles which praise it highly. Now we publish the other side of the question as Mr. Hughes sees it.

If Mr. Buchman or any other authorized national spokesman for the Oxford Group will write us a letter directly answering Mr. Hughes' statements, we shall be glad to print it and give it prominence.

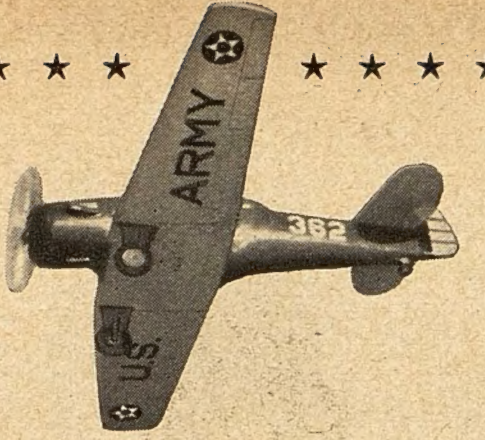
DON'T SPACE CRYPTOGRAMS!

HUNTINGDON, PA.—So some of your Vox Poppers are becoming cryptogram-conscious. Why not have a cryptogram contest? Only please do not space the words. It's too easy. For example, here's one:
ABCDECFFCGCHJFIGJKMLKGCA GJFFCDECGDKGGNKOPKHHCDAJ MMAGJFCFBCN.—*Philip H. Jung.*

CAT LORE GALORE

CHICAGO, ILL. — Anent your controversy on breath-sucking cats, I wish to make the positive statement, based on personal experience, that cats—particularly undernourished or sick kittens—will suck a human's breath if given an opportunity. It is purely biological. There are life-giving qualities to human breath and an ailing or hungry cat instinctively knows it.

(*Continued on page 8*)



Keep 'em Flying

The "West Point of the Air" offers you the chance to become a U. S. Army Pilot, if you apply now

The days of the early pioneer are ended on the land and on the sea. But there is still a new realm open — the air.

Aviation is, definitely, the career of the future. Its opportunities have just begun!

The U. S. Army offers, without expense to you, the best aviation training in the world. This instruction prepares you for a professional career, either civilian or military.

You will earn as you learn. The Flying Cadet receives $75 a month, plus uniforms, equipment, board and lodging. Upon graduation, he is commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay ranging from $205.50 to $245.50 per month.

How to qualify? You must be between 20 and 27 years of age, unmarried, sound physically. You must have completed two years of college, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work.

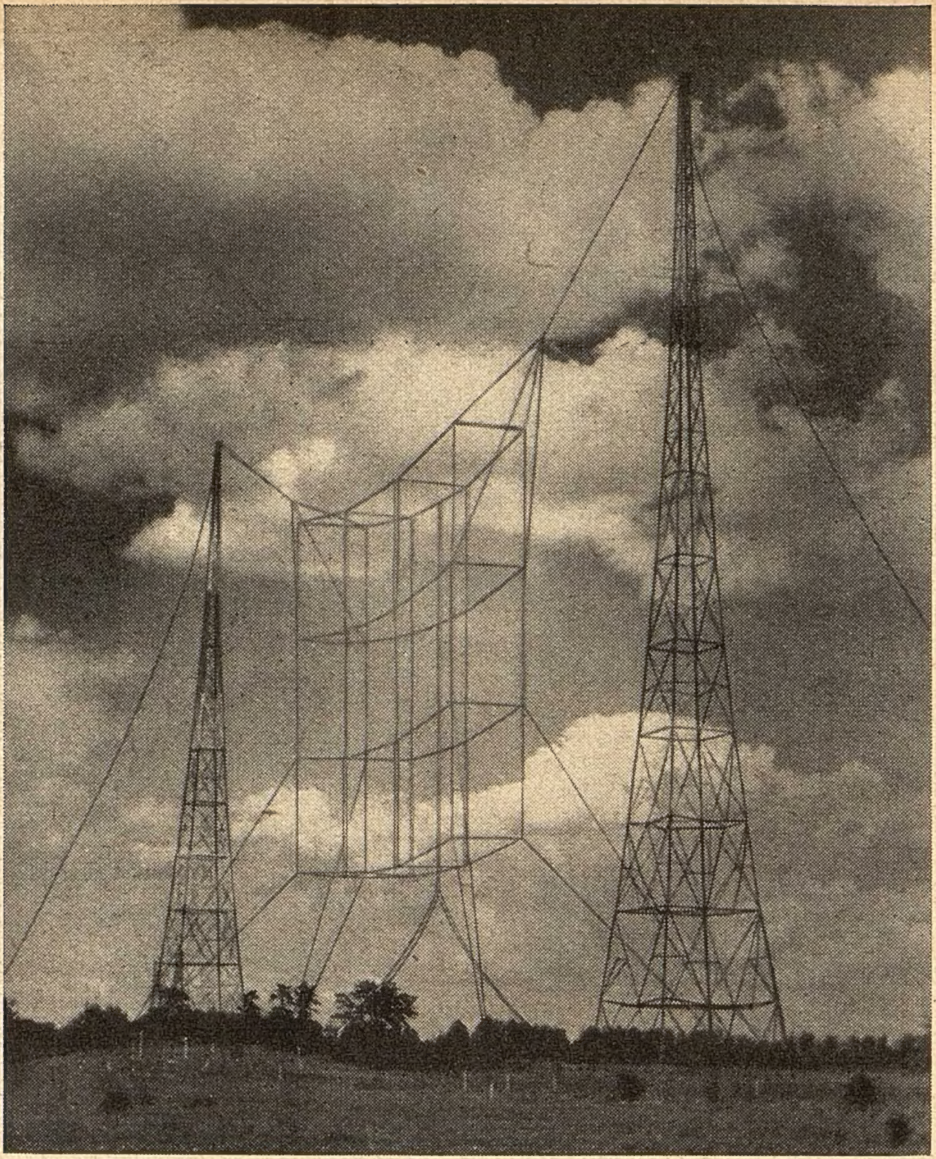
"Keep 'em flying!" Here is the chance of a lifetime to build your career in the air. Apply today! (See addresses below.)

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to the Commanding General of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area, Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area, Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area, Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area, Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area, Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area, Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce



WIRES WITHOUT BARBS

THESE wires are known in Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Buenos Aires. The messages they speak cross mountains and ocean and jungle to reach rubber planters on the upper Amazon and ranchers on the pampas of Argentina. Because of these messages, citizens of more than a dozen republics to the south know the United States better—how we live, what we think, how we feel. And from this better understanding comes the friendship on which the safety of the American hemisphere must depend.

For more than 15 years Schenectady's international broadcasting stations WGEA and WGEO have been interpreting the life and culture of these United States to the people of our sister American republics. In 1939 they were joined by KGEI, a new G-E station in San Francisco. Day and night, in many languages, these three stations present free, uncensored news, entertainment, education. They act as ambassadors for peace in a world torn by war, as pioneers in the cause of hemisphere solidarity.

General Electric scientists and engineers for more than 25 years have played a leading part in the development of radio. Today, through the G-E international broadcasting stations, they are making important contributions to the defense program of the Americas.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-84M6

Did Mrs. Ellis (November 2 Vox Pop) ever hear of a doctor breathing into the lungs of an infant? No doubt she will brand my statement as a lie, but she should sleep with her mouth closed if she has a sick kitten around, especially in cold weather. — *Frank Lytton.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Cats do not hold babies' noses shut, nor use a straw, nor suck. They curl up on a baby's face and smother it.—*W. R. Smith.*

"I BELIEVE IN AMERICA"

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Saluting the American Legion's National Convention in one of his broadcasts, Gabriel Heatter quoted a patriotic creed which my club would like to have and frame. Can you oblige us?—*Edwin Melly.*

This creed is from the hand of Henry Kies of New York City, and we're happy to print it for Mr. Melly and others:

> **I believe** in America . . . Its Institutions . . . Its methods . . . Its way of living.
>
> **I believe** in America . . . In its freedom . . . Its desire for peace . . . Its desire for the right.
>
> **I believe** in America . . . because it believes in God . . . and the things which are clean and good and honest in this world.
>
> **I believe** in America because it is the home of free men.
>
> **I believe** in America . . . because it has given me the right to live under fair skies . . . with the blessings of freedom and love for my fellow man.
>
> **Therefore** . . . I pledge myself to defend my country and my flag . . . with every resource at my command.

TALKING HORSE IS TOPS

OKLAHOMA, CITY, OKLA. — Please don't be so long between Walter Brooks' talking-horse stories. To me, they are "tops."—*Jack Spencer.*

WHAT HAPPINESS IS

BURLINGTON, IA. — Maurice Maeterlinck (November 2 Liberty) has come nearer than any one else in our times to putting the finger upon what ails us, yet even he fails to reach the point he strives to make clear.

We are happy to the degree that we are able to imitate Christ in our relations with our fellow man. In that statement we have the only answer to our present-day problems; there is no other solution.

Happiness does not come to the human heart, it comes from the human heart.—*P. L. Mennen.*

PAIN IN NECK—TICKLED PINK

SALT LAKE, UTAH—Every Wednesday, as I pass the newsstand, I grab the new Liberty and turn to the crossword puzzle. If it's the cockeyed type (a big pain in the neck) there's no sale, but if it isn't, I'm tickled pink to give up my last nickel.—*Clare V. Badley.*

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS

MANCHESTER, N. H.—After reading Women as Soldiers: Why Not? (November 9 Liberty) I wish to say that I am glad there is some one who believes as I do that we women should be given the chance to learn the art of self-protection and defense as well as the other sex. We want our rights. The days of chivalry are gone for us; we want to stand on our own feet, be independent and looked up to, not down on.

I know there are countless numbers of young women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five who would be willing, if given the chance, to have compulsory training to prove we are willing and capable of defending this nation as well as the men.

Why doesn't some one give us the chance to prove it?—*B. P.*

RHAPSODY IN BLUE POINTS

PUEBLO, COLO.—Beverly Hills' Vital Statistics on Strike Up the Band (October 26 Liberty) contains the statement: "His [Paul Whiteman's] arrangement of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue made him famous."

Wrong on two points. First, Paul was famous a long time before Rhapsody in Blue had ever been heard of; and second, Paul did not make the arrangement of Rhapsody in Blue which "made him famous." It was made by Ferdie Grofé, who, incidentally, is still active in musical circles and probably does not relish having the credit for this arrangement hung round Paul Whiteman's neck.—*Bernard Kelly.*

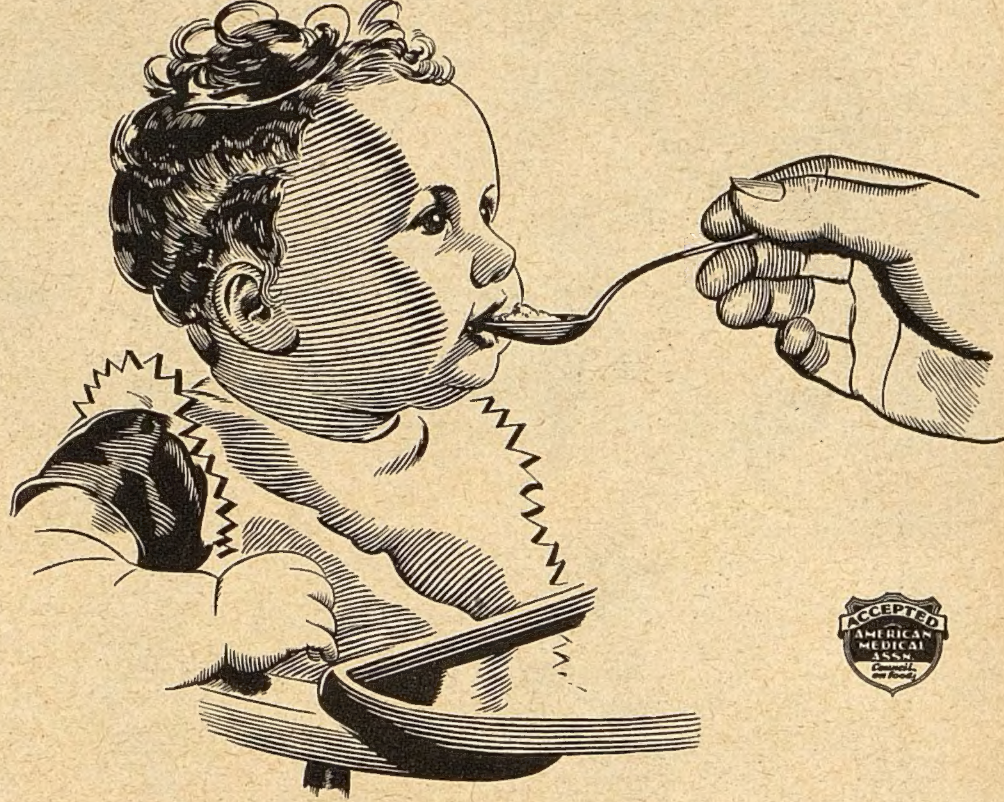
NO ONE COULD STOP US!

UTICA, N. Y.—We need Eddie Rickenbacker, surrounded by Charles A. Lindbergh, Admiral Byrd, "Al" Williams, Colonel Roscoe Turner, and others of similar experience, to head our aerial defense! Here's Göring's or anybody else's match! We know "Billy" Mitchell would want it thus!

Let "Let's Go" be our slogan, and I'll guarantee no one—not even Hitler—will make an attempt to bother us!—*Clarence A. Dougherty, A. E. F. France-Germany 1917-1920.*

"Did you ever note the difference between telling a girl that time stops when you look into her eyes, and saying her face would stop a clock?" asks Clarence R. Naff of Council Grove, Kansas.

MEAT



—even the tiny tummy digests it easily

THERE are a lot of fallacies, questions and old wives' tales about many of the foods we eat.

One of these questions is, "Is meat an easily digested food?"

A statement approved by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of American Medical Association contains the direct and forthright answer:

> *"Meat is very digestible. The protein, or body-building material in meat, is almost entirely digestible and about 96 per cent of the fat is digested. Few foods can equal or pass this record."*

Babies get meat juices as early as five months, and meat soups and chopped meat soon thereafter. Even before the child is a year old many child specialists put bacon on the menu—and how the baby "goes" for it! When you consider that the delicate digestive apparatus of a year old baby can digest meat, it is easy to understand that meat is one of our most digestible foods.

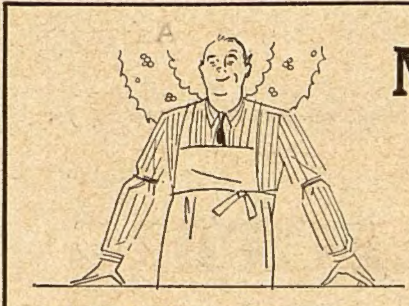
At the other end of the line, we find meat prescribed for convalescents and people in the sunset of life to build back strength and to retain it.

There are two other important characteristics that go hand-in-hand with meat digestibility as beneficial to the body. ***Satisfaction Value.*** This is the "stick-to-the-ribs" quality of meat. A meal with meat gives you a satisfied feeling for a longer period of time between meals. ***Savory Value.*** The flavor, appearance and aroma of well-cooked meat stimulates the flow of gastric juices and actually aids in the movement of foods through the digestive tract. Even the salivary glands, important in digestion, are stimulated.

In other words, the happy promise of eating meat gives digestion a head-start.

To eat meat is one of the strong desires of the human race.

That's why we say, with scientific and medical authority: *Eat Meat and be Merry—it's good and good for you!* AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago.



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So are cookies and sweets;
And it wouldn't be Christmas
Without holiday meats."

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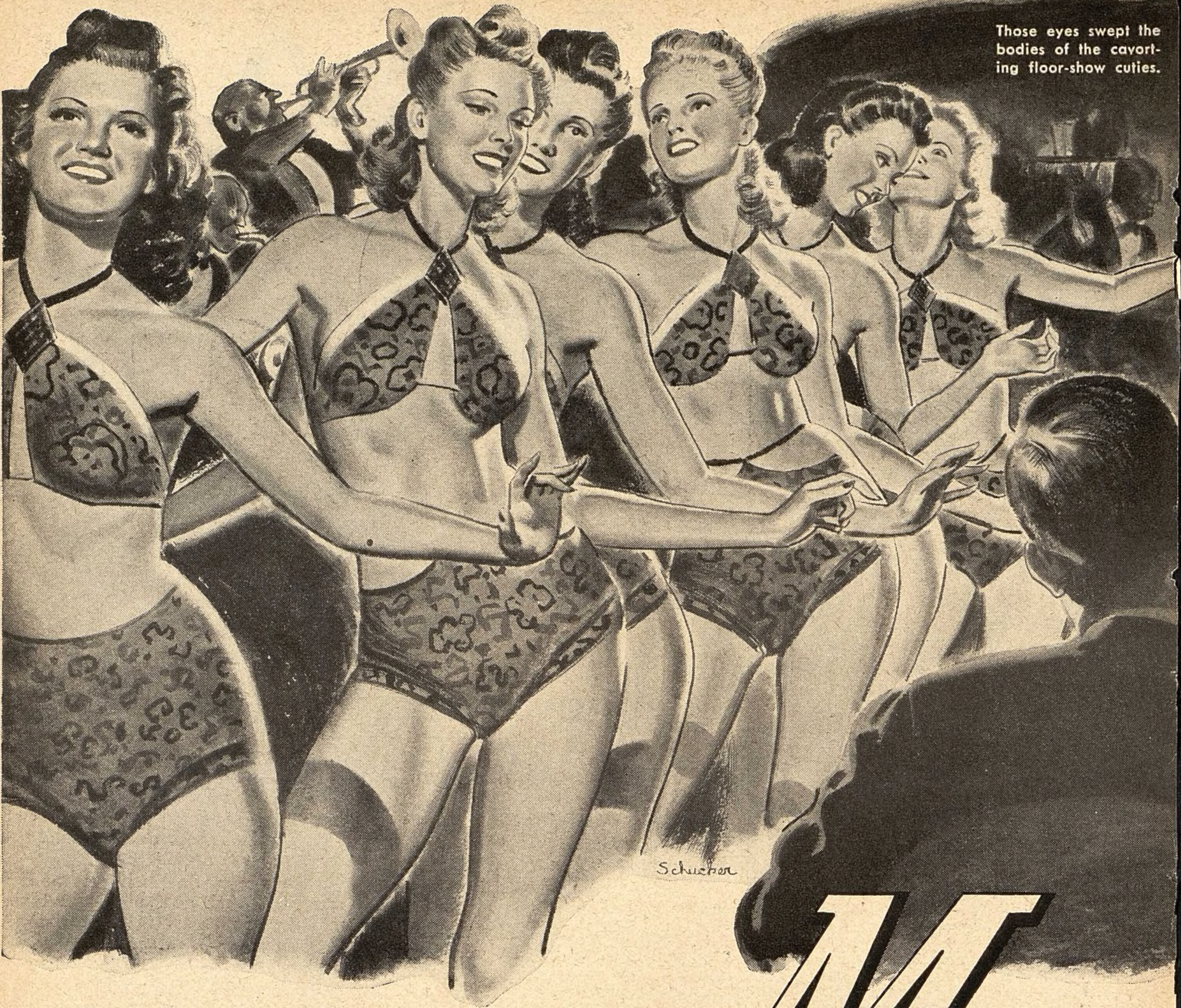


Those eyes swept the bodies of the cavorting floor-show cuties.

The astonishing inside story of Bill O'Dwyer and the Syndicate of Death

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Murde

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—CRIME FOR SALE: AN INDUSTRY IS BORN

FAR out on one of those broad bleak highways that stretch from downtown Brooklyn to the sea stands a dimly lighted wooden building dedicated to the dine-and-dance. A cut above the usual roadside juke-box dancery, a cut below the tinseled glitter of a Broadway hot spot, it nevertheless calls itself a night club, and proves its right to the name by staying open until the early hours, and offering at monotonously recurring intervals a girly night-club floor show.

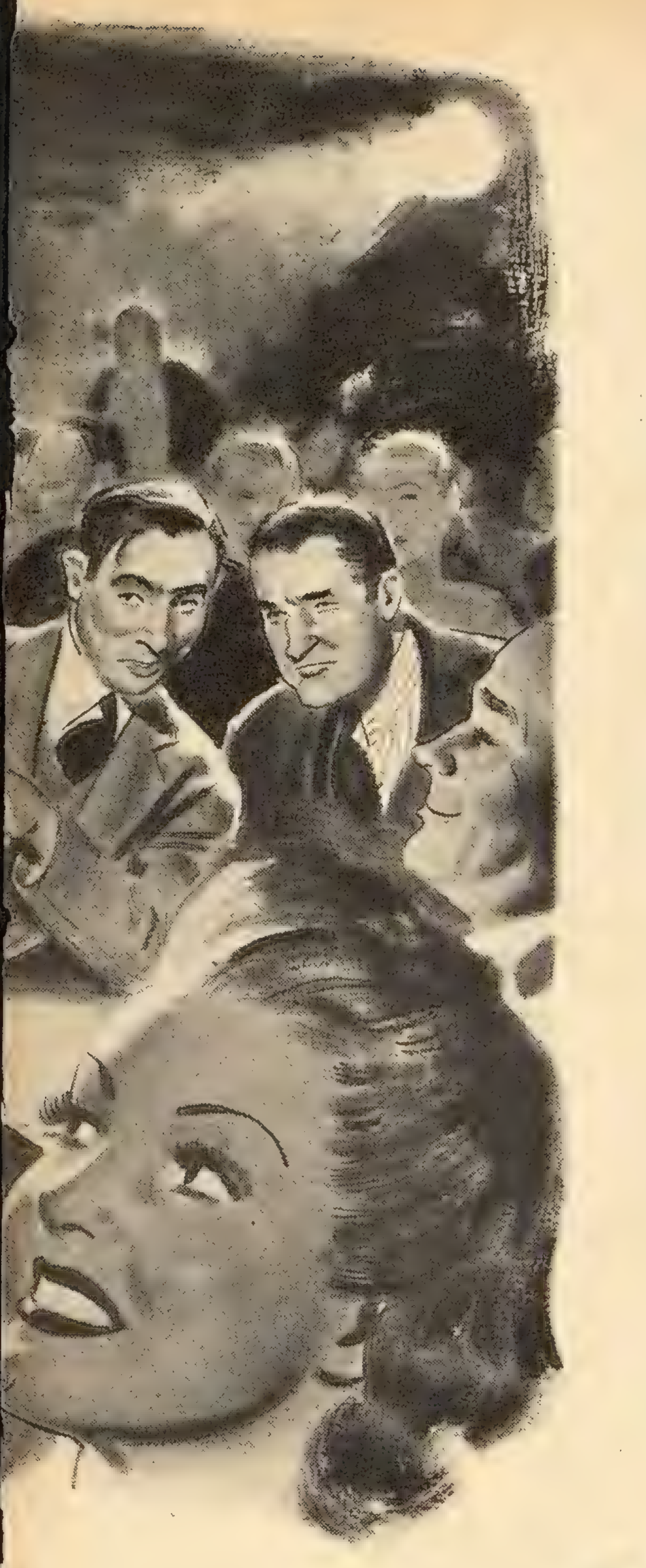
Its patrons are various. On one Sunday morning the congregation included two young men of what has come to be known as the gangster type.

One was short and slight, with a weak mushy countenance which faded away at forehead and chin, and was saved from utter insignificance solely by a long, pointed, oversized nose, from which hung a flabby, sensual, thick-lipped mouth.

The other was taller and broader, though neither tall nor broad as men grow. He had a stronger face, too, though not strong in the sense of characterful; his chin stuck out as far as his companion's in, and his mouth was thin and hard and slitty; he looked as if he could bite nails, and had.

Both wore their clothes tight, their haircuts short, their eyebrows long and brushlike—and under these last smoldered two pairs of lustful, appraising eyes.

Those eyes had swept the almost naked bodies of the six cavorting floor-show cuties and had come to



ver Brooklyn

rest on the childlike form of the second girl from the far end, the one with the artless face that had not learned the studied grimaces of the experienced night-club performer.

"A new Jane," muttered the smaller man out of one drooping corner of his loose-lipped mouth.

"Yeh, a kid," agreed the tight-lipped one.

The girl *was* new and she *was* a kid, a seventeen-year-old high-school kid who was pinch-stepping this night—her first appearance on any stage—for a girl friend and former schoolmate down with a touch of grippe.

And she wasn't doing so badly either, her quick mind following the motions of her trained companions, her agile feet matching step for step.

The eyes of the young men at the ringside table never left her as she wove in and out of the complicated dance figure, now approaching them almost within touching distance, now receding through the smoke until she became a faint elfin figure posed against a background of staring faces.

The two hoodlums looked at each other in sly understanding. They didn't actually lick their lips, but that was what they seemed to be doing.

"A little bit of O. K., eh?"

"You said somethin'."

The two were joined at this point by a 225-pound hunk of male, shorter than the shorter gangster, bigger around than both of them put together, shaveless, tousle-haired, pig-eyed.

"What's doin' tonight?" asked the newcomer as he rolled himself on to a chair.

"That!" said the chinless one, with a jerk of the head toward the smiling child.

Through the slits in his face the gorilla looked at her. Then he gave a sharp intake of the breath, which started out to be a whistle and ended in a gasp.

"She'll do," he grunted. "When do we start?"

The little man—who, in spite of his unimpressive appearance, seemed to be the boss—tilted his wrist. When the rapidly moving spotlight cut across the crystal of his heavy gold bracelet-watch, he saw that the closing hour was at hand. In two more minutes the girls would be going into their final number.

"The car outside?"

"Sure."

"The boys with yer?"

"Sure. Both of 'em."

The girls finished their number and ran off to mild applause. The trio at the ringside table clapped loud enough to bring them back for a bow. The new girl, genuinely pleased, smiled sweetly at the trio. They grinned back.

"Let's get goin'," said the chinless one, gulping his drink.

In the tiny backstage dressing room the six girls were slipping out of their spangles and into their clothes.

"You done all right, kid," said the oldest of them, who had once played in a Shubert show.

"Oh, I don't know," said the new girl modestly. "I was awful scared."

"Don't let 'em scare you," chimed in a redhead. "What's Sally Rand got that you ain't got?"

"A bubble!" shouted an imp who thought she looked like Hedy Lamarr; and everybody seemed to think that was very funny, even the scared kid.

The five regulars, who had learned how to throw on their duds like a fire company going to work, filed out with a chorused "Good night!" trailing over their shoulders, while the little volunteer, still trembling from the excitement of her first night's work as a professional entertainer, smoothed out her neat print dress and tried to make her last year's hat look new.

When at last she was ready to leave, there was no one left in the smoke-heavy outer room except a pimply bus boy dejectedly piling chairs on the bare tops of tables. On the sidewalk, her isolation was apparently complete. The club stood alone in a bare stretch of highway, with vacant fields on either side. But as she peered into the darkness, hoping against hope for a sight of the bus she knew she had missed, a long, low, black sedan containing five men emerged from the shadows, and, as it drew alongside the curb, who should jump out but two of the young men who had given her act that encouraging hand.

"Which way you goin', sister?" asked the larger and handsomer of the lads.

The girl told them.

"We're goin' that way, too," said the smaller man, guiding her firmly into the rear seat.

The rest was quite simple.

The car slid into high, rolled a few blocks, and turned into a deserted parking lot, where, amid much obscene merrymaking, they criminally assaulted her—one, two, three, four, five of them.

This was no unusual occurrence in the Brooklyn of the '30s. To understand how such things could be, it is only necessary to look back over an eight-year period of political-, criminal-, industrial-, and labor-racketeering corruption in Brooklyn so brazenly conducted that twice the governor of the state was called upon to supersede with special appointees of his own the elected occupant of the District Attorney's office. During this period, which dates roughly from the end of prohibition to the beginning of the year 1940, crimes were committed with such confidence in immunity from punishment that, in many cases, not even the commonest measures for secrecy were employed to protect the criminals from discovery.

It did no good for honest cops—and Brooklyn has as many of them as any city in the land!—to pick up these arrogant hoodlums and bring them into court. Forty-eight hours was the limit of time they had to prepare their cases, and without adequate help from the prosecutor's office, the cops were helpless.

BAILING, too, was quick and easy in Brooklyn when the right sergeant was on the desk. Dishonest cops stood in with the bail-bond racketeers, shared their profits, sometimes demanded all the income on business "created" by them. When one professional bondsman tried to get away with kicking back only three dollars on a five-dollar bond, he was told:

"This is a five-dollar station house."

Similar conditions, we know, exist or have existed in cities other than Brooklyn. What followed, however, in the case of the five rapists on the lonely parking lot, had a distinctively Brooklyn touch. Having had their way with the girl, the five—while she lay sobbing out her heart on the ground—argued this question:

"Shall we buy her or bury her?"

Obviously they must do one thing or the other. The child, they had found, had been until now a virgin. But they had discovered, too, that she lived at home with her mother. What would she tell that mother if they let her go? What would the mother do?

Not much, of course, because there wasn't much she could do, law enforcement being what it was in Brooklyn at that time. Still, it might be messy. The girl had seen three of them close to in the night club. She could easily identify them—and that would be bad for their regular business, which was murder.

Yes, murder. And yes, business. For these men were members in good standing of that nation-wide business combination known as Murder, Inc.

Murder, Inc.!

The very name sounds too fantastic to be credible. But, sinister as it sounds, it is hardly adequate to describe the nation-wide network of criminal operators to which, by common consent, it has been given. The term Combination, which is what the organization calls itself, is more accurately descriptive. For murder is only one of many businesses in which the Combination specializes.

Like most combinations, this one came about through a pooling of interests for the common good—or, in this case, for the common evil. Some ten years ago, when public opinion had swung heavily against prohibition lawlessness, head racketeers in every section of the country realized that, with the alky business on its way out, they would have to adopt a new technique. A public which no longer had to violate a law to get what it wanted wouldn't stand any longer for a lot of other lawbreakers going around the country shooting each other up indiscriminately to get what *they* wanted.

To work out the details of a more businesslike procedure, some fifteen representatives of the various branches of criminal endeavor gathered in a New York City hotel. Present were delegates from the counterfeiting, hijacking, and shylocking businesses; from underworld organizations interested in slot machines, numbers, floating crap games, and other gambling devices; several representatives of organized prostitution and the illegal narcotics trade; and an especially powerful group specializing in extortion through labor racketeering.

THE convention, the first of its kind to be held anywhere at any time in the whole history of crime, elected a board of five directors consisting, so it is believed, of Al Capone, "Lucky" Luciano, "Dutch" Schultz, Johnny Torrio, and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter.

Due to death, imprisonment, and other "accidents," it has been necessary to replace most of the original members of the board. But the method of doing business that they decided upon has been in force over a ten-year period of unprecedented crime.

That method begins with a careful division of the entire country, a division that is first geographical, according to the spheres of influence of the officers and directors of the enterprise, and then technical and professional within these large geographical divisions, so that each "trade" may operate under known leadership with the least possible chance of competition.

This organization set-up has been compared to a chain of banks operating all over the country, with a manager in charge of each branch and an under-manager at the head of each department. The comparison with the craft-union method of organizing legitimate labor is also inevitable, not to mention the system prevalent in professional baseball, football, and hockey, where franchises are granted by a parent organization which protects its constituent members from competition within the territory assigned.

Operating systematically on these principles, the Combination achieved unprecedented success in dealing with the public.

A century or more ago, when Bob the Wheeler and a chap called the Pewterer, both of whom were escaped British jailbirds, led their gangs of burglars and highwaymen through the New York and Brooklyn streets, the honest citizens, who really suffered comparatively little from their modest depredations, were acutely conscious of their existence; and so it was when their immediate successors organized themselves after a fashion into a "Thieves' Confederation" of brawlers and drinkers who roamed the town under such nondescriptive monikers as the Swamp Angels and the Old Maid's Boys.

Similarly during the prohibition era, when gangs became less picturesque and more strictly commercial, the man in the streets was so conscious of the gangster menace that the sight of a swarthy gentleman with a violin case, although he may have had only Beethoven in his heart, was enough to send chills up the stiffest back. But in the decade following gangdom's decision to wash its face with Combination soap, Mr. John W. Public became comfortably myopic.

"Legs" Diamond was dead. Other publicity-drunk gangsters, like Vannie Higgins and Frankie Yale, had gone their way, the latter to a $50,000 funeral. The federal men were ridding the country of bank robbers and kidnapers and other independent operators who gave the crime business a bad name. By 1935 crime was on a strictly commercial basis, and the leaders of the industry were living the lives of great industrial magnates.

NO one looked twice when a certain wealthy foursome, made up of big shots in such criminal lines as prostitution, bootlegging, and corrupt machine politics played golf at swank Hot Springs, Arkansas. No one noticed that members of the Combination, working smoothly under national director management, were not only able to carry on successfully the lines in which they had formerly operated but were taking over, in some cases quite openly, the management of legitimate business.

For example, on a prominent street corner in Greater New York, over the shining plate-glass windows of a handsome showroom, hangs the sign of a motor sales company handling the product of one of the largest and most respected automobile manufacturers in the United States. The owners of this establishment are men known to the police as notorious gangsters and racketeers. The legitimate agency formerly representing this brand of cars in the territory in question has been driven out of business. No one dares incur the enmity of these organized crooks who have taken an honest enterprise and converted it into a racket.

The same methods which have been used to crush competition in the legitimate businesses into which the Combination has intruded have been used with equal success in snuffing out competitors in the members' original lines of endeavor. In short, they made of crime a monopoly, the major profits of which would eventually find their way into the treasury of the national organization and the pockets of the big bosses in the home office.

But men accustomed to operate outside the law sometimes proved poor co-operators. Used to grabbing while the grabbing was good without waiting for anybody's say-so, they were less inclined than graduates of business colleges and men trained in legitimate businesses to see the value of combination and organization in carrying on their enterprises.

Especially were they slow to see the wisdom of giving up a large share of their profits to men who took no active part in their depredations and whom, for the most part, they had never so much as seen.

These nonconformists constituted a real menace to the smooth working of the Combination, and if allowed to operate in any considerable numbers, threatened to become a menace to its bosses' income.

Then, too, there was the ever present danger of members of the Combination suddenly deciding to go straight and talk to the police—a contingency which must be prevented at all hazards.

OBVIOUSLY there was only one way to deal with deserters, and that was the army way—namely, to shoot them. And there was no other practical way (in view of the fact that the Combination could hardly hope to appeal to the unfair practices act or other legal restraints!) to deal with fellow criminals who failed to play the criminal game according to the Combination's rules.

In short, the crime syndicate had to police itself, and its police force had to be a firing squad.

That's where Brooklyn came in.

During prohibition, crime had been a good steady business in Brooklyn, but nothing spectacular. The richest pickings and most of the richest crime lords were in Manhattan.

But Brooklyn had its specialty, and that specialty was murder.

"For six or seven years, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn," wrote one historian of the period, "around certain poolrooms, bars, candy stores where idle young hoodlums gathered to swagger and play the slot machines, a sinister kind of talent had been for sale at bargain prices: anything from roughing up and terrorizing a racket victim to 'removing' a State's witness, killing stool pigeons and underworld rivals."

What the Combination did was to weld these competitive bands of ruffians, just as it had the competitive bands of racketeers, into a tight organization, well disciplined and subject to call wherever need arose throughout the Combination's vast domain.

"They don't tell you what the job is," explained one of the operatives. "Only the top men know the 'contract.' The little fella don't know. They say 'Take a plane,' or they say 'Take a train,' or a car. You get to the place and you meet a man. You say to the man, 'What's to be done?' Then you do it."

Sometimes, almost always in out-of-town work, the murderer didn't know whom he had murdered until he read the name in the newspapers.

Bill O'Dwyer, the Nemesis of whom Murder, Inc., in its palmy days had never heard.

This was the branch of the Combination to which the name Murder, Inc.—a phrase invented by Asa Bordages of the New York World-Telegram—properly applies.

So sharp was the discipline in this department, and so deep the conviction that punishment for disobedience was inescapable, that brother has been known to kill brother, without question, on a nod from a duly authorized representative of the front office.

No one, not even a vice-president, was allowed to do murder jobs on his own or for individual profit. That might bring the whole system into bad odor with the public. If you happened to wish to have some particularly obnoxious enemy knocked off in a quiet scientific manner, you could not hire a member of Murder, Inc., to do the job for you. All of its murders were done on order of the leaders of the Combination.

Apprentice operatives got $50 a week while learning the business. Journeyman workers with experience commanded $150 to $200. Foremen or section bosses, sometimes dignified with the title of vice-president or assistant vice-president, got $250 and privileges.

A trusted section boss, in return for especially meritorious work, might be allowed to run a little race-track book of his own or possibly a ladies' neighborhood bridge game for modest stakes, or to do a little shylocking on the side—activities which did not interfere with his regular "on call" work for the syndicate; and might, if he was industrious, double or treble his weekly income.

As a result, the boys who were "in right" in Murder, Inc., always had money, and they spent it freely in night clubs and cafés.

For example, the leader of that quintet of them whom we have glimpsed, on a deserted parking lot, in one of their lighter moments, was Harry Maione, called, for some reason which did not appear in his droopy sourpuss face or snarly manner, "Happy" Maione.

He was the chinless one. The chinny thug was Frank "Dasher" Abbandando.

MAIONE was a so-called vice-president of Murder, Inc., in charge of field activities in a Brooklyn district called East New York. Abbandando was assistant to the vice.

The fat ape was Vito Gurino, triggerman of the East New York branch, whose chief job was to knock off fellow operatives suspected of "singing" to the enemy.

To choose only a few samples of these boys' work:

Happy, Dasher, and Vito represented the Combination in the cellar murder of one Caesar Lattaro and one Anthony Siciliano, members of a plasterers' union whose only crime was that they had refused to obey the Combination's command to murder a fellow member.

Maione and Abbandando, with another executive of Murder, Inc., named Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, also did a job on George Rudnick, mobster and cocaine addict suspected of squealing to the authorities in return for wages paid to him in coke.

Strauss and a fellow executive, Martin "Buggsy" Goldstein, were principals in the messy matter of "Puggy" Feinstein, who had rashly held out on a certain labor racketeer who was friendly with the Combination.

All five were believed to have had a hand in the triple eradication of the Shapiro brothers—Irving, Meyer, and Willie . . .

Eighty-four killings in all have already been traced to the Brooklyn branches in which Maione, Abbandando, Strauss, Goldstein, and Gurino were conspicuously active—and the circumstances of some of them, as we shall see, were as thrilling as any melodrama of stage or screen.

And not all these murders were committed against fellow gangsters, either. One of them, believed to be the first killing traceable to the members of Murder, Inc., involved the death of a respected Brooklyn clothing manufacturer.

We shall have more to say of this particular murder and the accusations of labor racketeering and intimidation which were involved in the investigation of it.

But the samples of Murder, Inc.'s work already mentioned should suffice to show that the query, "Shall we buy her or bury her?" was, when heard by the sobbing child on the lonely parking lot, a matter of serious realistic import.

On the ground she lay and listened as her five despoilers lolled in the luxurious sedan and discussed her fate. Every word she heard clearly. To kill her, one voice argued, was the easy way out. They could take the ice pick to her as they had to George Rudnick. They could empty their revolvers into her as they had into the young plasterers, Lattaro and Siciliano. They could strangle her, then soak her clothes with gasoline and set fire to them, as they had done to Puggy Feinstein. Or they could bury her alive as they had Willie Shapiro.

"But what's the use knockin' her off?" said another voice. "We just got her."

"That's what I say, Hap," chimed in a third. "She ain't no use to us croaked."

"Cut it out!" replied Hap. "You fellers have had yer fun."

"Sure we have, and we're goin' to have more. We ain't goin' to give up on a soft touch like this."

"Who says we ain't?"

"Well, *I* ain't."

"You ain't, eh? S'posin' I tell yer to?"

"You ain't my boss."

"Ain't I?"

"No. This ain't business—"

Then came a voice which had not spoken before:

"Don't be a sap, Maione. The boys are right. This Jane is too good to lose. Besides, we can use her in the business."

"There *is* that," said the man the girl now knew as Happy. "Still, I don't like it."

AND so it went, back and forth, back and forth. It became increasingly clear, however, that the majority was winning out. Even to the cautious Maione it began to seem like a waste of good material, sending her so soon to her grave. As the other leader had pointed out, in Murder, Inc., women were useful also for other purposes.

The old ones, like Mrs. Rose Gold, who ran the stationery and candy shop at "the Corner" where the gang gathered to get its murder "contacts," and who pleaded guilty in the bail-bond racket investigation, and like Mrs. Lena Frosch, the "chief fixer," who was always going to sleep in court, were important human, or nearly human, backlogs.

The young ones, like shapely Evelyn Mittleman, "the kiss-of-death girl," who was always getting "insulted" by some momentarily unpopular member of the syndicate who had straightway to be erased by other members still in good standing, also played important roles in the bizarre drama of Murder, Inc.

Yes, these women and many others had helped to earn many a pot of gold for Murder, Inc., so why shouldn't this new girl be put to work, too?

To be sure, she was sobbing now. That, the thugs reasoned, was because she was young and not "wise" yet. But she could be taught. And if she proved too stubborn, they could always get rid of her.

The last argument seemed in the end the controlling one. "All right, you mugs," Maione agreed, and followed by the others, climbed out of the car.

The child dared not look at them.

"Hey, sister!" continued the chinless one, jerking her to her feet. "Where do yer live?"

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By Gene Tunney

DEMOCRACY means to me a combination and crystallization of the noblest aspirations for individual freedom and dignity, and the most liberal thoughts of the outstanding political thinkers since Plato. There is no way of measuring democracy's values. But we know that people will die rather than lose it. It is a spiritual concept that one feels rather than practices. It is a concept that, once understood, can never be replaced by any other form of government. It is a concept that makes men meek in the presence of their peers, but makes them fight tyrants. It inspires the humble to die militantly on their feet rather than live servilely on their knees. The concept of democracy is the ideal that countless millions have died for during the ages.

She told him, quickly, eagerly. Perhaps, after all, they would let her go, send her home.

Then hope died again, this time for good, as Maione turned to one of the shadowy figures.

"Here, you," he said to the man, stripping off five bills from a huge roll, "take this dough and give it to the kid's mother and tell her to keep her trap shut—or else!"

The man disappeared into the darkness.

"Now you, sister," he said, as he shoved her into the back seat, "you're goin' for a nice little ride with them two Romeos."

Gurino and another thug climbed into the car.

"Take her you-know-where, youse," Maione commanded. "Me and the Dasher's going to take a little walk."

To this day no one in authority knows for sure what happened in the long run to the little girl who was bought from her mother and taken off to a hideaway to learn to be a moll. Maybe she agreed to join the ranks of Murder, Inc.'s female employees. Maybe, after all, the mob killed her. Maybe she killed herself. Maybe her ultimate fate is not yet decided.

Maybe she can still be saved from the Combination's clutches. . . .

"What's eatin' yer, Hap?" asked Abbandando when the two were alone.

"I don't like it."

"Payin' dough for a skirt? I don't blame yer. How much did yer give?"

"Five hundred bucks."

"Too much! The old woman woulda dried up for half the money. I know them kind."

"It ain't that," said the smaller man, and, though the night was warm, something suspiciously like a shiver ran through his slight body. "Do you s'pose anybody seen us leaving the club with the girl?"

"What diff does it make? We don't give a damn who sees us. Why should we? We're in the money, ain't we? And who's goin' round this man's town doin' anythin' to guys that's in the money? What's a skirt more or less? We've pulled bigger jobs than this, and nobody ain't said nothin', and nobody will. We're in the Combination, ain't we? Nobody ain't goin' to do nothin' to get the Combination down on 'em. This ain't no —— —— Sunday-school town. This is Brooklyn. A guy can do anythin' he wants ter in Brooklyn!"

THE Dasher's words were having an effect on his companion. Happy Maione was walking again with confident step.

"I guess you're right," he said.

"You bet your life I'm right!" said the Dasher.

And he was. The words he had spoken were absolutely true when he spoke them.

But that was before Dasher Abbandando and Happy Maione and Vito Gurino and Buggsy Goldstein and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss and their superior officers in Murder, Inc., had ever heard of Bill O'Dwyer!

And who and what, in those days, was this Bill O'Dwyer—this former stevedore and cop who was to make Brooklyn so very different? What personal tragic reasons had he for welcoming his chance to war upon such deadly human vermin as these pets of the Combination's murder syndicate? In Liberty next week you will find the absorbing answers—and see some of these selfsame murderers at work at their fiendish trade!

Get fit to Fight!

Five minutes a day for everyone's health—You needn't be a draftee

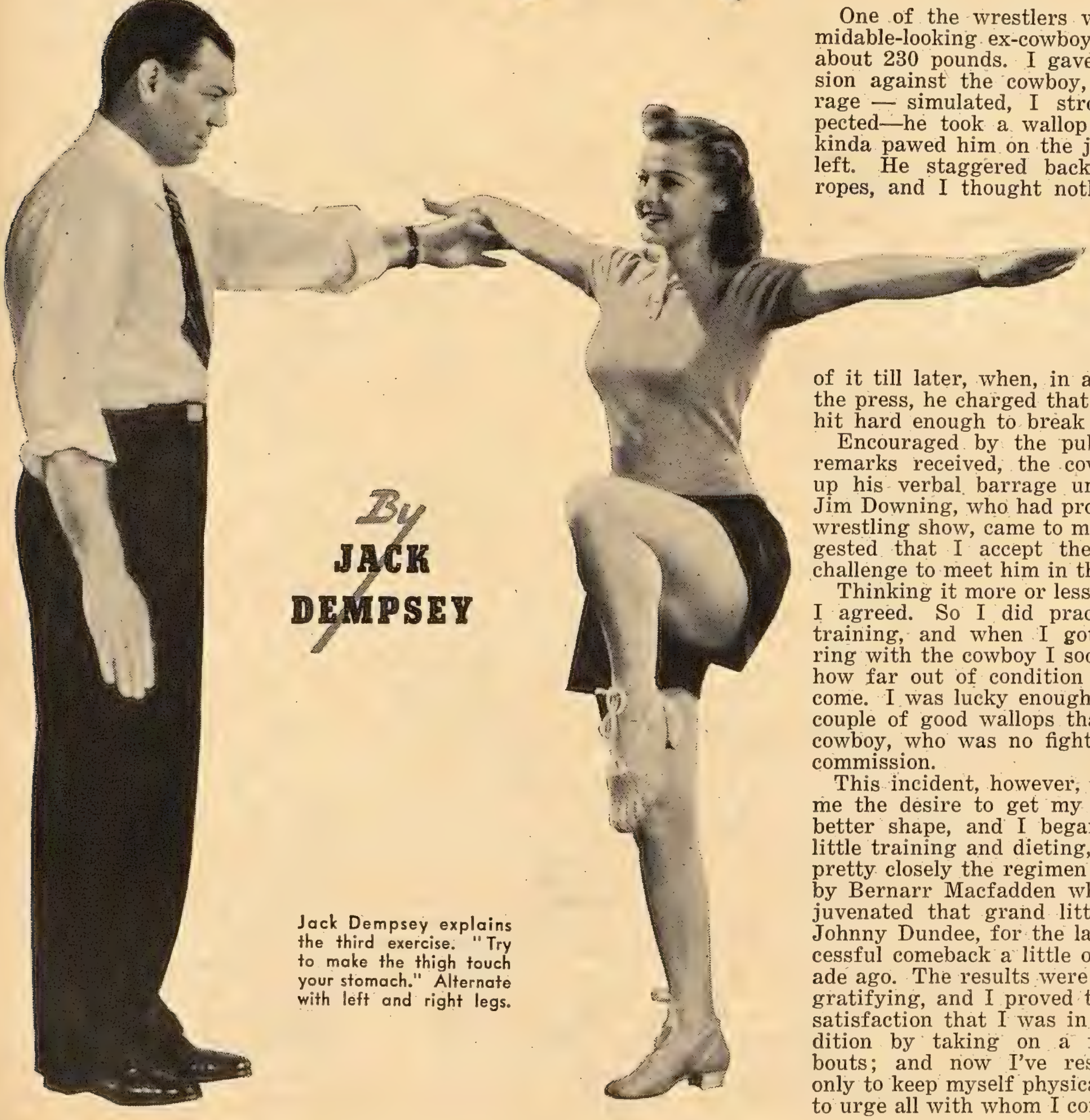
By
JACK DEMPSEY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WITH hundreds of thousands of men being drafted for military service, the need for physical training of our people becomes glaringly apparent. Scarcely 50 per cent of those called for military training are physically fit to withstand such training. America needs to start immediately a nation-wide physical conditioning of its man power and woman power, so that it can be converted into real man *power!*

When I took a flier in the ring a few months ago, at the age of forty-five, my friends expressed amazement. Their almost unanimous guess was that I was "broke." Those who didn't think that thought I was "crazy." The fact is, I was neither. I was merely carrying out a plan conceived one night after I had refereed a wrestling bout in a Southern city. Something happened that night which started me thinking about my physical condition.

One of the wrestlers was a formidable-looking ex-cowboy weighing about 230 pounds. I gave the decision against the cowboy, and in a rage — simulated, I strongly suspected—he took a wallop at me. I kinda pawed him on the jaw with a left. He staggered back into the ropes, and I thought nothing more of it till later, when, in a tirade in the press, he charged that I couldn't hit hard enough to break an egg.



Jack Dempsey explains the third exercise. "Try to make the thigh touch your stomach." Alternate with left and right legs.

Encouraged by the publicity his remarks received, the cowboy kept up his verbal barrage until finally Jim Downing, who had promoted the wrestling show, came to me and suggested that I accept the cowboy's challenge to meet him in the ring.

Thinking it more or less of a joke, I agreed. So I did practically no training, and when I got into the ring with the cowboy I soon realized how far out of condition I had become. I was lucky enough to land a couple of good wallops that put the cowboy, who was no fighter, out of commission.

This incident, however, kindled in me the desire to get my body into better shape, and I began to do a little training and dieting, following pretty closely the regimen laid down by Bernarr Macfadden when he rejuvenated that grand little fighter, Johnny Dundee, for the latter's successful comeback a little over a decade ago. The results were quick and gratifying, and I proved to my own satisfaction that I was in good condition by taking on a few other bouts; and now I've resolved not only to keep myself physically fit but to urge all with whom I come in contact to do likewise. For, from my observation, nearly all the "grown men" I meet are in no physical condition to withstand the rigors of training for military service.

Statistics show that of all the men summoned in the draft for the previous World War, 25 per cent were rejected as incapable of *any* kind of military service. Army surgeons later rejected another 15 per cent, which made a total of 40 per cent of absolute rejections for physical defects. Of the 60 per cent remaining, something like 15 per cent later proved to have minor defects.

The appalling part of it is that indications are that our people are in no better physical condition today than they were then. In the last war many of our men, rushed suddenly and without previous preparation into training for the army, were not ready for hard, rigorous work. They couldn't stand the gaff, and they were easy victims for the flu when that disease spread into an epidemic throughout the army.

The rank and file of men in this country today need physical upbuilding. Military training can come later. I'm thinking of the clerks, the business men, the so-called "white-collar" workers who are puffy, underdeveloped, and out of shape because they have not been living the right way—eating, sleeping, and exercising the right way—and of how the labor of drilling will affect them if they are plunged into it without some preliminary conditioning.

The average man knows what the requirements for health are: that he can eat certain nutritive foods and that there are foods it would be better to abstain from. He knows he should take a certain amount of exercise, must have a certain amount of restful sleep, and that he should have plenty of fresh air. He knows if he does all these things he'll be bound to arrive at a measure of good health. He *knows,* but what does he do about it? He's too "busy" or too lazy or too indifferent!

When it comes to personal bodily welfare, men are like children—they want to be taken care of; but they have to be *made* to take care of *themselves.* In this connection, with remarkable foresight, a few years ago United States Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., urging compulsory military and physical training for certain ages, was quoted in Physical Culture magazine as follows:

"I am still unqualifiedly and aggressively in favor of compulsory military training. And I should continue to work for the enactment of some measure which would provide young America with systematized, standardized and compulsory physical training during certain prescribed ages. This would add to the health of the nation; it would add to the production and efficiency of America, and furthermore, would make for level-headedness as a national characteristic. I regard universal physical training as a means of converting the nation's disconcertingly high percentage of weaklings into a strong, healthy race of men."

Recently in a stirring editorial Bernarr Macfadden, the world's leading authority on the subject, pointed out that "what is needed to build health in this country is a Minister of Public Health . . . consecrated to building a strong, virile people." And from time to time he has outlined specifically just how this can be done most promptly, efficiently, and beneficially. Other nations, realizing the importance of a healthy people in the scheme of national survival, got on the job some years ago, especially Germany and Italy.

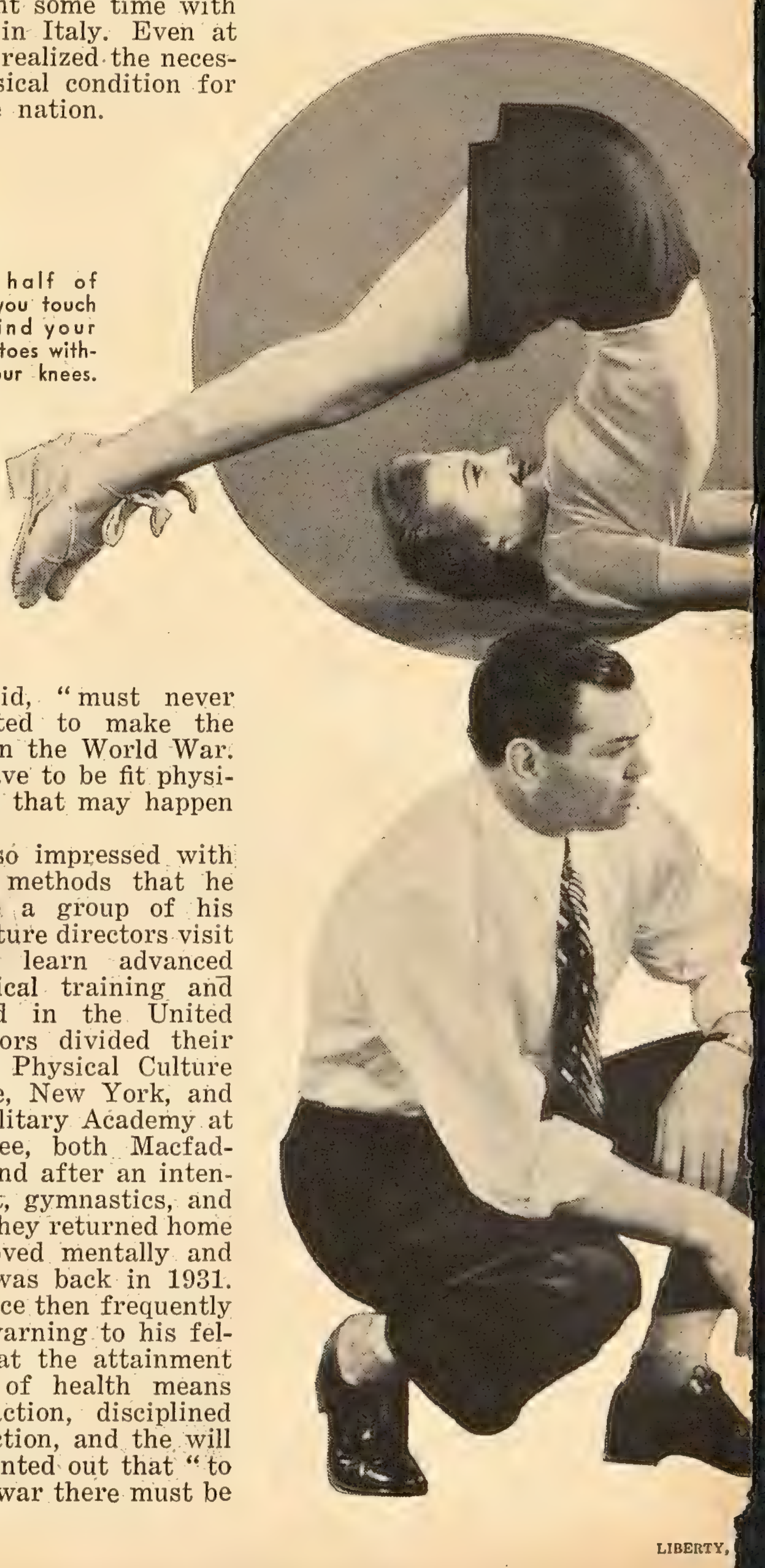
In the summer of 1930 Mr. Macfadden, making a survey of child welfare activities for the United States government in connection with the White House Conference on Child Health, spent some time with Benito Mussolini in Italy. Even at that time Il Duce realized the necessity of good physical condition for the future of the nation.

"Italy," he said, "must never again be permitted to make the showing she did in the World War. Her people will have to be fit physically for anything that may happen to her."

Mussolini was so impressed with Mr. Macfadden's methods that he arranged to have a group of his young physical-culture directors visit this country to learn advanced methods of physical training and diet as developed in the United States. The visitors divided their time between the Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York, and Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, both Macfadden institutions, and after an intensive course in diet, gymnastics, and American sports, they returned home wonderfully improved mentally and physically. That was back in 1931. Mr. Macfadden since then frequently has sounded the warning to his fellow Americans that the attainment and preservation of health means action—fighting action, disciplined action, untiring action, and the will to act. He has pointed out that "to wage a successful war there must be fighting spirit, keen, even frantic enthusiasm, grim, relentless determination, the will to struggle at times with ruthless violence, regardless of the difficulties. Such extraordinary powers come largely from superabundant physical force, superior muscular and vital energy . . . with great bodily vigor throbbing with vibrant life."

National physical training is as essential as anything else, and it should be inaugurated right away. Mr. Macfadden has outlined a simple, efficacious, and easy way of conducting it. We're wasting time by not putting it into effect at once.

But that's no excuse for us to neglect our conditioning. Every one of us men and women can do a few simple exercises at home that will develop all the muscles and improve the general physical being if practiced daily. Here are ten:



In the first half of number eight, you touch the floor behind your head with your toes without bending your knees.

1. First we'll practice breathing, because correct breathing is part of every kind of exercise. Stand erect, heels together, arms hanging at sides. Raise your arms in a semicircular motion until you're reaching straight up, at the same time inhaling through your nose. Hold your breath for a second when you have a chestful of air, then exhale, at the same time lowering the arms. Breathe in deeply, doing this half a dozen times.

2. Stand erect and place your hands on your sides just above the hips. Keeping your heels on the floor, bend at the hips and knees as if you are sitting, then straighten up to your original position.

3. From your standing position, lift both arms above your head as high as you can reach, at the same time lifting the left leg, bending at the knee and bringing your knee as high as you can. Try to make the thigh touch your stomach. Back to original position, then change and lift the right knee the same way. Do this several times, alternating with left and right knees.

4. Stand upright, spread feet apart and, with hands on hips, bend forward from the waist in a deep bow. Then straighten up and bow toward the right as far as you can. Up again, then bow to the left the same way. Finally, straighten up and bend backward as far as you can. Do this exercise with a swinging motion, pivoting at the waist.

5. Stand erect, raise arms above head, then, bending forward, touch your toes with your fingertips. Then straighten up and repeat several times. You may do this without bending the knees, or by bending them slightly if the other way is too much of a strain at the start.

6. Stand erect, hands on hips. Lower to squatting position as if you're going to sit on your heels, bending the legs at hips, knees, and ankles, at the same time stretching arms straight out from the sides. Then rise to standing position, bringing hands back to hips.

7. Lie face downward flat on floor, with the palms of the hands on the floor even with the shoulders, toes also touching the floor (naturally). Straighten out the arms, lifting the body from the floor so that you are supporting your weight on your hands and toes. Then let the body down to the floor again until the chin touches the floor. This exercise is one of the best I know for developing the arms, forearms, chest, shoulder and back muscles.

8. Lie flat on your back with arms at your sides, palms touching floor on level with your hips. Bring the legs up without bending the knees and try to touch the floor beyond your head with your toes. Then bring your legs back to original position, raise your upper body at the waist, and reach forward till the tips of your fingers touch your toes.

9. Stand erect, feet spread wide apart, arms extended straight from the sides. Swing around to the left, bending at the waist and touching the *left* foot with your *right* hand. This will bring your left hand up and back of you. Then straighten up to original position and repeat the exercise, this time twisting toward the right and bending forward to touch the *right* foot with your *left* hand. Perform this exercise in one continual flowing motion.

10. Have a horizontal bar fixed at a position a few inches higher than you can reach. Hang to it with both hands, pull your body up till your chin is level with the bar. Then let yourself down at arms' length.

The number of times you repeat these exercises at one session depends upon your age and physical condition. If you are young and vigorous, you can do them many times. If not, you may find that once is enough. If you would like more variety, you can always get it. Physical Culture Magazine regularly publishes many exercises of this type. With daily exercise, plenty of sleep, fresh air, and a clean body and healthy mind, you'll get real enjoyment out of living.

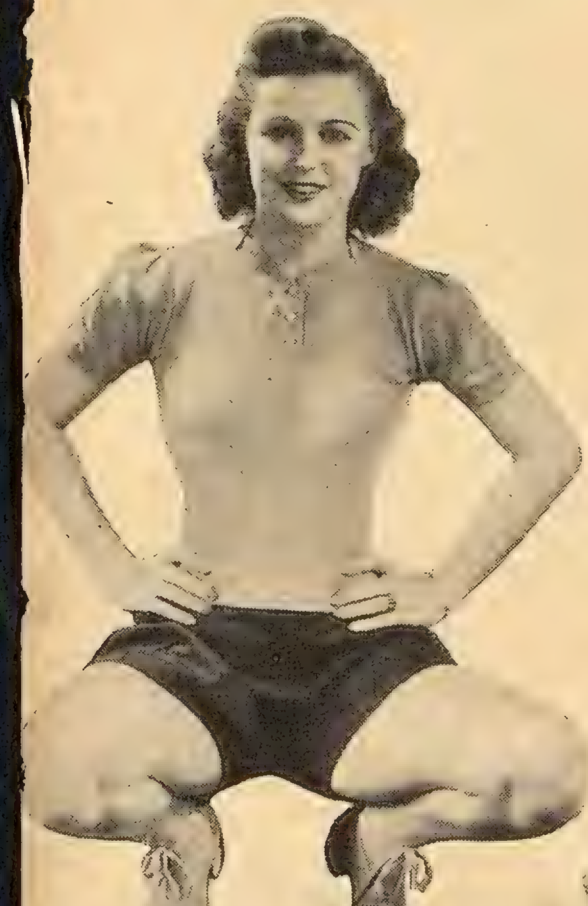
Good wholesome food, fresh vegetables, and eating properly—that is, not overeating—will help a lot.

Take it from me, good health is the cheapest and the dearest thing in life. It's worth fighting for. So start today, and get *fit* to fight!

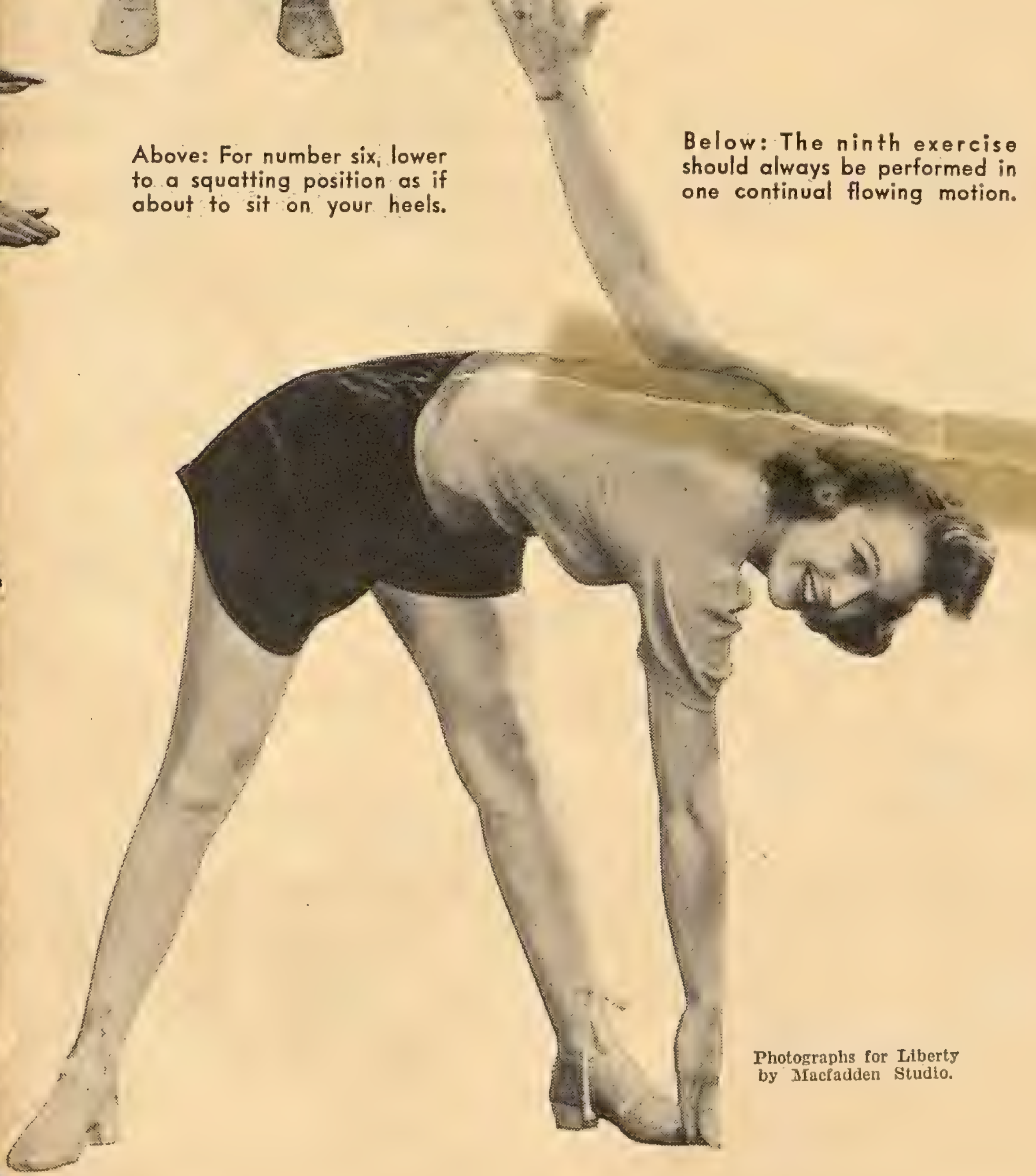
For when we as a people are fit and ready to fight, whether it be to repel an invasion or battle the everyday problems of peaceful existence, we'll find it'll be "no contest."

That's the way it always is. No one wants to tackle a formidable opponent merely for a loser's end when there is no loser's end!

THE END



Above: For number six, lower to a squatting position as if about to sit on your heels.



Below: The ninth exercise should always be performed in one continual flowing motion.

Photographs for Liberty by Macfadden Studio.

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Woman trouble

A story for men! If others read it, don't say we didn't warn you

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

HE lay on his back not quite awake, not quite asleep. One arm was flung over his eyes in a last effort to avoid the hard fact that another day had begun. His mind was hazily engaged in trying to track down a quotation that bothered him. Who was it that said the average man lives a life of quiet desperation?

That's good, he thought with satisfaction. That fellow *knows.*

It occurred to him that the man who wrote those words might be able to give him a steer, might tell him what was going wrong with Edgar Bixby.

"Edgar!" called a voice he still thought was a pretty voice, though at this moment it jarred him unpleasantly. "Eddie, if you don't get up you'll miss the eight-twenty."

He did not move. He kept on thinking. He told himself he ought to do something about his mind, which was obviously deteriorating. He ought to read better books. He ought to clean out his laboratory and do a little more work there every evening.

"If you can call it a laboratory," he muttered.

"What did you say, Eddie?"

The voice was smothered and absent-minded, for Camilla Bixby had her head in her clothes closet. Should she put on the fresh pink linen, or would the plaid gingham do for another morning? Her brow puckered and her pretty lips drooped, for she had remembered dark Angela and the overful laundry basket. Oh, dear!

Behind his closed lids Edgar Bixby was seeing again the small room in the basement, a mere pitiful few feet of cubic space, but his own. He had meant, when he left college, to keep up his laboratory research in certain fascinating phases of the modest Infusoria, with now and then a dip into the lowly algal fungus. But within a year he had met Camilla; he had married. And presently all the evidence of past ambition rusted and gathered dust in a narrow room next to the furnace.

Somewhere in the house a door slammed, and Edgar moved his head, groaning slightly. That would be his mother-in-law getting up and out before any one else. So brisk.

He opened one eye and looked toward the window.

"What's she doing now?" he muttered.

The hairbrush jerked in Camilla's hand. "If you mean mother," she said coldly, "I think she's gone out to weed the rock garden."

Aware that he had stuck his neck out—for he himself should have weeded the rock garden instead of taking Benjy up the brook on Saturday—he attempted a wan facetiousness. He asked if Camilla were sure her mother wasn't about to paint the garage or chop down a tree.

Camilla's eyes grew dangerously bright. "You may think that is funny, Edgar, but I don't. If you have as much energy when you're mother's age—"

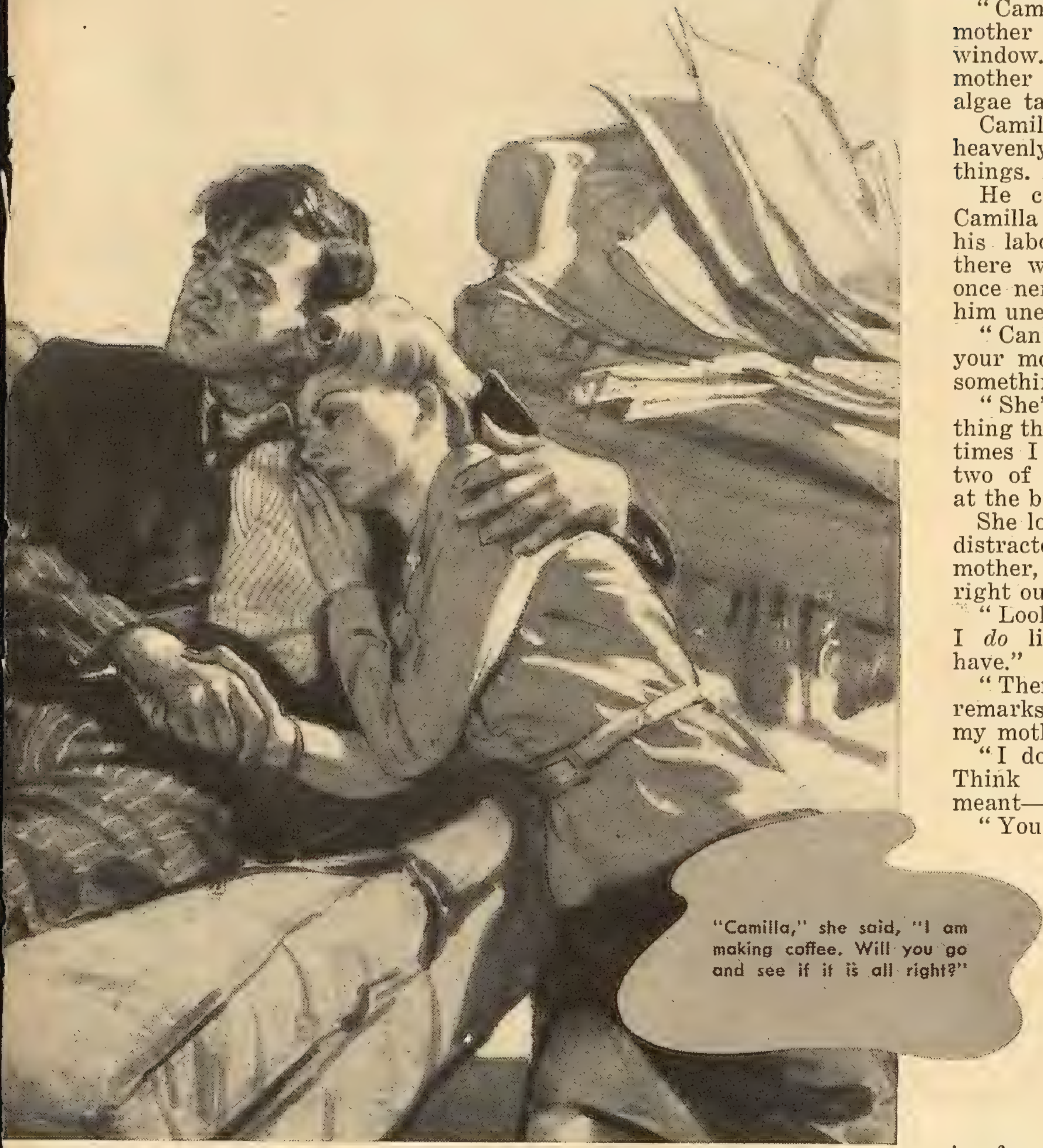
She did not finish the sentence but he got the idea. He sat up, rubbing his head. What was the matter with him? What was going wrong with Camilla, too? There was almost nothing he could say to her lately that did not bring tears to her eyes. The rest of the time she rushed about, too bright, too efficient. As for himself, he knew that he veered from extreme self-deprecation to a brash and unfortunate assertiveness. He was as jittery as a trout.

Were these moods the inevitable result of having been married almost ten years? But why inevitable? He could remember when he and Camilla had promised each other never to let life push them about. They would always take time to laugh and be foolish. But how long had it been since they had thrown some food into a basket and gone off for a day's fishing?

Getting old, he thought, shuffling toward the bathroom. What's happened to all the time there used to be?

He shook his head sadly: he did not know. Now he raced to catch the eight-twenty, all of a lather for fear he would miss it. Now, if he came

SAUL TEPPER 40



"Camilla," she said, "I am making coffee. Will you go and see if it is all right?"

home twenty minutes early, he felt as guilty as a dog caught snoozing on the guest-room bed. Of a Saturday, now, he felt obliged to dig dandelions out of the lawn or clean the oil burner in order to earn an afternoon in the woods.

He stepped from under the shower and, wrapping himself in a towel, gazed moodily out of the window. It was a fine autumn morning, the man next door was doing a little leaf raking before breakfast, Angela was coming in at the gate, late, as usual; and moving spryly about the rock garden was Camilla's mother.

Edgar breathed hard through his nose. To him a rock garden was neither a garden nor a good clean pile of rocks. Moreover, he had always meant to have a badminton court right there. But Camilla had thought a rock garden would keep her mother busy. It was a little hard in a small house and an acre of ground to find enough for Mrs. Scoville to do.

Even as he watched her now, an expression of speculative brightness in his mother-in-law's face warned him she was questing for new fields to regulate and improve. She took a tape measure from the pocket of her old tweed jacket and fingered it thoughtfully.

She was a not unattractive figure, he had to admit. Her iron-gray hair sprang in a lively fashion from a well shaped head. Her body was erect and vigorous, her blue eyes sparkled with life and good humor. If only she would not keep eying something beneath him which he could not see.

He had turned away and was shaving a face that interested him no more, when all at once he knew what had made him apprehensive. He dashed open the bathroom door.

"Camilla!" he barked. "Your mother is staring at my laboratory window. Camilla Bixby, if your mother touches a single one of my algae tanks—"

Camilla laughed too airily. "Oh, heavenly day! Those old slimy things. Who wants to touch them?"

He could not believe his ears. Camilla had always been nice about his laboratory. But this morning there was something about her at once nervous and defiant that made him uneasy.

"Can't you find something else for your mother to do? Can't she join something?"

"She's joined practically everything there is," said Camilla. "Sometimes I get so nervous between the two of you!" Her hands twitched at the buttons of her frock.

She looked at him with angry and distracted eyes. "You don't like my mother, Edgar. Why don't you come right out and say so?"

"Look here, you've got me wrong! I *do* like your mother. I always have."

"Then why do you make funny remarks all the time? Just because my mother likes to keep busy?"

"I don't mind her keeping busy. Think it's commendable. I only meant—does she never *rest?*"

"You see! That's the kind of sneering thing you say. And I don't think it's very grateful of you, after all she's done for us."

"Is that what your mother says?" he demanded.

"Certainly not. Mother never says anything of the sort. She is very happy living here with us and working for us in every way. And I would be very happy to have her," cried Camilla fierily, "if it weren't for funny remarks—"

Edgar closed the bathroom door—in fact he slammed it—and went on with his shaving. His hand shook a little and he nicked his chin. Nine years ago, when he and Camilla were engaged and not able to marry on a research assistant's salary, Mrs. Scoville had persuaded Mr. Scoville to give Edgar a job in his office. When Mr. Scoville died, six years later, Mrs. Scoville had, without hesitation, put the Scoville real-estate business in Edgar's hands.

Of course real estate was not the field he had been interested in when he was in college. He had somewhat vaguely seen himself as a research man, a brilliant worker devoted single-mindedly to science. A bachelor, of course, traveling light to far corners of the world.

But he had scarcely given this attractive picture a second glance after he met Camilla. And he had actually enjoyed the real-estate business most of the time. It was natural that his mother-in-law should ask him every night how things had gone that day, and how the Peabody houses were renting, and whether Old Joe, the bookkeeper, had got over his cold. But there were plenty of evenings when he longed to forget The Business and especially Old Joe, whom he had inherited along with the roll-top desks.

But it was not true, what Camilla said, that he did not like his mother-in-law. He thought Kate Scoville was swell. But she ought to be running an orphan asylum or a circus—

Instead of just me, he thought, and reddened guiltily.

As he started down the stairs he encountered his son, Benjy, redolent of camphorated oil. Benjy's throat was swathed in flannel and he looked melancholy.

"Hi! What's the matter with you, son?"

"It's my froat," sighed Benjy. "Gramma says I caught it in the brook Saturday. She says I've got to stay in bed. Daddy, can't I go out?"

"Not if your grandmother says no. Of course not."

"But I want to be downstairs for a very special reason. I want to see the man when he brings the—"

"Benjy!" Camilla interrupted from the foot of the stairs. "Go straight back to bed."

Edgar took his son's hand and led him off. "Remember, son," he said, tucking in the blanket, "the average man leads a life of quiet desperation, and keep your chin up."

"Oh, all right," sighed Benjy, accepting his fate.

Edgar caught the eight-twenty as usual. And his spirits lifted a little as he sat down in his usual seat. For at the next station Jonas Winchester would get on. Jonas Winchester would say, "Hi-yah, boy!" and sink down in the seat beside him.

Theirs was an eight-twenty acquaintance. One of those rootless, timeless commuter friendships that occasionally spring up and become oddly binding.

At first Edgar had been annoyed by the big man in careless good clothes who dropped into the seat beside him. Edgar liked his seat to himself. But the robustious charm, the free manners and lively mind of the older man had begun to get him. Before they reached Grand Central that first morning Jonas had begun to talk and Edgar had begun unwillingly to listen.

After that they had watched for each other. Edgar discovered the delights of conversation that had nothing to do with business or golf or oil burners or the local tax rates. Under the stimulus of Jonas Winchester's somewhat fantastic mind, something was awakened that had almost breathed its last in Edgar — the ability to wonder and to speculate. It was amazing how well he could talk to Jonas Winchester. Neither of them knew anything of the other's daily life.

This morning as he boarded the train Edgar felt more than he had ever done the need of sympathy and counsel. Whatever it was that had boiled up between him and Camilla before breakfast puzzled and took the strength out of him. He sighed and his face drooped as he looked at his newspaper after he had exchanged greetings with Jonas Winchester. And in a moment the older man glanced at him out of the corner of a lively eye.

"Eat something that didn't agree with you, boy?"

"No—er—no." Edgar hesitated and then he repeated the quotation about the average man and despair.

"So," growled the older man, "you've just discovered that? Always been pretty hopeful and happy, I suppose."

"Why—yes, I suppose so."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know. I can make a living of sorts, health is pretty good, have a few friends—"

"And you're married to pretty much the same sort of person as yourself, eh?"

"Yes, I suppose you could say that."

Jonas Winchester grinned. "What you want is a recipe for happiness, eh?"

Edgar was annoyed to find himself reddening. "I wasn't talking about myself, exactly," he stammered. "I was thinking about a—a friend of mine. Nice fellow, but kind of slipping lately. Asked my advice, but I don't know what to tell him."

Jonas slapped his knee with an expensive hat that had been sadly misused. "I'll bet it's woman trouble."

"In a way it is," Edgar admitted, feeling guilty. "You see, this fellow is very happily married, or at least he *was*. But lately he's felt kind of down. I mean, he's begun to feel kind of disappointed in himself. He was an ambitious young fellow and he meant to lead a different kind of life. Especially in his home. I mean a more peaceful kind of life, not so much—er—perfectionism. Now, you take this fellow's house. He put his heart and soul into building that house. But it turns out it isn't big enough. Things are always being done to it; it seems to be always in a turmoil. There's always a kind of atmosphere of criticism—when there are two women in one small house—"

"Two!" groaned Jonas Winchester. "One woman is trouble enough, but two are— My dear boy! How did your friend ever get himself saddled with two women? Is he all right —up here?"

He tapped his head and looked at Edgar with his bright sardonic eyes. Edgar began to feel confused and to regret this fable he had started.

"Maybe the trouble is in the business," he muttered. "You see, this fellow didn't choose the business he's in. He sort of fell heir to it."

He paused. For the first time it occurred to him that though The Business was his own, inwardly he had always felt that it still belonged to Old Joe and Mrs. Scoville.

Almost as if Jonas Winchester had read his thought, he cried, "Wait, don't tell me any more! I see it all. This poor fellow has a mother-in-law and she's got a strangle hold on him. I bet she lives with them, eh?"

"Well, yes, she does. But—"

"Women!" Jonas threw himself back and whacked his knee with the deplorable hat. "Women! There I have the whole story," he snorted. "One woman can do a lot of damage, but two women—Lord! It's a wonder your friend has kept his sanity. Do you notice any symptoms of mental break-up?"

"Why — why, no," Edgar stammered. "Of course, this fellow hasn't realized himself to the full. I mean, when he was young he had a lot of ideas. And now he—well, he doesn't concentrate as well as he should. Confound it!" Edgar broke out uncontrollably. "A man can't call his soul his own—he hasn't any place to do it in!"

He broke off, dreadfully ashamed, for to his horror he heard his voice shake. But fortunately his seat mate scarcely noticed.

"There is only one way to get along with women," Jonas Winchester declared with grim firmness. "Slap 'em down before they get their heels on your neck. You tell your friend that. Those two women have ganged up on him. Women are natural-born gangers-up. I tell you, Bixby, we've got to help the poor sap. What he's got to do is this—"

Jonas Winchester leaned closer and with zest he outlined a course of conduct. Edgar could only mutter that the advice seemed a bit drastic, didn't it?

"Drastic nothing!" shouted Jonas, now afire. "Every woman is a potential dictator."

Fortunately for Edgar, the train at this point moved into Grand Central Station and he was able to make his escape.

It turned out to be a terrific day at the office, and by three o'clock Edgar had developed such a headache that he decided suddenly to take the next train for home. Perhaps Benjy would be allowed to go with him for a long peaceful walk.

Not expecting him at this early hour, Camilla was of course not at the station with the car, and he took a taxicab home. The house appeared to be deserted. Upstairs Benjy was asleep, still smelling of camphorated oil. Edgar strolled to his bedroom and looked dejectedly out of the window.

In the back yard clotheslines were draped with the most incredible number of things—curtains, blankets, pillows. Even his favorite pair of khaki pants was there.

“Oh my!” he groaned. “They're cleaning house again.”

He felt suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, in mid-air. There was no place for him anywhere. Too sick to stay in his office and not wanted at home. Then, with an upsurge of gratitude, he thought of his room in the basement. He would just take a look at his new algae.

As he went quietly down the basement stairs he was aware that the door of his room was open and unidentifiable sounds were coming out. He crept nearer and peered in. His room seemed bursting with women, though, as there were only four of them—his own two, Angela, and a neighbor woman—it was probably their combined effluvia that seemed to push the walls outward.

They all stood with their backs to him, grouped about an object that stood near his laboratory sink. It was a white object like a gleaming up-ended sarcophagus. A little window in its front revealed its intestinal tract that seemed at the moment to be digesting his best hunting shirt.

From the backs of the four women he could tell they were fairly satiated with pleasure. They were disheveled and spattered, but they might have been four jungle priestesses admiring a private god. The bland strength of their absorption was such that it numbed Edgar Bixby completely, like a sort of gas. He turned and crept softly upstairs.

“My room,” he whispered. “They've put a washing machine in my room.”

Edgar Bixby was not angry. But he felt very queer. Women! It was true what Jonas Winchester had said—they were creeping up on him. Presently they would surround him, they would weave a strong net about him, and that would be the end of Edgar Bixby, an individual man.

NO!” he roared out. “You can't do that to me. No!”

In another moment the door was pushed open and Camilla looked in. “Oh, it's you!” she cried. “I thought I heard a funny noise—Why, Edgar darling, what *is* the matter?”

He made a wild gesture and she shrank back.

“Edgar Bixby, you are not yourself!” she gasped.

“Oh, yes, I am myself!” he shouted. “You just don't know me, that's all. This is the end. If you think you and your mother can take my room, the only place where I can be in peace and think about something that *means* something—”

Camilla, alarmed, attempted a soothing tone. She pointed out to him how he never used his room any more, and when he built the house he had forgotten a laundry. He saw how pathetically troubled she looked, he knew how dear she really was. But unfortunately at this instant Camilla's mother appeared.

Mrs. Scoville looked bright and happy. “Edgar,” she laughed, “we've washed everything in this house, practically. What a day! And I've figured out what we'll save in a year. Not counting Angela's time, we—”

Camilla interrupted. “There's no use, mother. I don't know what's the matter with Edgar.”

Mrs. Scoville gave her son-in-law a closer look. “Edgar, don't you feel like lying down?”

Edgar gave a hoarse hoot. “No! I've done too much lying down. I've been pushed around and ganged up on. And do you know what I'm going to do now? I'm going away where no one can creep up on me any more.”

GRACE SARTWELL MASON

wrote her first story at eight, but her father put a fiddle in her hands and at seventeen she was playing in concerts. Later she substituted a typewriter for the violin, although music still fascinates her. She is married and lives in New York.

Through a haze he saw the startled faces of Camilla and her mother, their frightened eyes staring at him as he leaped toward his clothes closet. Out flew a suitcase, out flew clothing. He heard Camilla and her mother pleading with him.

This is awful, he thought.

But in a wild sort of way he was enjoying himself. He felt so alive and masterful and free. Much as he would have liked to stop, he could not. Something had taken possession of him. Fury. He slammed shut the suitcase.

They ran down the stairs after him. He thought with dizzy elation: Jonas Winchester was right!

Dashing into the garage, he threw his suitcase into the car and slid under the wheel. Camilla climbed frantically on the running board. “Edgar — Edgar — you don't know what you're doing.”

He laid a violent hand on the gearshift. “Oh, yes, I do!”

“But—Eddie—it's a joke, isn't it? You'll be back, won't you—tonight—”

He laughed loudly. “I may never be back,” he declared and stepped on the gas.

The car shot backward. Camilla flattened herself against the wall, Mrs. Scoville leaped for safety outside. And two blocks away the crash could be heard. For Edgar had neglected to close the car door.

Nature is wonderful. Even as Edgar's head hit something hard and cold, Nature, concluding that Edgar had done enough thinking for the time being, gave his power to reason a rest. But the impulse to get away from it all she speeded up. Edgar turned the car around by way of a flower bed, jammed his foot down on the gas and, leaving the remains of the car door hung up on a stone gatepost, he sped away.

He was a little dizzy and orange footballs floated in front of one eye, but otherwise he was in fine fettle. He was singing loudly when, twenty minutes later, a uniformed person on a motorcycle crowded him to the curb and demanded, among other things, to know his name.

Edgar pondered this question. It seemed to him queer that he could not answer it. But he knew some one who could. Automatically he produced Jonas Winchester's card, which had remained forgotten in his bill case for weeks.

“My attorney,” he said impressively. And stepping out, he fainted on the officer's neck.

IT was several hours later when Edgar returned completely to this world of grief and danger. He was in a room strange to him, a large untidy room lined with books, definitely a man's room, smelling comfortably of old pipes and dust.

Bit by humiliating bit everything came back to him and he groaned faintly. Instantly a hand was laid on his forehead, and Camilla's voice said tenderly:

“It's all right, darling. Everything's all right. I am here.”

He groped for Camilla's hand and hung on. Astonishing how comforting it was to hear Camilla say she was there.

“When do they take me to jail?” he whispered.

Camilla laughed softly. “You're dreaming, Eddie. They only gave you a ticket, and Mr. Winchester took care of that. Mr. Winchester sent his car for me. He was simply wonderful. This is his house we're in.”

He raised himself too abruptly on an elbow and everything went round.

“We'd better get home,” he muttered. “This Winchester is no friend of mine!”

“Why, darling, yes he is! He admires you so much, you've no idea. He says he never has enjoyed talking to any one so much as to you.”

“Oh, yeah?” whispered Edgar, lying down again. “You find my shoes, and we'll get started—Who is that talking?”

“It's mother and Mr. Winchester and the colored man,” said Camilla calmly. “Out in the kitchen.”

“So *she's* here,” Edgar murmured. “What is she doing?”

“I think she's showing them what is wrong with the kitchen range. Poor Mr. Winchester, with only that careless colored man to take care of things. Mother says this would be a beautiful house with a few things done to it. She's been all over it.”

Edgar gasped. “Camilla, how could you let her!”

“But, darling, she had to do something! We've been here for hours. And besides, Mr. Winchester asked her advice.”

Suddenly she knelt by the couch and laid her cheek against Edgar's. “You might have died,” she whispered, and he felt her tears against his face. “Eddie—Eddie—I'm sorry for everything. You're more important to me than anything else in this world. I haven't told you often enough, Eddie. I love you—I love you so much," she murmured in a small choked voice.

He put his arms around her, with a sense of astonishing peace. This was all he wanted, really. "I'm sorry, too. I don't know what's been the matter with me lately."

Camilla sat up. "I know what's been the matter, dear. I've felt the same way myself. It's mother. She ought not to be living with us."

He tried quickly to stop her. He reminded her how generous her mother had been about the business and all, how her income had dwindled with the depression, and how sensible it was for them all to live together. He himself, he declared roundly, had never really been sorry they had asked her mother to live with them—and everything was going to be all right now.

"Your mother is marvelous," he declared, "so cheerful and—"

Camilla glanced toward the closed door. "Eddie," she cried rather wildly, "my mother is a grand, good, kind, devoted, able woman, and she's driving us crazy!"

"Ssh! You're nervous, Camilla."

"I'm not. I'm just speaking the truth for once. Eddie, I love my mother, but she *pushes* me. To her I'm still a rather dumb child. She wants me to improve until I could scream. Then she pushes me to push you—to paint the garage or cultivate useful people. She makes me snap and nag and she makes you nervous. Oh, Eddie, Eddie, what can we do?"

HE tightened his arms about her. "I guess there isn't anything we can do, dear," he said soberly. "Things are the way they are. It will help to know we're together, anyhow. Nothing else seems important."

She leaned her head against his shoulder and held his hand.

At that moment Mrs. Scoville opened the door softly and peered in. When she saw Edgar sitting up she gave a pleased exclamation and came in. She had taken off her hat and coat and looked quite at home. He had never seen her looking so young and attractive.

"Camilla," she said presently, "Mr. Winchester has sent the colored man to bed, and I am making coffee. Will you go out and see if it is all right?"

The instant Camilla closed the door behind her, Mrs. Scoville said, almost timidly, "Edgar, I'm sorry about what I did this afternoon—I mean, about that washing machine. I shouldn't have told the man to put it in your room."

Edgar said they had always needed an electric washer. But his mother-in-law interrupted him quickly.

"But we haven't got one now, Eddie. I've sold it."

"Sold it? But—when—how—"

"Just now," she said proudly. "To Mr. Winchester."

A number of unpleasant emotions held Edgar in their grip. He did not attempt to sort them out; he only knew he was outraged in a peculiarly complicated way.

"Oh, dear, what have I said?" cried Mrs. Scoville, worried. "What is the matter, Edgar?"

"Nothing you would understand. I just want to talk to Winchester a minute—alone."

When Jonas Winchester came into the room he seemed to Edgar strangely changed. Milder and less truculent perhaps. He professed pleasure in Edgar's recovery, and Edgar thanked him for his hospitality, but their voices sounded cramped by an uncomfortable formality.

THIS, thought Edgar, was what women do to a man's friendships! And he said stiffly, "By the way, Mrs. Scoville mentioned a certain arrangement she made with you about a washing machine. That is a mistake, of course. She—she was in an emotional state due to my accident—Anyhow, just forget it, will you?"

Jonas Winchester sat down and took a good look at his friend of the eight-twenty.

"Emotional state, hell!" he burst forth suddenly. "You insult a lady who knows darned well whether she is or is not selling a washing machine. Emotional state— My boy, you underrate her."

"But you can't *want* the infernal thing! You've been taken advantage of, I'm afraid. You've been crept up on, Winchester. Remember what you said in the train this morning? Remember your advice about—"

Jonas raised a hand and, to Edgar's astonishment, he turned a dark red. "I always did talk too much," he muttered ruefully. "Look. I didn't know this morning you were citing your own case, or if I did I was too intent on a—a certain complex of my own. Bixby, I— Just tell me this: Was it because of my advice you got yourself arrested?"

"It certainly was!" said Edgar with some bitterness. "I was applying your technique—slap-'em-down-and-stalk-out stuff. You meant it, didn't you? Your advice, I mean?"

Jonas groped along the dusty mantel for his pipe, looked at it fixedly for a moment, and then grinned sadly. "My advice," he muttered, "was purely academic."

"Academic? You mean you never—"

"Never," said Jonas. He glared at Edgar fiercely and unhappily. "I'm afraid of women. Always have been. My mother died when I was three and I was brought up by an aunt who pecked the life out of me." He looked beseechingly at Edgar. "This is just between us."

Edgar felt let down and oddly bereft. He had believed that here was one free man, safe from the toils that caused the average man so much quiet desperation.

"Sorry," he could only mutter. "I mean, for this evening. Must have been pretty trying for you—women running around over your house. We'll be going now. And don't think anything more about the—uh—arrangement with my mother-in-law. She means well. Very fine woman but impulsive. Likes to manage things. Very good trait, of course, but—"

Jonas leaned back in his chair. "Bixby, you've got a mother-in-law and you feel obliged to apologize for her. Well, let me tell you, she's got qualities that you and I don't begin to measure up to. I've spent this evening talking to her and watching her, and I know."

Edgar's mouth fell open. "But you said you are afraid of—"

"That's what I'm talking about!" barked Jonas. "I'm not afraid of *that* particular woman. Do you get what that means to me? I've sat out in that kitchen, I've walked around this Godforsaken house with her, and I wasn't afraid of her! Nothing less than a miracle has happened to me. I've seen a woman with a kind heart, do you understand that? And courage— By Jehoshaphat, Bixby, if you could have heard her standing up to those policemen who said you were drunk— Listen, my boy. You've got a mother-in-law who is devoted to you, who would work and fight for you, who tends your house as if it were her own."

He sprang to his feet and the floor creaked under his indignant tread. He whacked a dusty sofa cushion and swept an armful of ancient newspapers off a chair. "Look at my house!" he cried angrily. "I've got two men working for me, and look at the moldering shambles I live in. Does any one care? No! While you go around complaining—"

"But my house is a very small house," whispered Edgar.

"Well, mine is a big one and it needs a woman exactly like your mother-in-law." Jonas was fairly shouting now and the finger he shook under Edgar's nose trembled a little. "I warn you, Bixby, I'm going to try to get away from you something you haven't the sense to appreciate—a woman of spirit."

EDGAR was speechless from a rush of conflicting emotions, one of which he gave way to. For, after all, Jonas Winchester was another man and his friend.

"You couldn't do better," he stammered. "But you'd better think twice. Remember you are free now, and women *do* creep up on you—"

For answer Jonas went to the door and opened it. Along the passage stole the fragrance of good coffee, the clink of cups, and the sound of women's voices. An old, old sound, very comforting.

The two men looked at each other. And in a moment they grinned, reluctantly.

"Let 'em creep," said Jonas cockily.

"Sure," said Edgar, suddenly happy.

THE END

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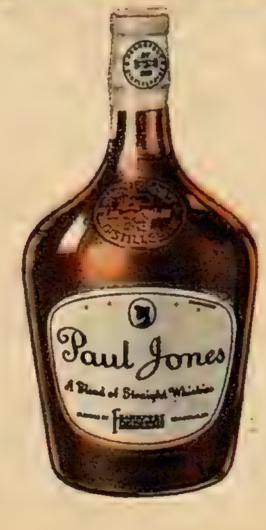
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The Old Martinet's Daughter

Charles Dye
LIBERTY'S
SHORT SHORT

BY CHARLTON L. EDHOLM

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE first warning she had, that night, was a piercing shriek that seemed to echo from a sky full of lunatic souls. It did something to her spine, bristled the tiny hairs on her gaunt body. Such feelings were unique in Anne Bradshaw's sixty-odd years of life.

Followed a violent jolt that shook each century-old timber in the cottage; a crash, shattering every light of glass; a blast that blotted out all sound from her tortured eardrums, all light from her eyes.

Colonel Bradshaw's daughter awakened to find herself on the bedroom floor. She knew what had happened. Many times she had been entreated to leave her isolated cottage and stay with the rector's family in the village. There, at least, was partial security: air-raid signals; a fine big shelter under the town hall; many household bombproofs set underground in garden patches or lawns.

Anne had sent for one of those domed metal shelters. She had bought it with reluctance. "Rattrap," she called it. "No foreigner is ever going to make *me* hide away in a rattrap." So right now it stood under an apple tree in her orchard until she should get around to hiring a couple of laborers to dig a deep hole and bury the eyesore.

When dawnlight filtered through the broken windows, Anne, in bathrobe and slippers, tottered about the cottage to inspect the damage. It was revolting: outraged her instinct for order and propriety. The floors that she kept spotless were a litter of broken glass, bits of precious china, scraps of plaster. The photograph of her father, the Old Martinet, with all his medals, was hanging askew. His sword had fallen from over the fireplace.

A tall chest of drawers had pitched flat, and as Anne tugged to get it upright, the contents spilled upon the floor. A service revolver, carried by her father in the Sudan, lay among lace collars and metal hair curlers from her upper drawer. Vandals had scattered her intimate possessions, invaded her privacy.

Anne's lips tightened. "Such things should not be allowed to happen here!" she said, biting off each syllable.

She dressed carefully in the severe tweeds she wore when walking the six miles to the village. Before setting out she slipped the revolver into her pocket. One never knew who might be floating down from the sky these days. Better be ready for trespassers on her land.

Halfway down the muddy lane she encountered the invader, crouching under a hedge like a wild animal.

"Come out of there," said the colonel's daughter.

He crawled from under the hedge and snapped to attention. His eyes darted to the revolver butt in her pocket, then back to her leathery features, so much like those of the Old Martinet. His heels met smartly, his fingertips touched the seams of his muddy bramble-tattered trousers.

"So this is Adolf the Baby Killer," said Anne Bradshaw, eying the bemired uniform and the haggard features. "Call yourself a soldier? Why, you're not even shaved! A hooligan on the loose, I should say."

The Hitler youth expected no mercy from this big rawboned female; yet, "*Kamerad,*" he said.

"I'll *Kamerad* you, my fine fellow," retorted Anne briskly. "About turn. Quickstep march."

A rapid march brought the pair to Anne's damaged cottage. A bomb crater, deep and wide, marred the garden near a shattered tool shed.

"That's what you did, Adolf," said Anne. "Such things are not permitted. Not in *my* garden. Not in any Englishman's garden." She pointed with one gloved finger. "Look sharp, my man." Her voice was a faraway echo of the Old Martinet's on parade. She was holding the revolver. "See that hole? You blasted it with your wretched bomb. Get in and dig. Dig where I tell you."

The air invader stared at her in bewilderment, then, as her eyes bored through his with their chill blue gaze, he leaped to pick up a shovel, sprang into the crater, and dug furiously. Sweat ran from his face. Horror shone in his eyes. How was this mad Englishwoman going to punish him? Was he deepening this hole for his own grave? Undoubtedly. He had been told by highest authority that the brutal English killed all the airmen they caught. Tortured them too. Maybe she would only cripple him with a bullet. Bury him alive. What fiends they were, these English!

A FEW hours later a crowd of home defense "parashooters" armed with fowling pieces and pitchforks swarmed through the orchard. Constable Brawn carried a bundle of muddy fabric and tangled shrouds.

"I picked up this here a mile from the crashed plane, Miss Bradshaw," said the constable. "Two dead was in the wreck. But one blighter got away. I was wondering have you seen any trace of the bloke?"

"Indeed I have," said Miss Bradshaw. She was standing on a neat mound of freshly upturned soil. "I caught the wretched fellow. Gave him a little job of digging. The kind he didn't expect. He's down there." She pointed with her revolver at the mound under her feet.

The constable's china-blue eyes widened. "You made him dig his own grave? Oh, I say! Beggin' your pardon, Miss Bradshaw, but we're not supposed to shoot prisoners. Not even baby killers, like that one."

The Old Martinet's daughter tossed him a glance like an icicle. "Are you competent to instruct *me?*" Her narrowed eyes swept the crowd of faces—horrified, distorted with lust for vengeance, gaping with curiosity. "Adolf is there below, I tell you. In the bombproof. I made him set it up before—before—" But the constable barged down into the shelter, prepared for anything he might find.

What his flashlight picked out was Adolf squatting on the floor as he wolfed sandwiches and washed them down with a mugful of Miss Bradshaw's justly celebrated tea.

THE END

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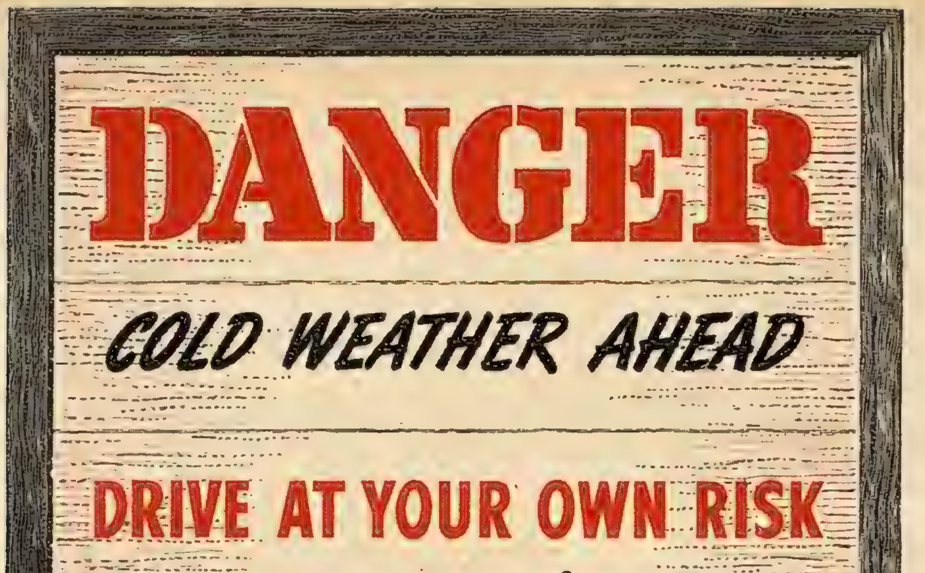

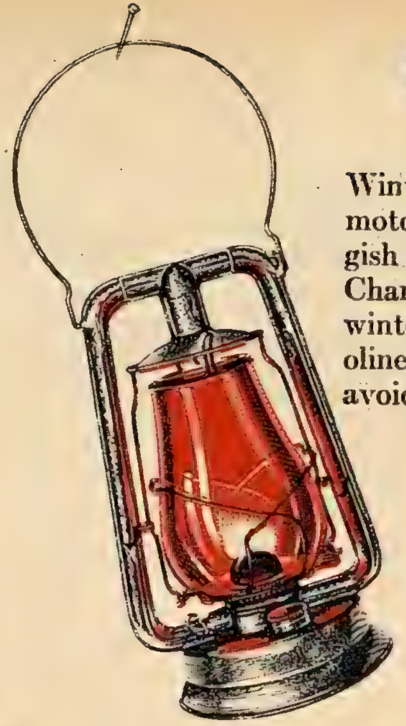

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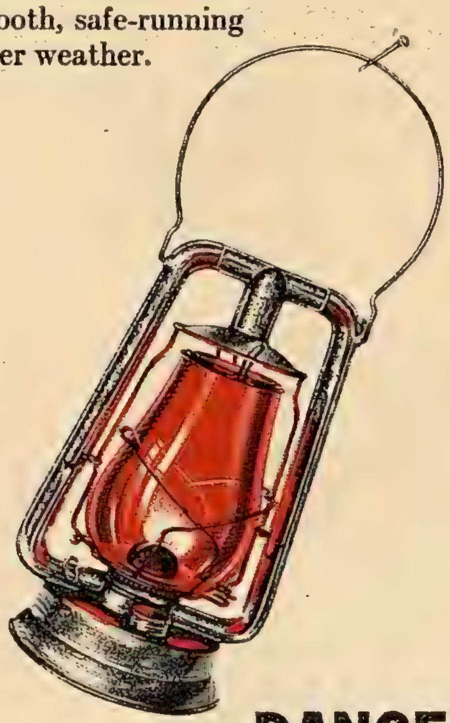

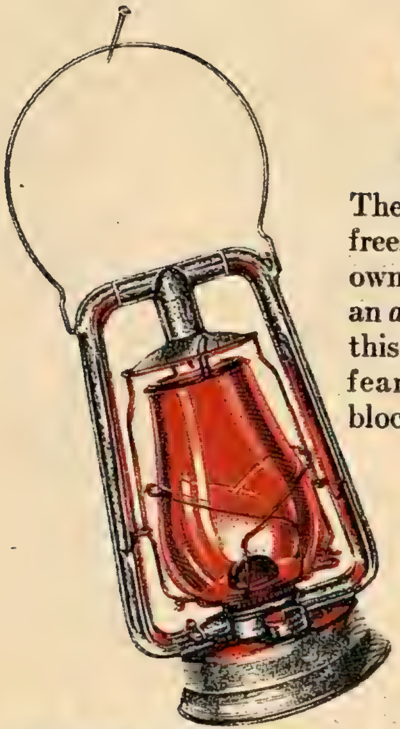

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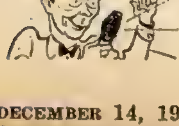

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Du Barry

1940

THE WOMAN WHO RUINED France

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

WHETHER or not Mandel had anticipated some such attempt on Hélène's part to rush in and confront Churchill is not known—Mandel, at this writing, being a prisoner of the Pétain government—but he had taken the precaution to change the guards before the door to the council hall and to issue orders that no one, under any circumstances, should be admitted.

Instead of the sentry who had taken her note into the hall, Hélène now found in charge Commandant Revoil, one of the most important members of Mandel's staff.

"Let me pass, commandant!" she exclaimed. "I must speak to Paul!"

Revoil held his ground.

"Madame, I cannot let you pass. I have orders that no one is to enter."

Too angry to speak, she fixed the man with a furious gaze, then slapped him in the face twice, hard.

Back in her solitary room, shaking with rage, she seized pencil and paper, wrote another note to Paul Reynaud ordering him to obey her and demand of Churchill the right to make a separate peace. The wording was much the same as that of the note she had written earlier; but this time the underlining was in red, and there was a postscript demanding Commandant Revoil's instant dismissal. Like her first note, too, this one did not reach Paul Reynaud. Charles de Gaulle was making it his business now to stop all incoming communications.

No one knows what the distracted woman might have done next if Baudouin had not arrived at just this time with what seemed at the moment good news. Churchill had made a strong plea for continued solidarity. He granted no permission from his government for the French government to make a separate peace; but he could tell from the expressions on the faces of the timorous men in that room that he could not expect of them any prolonged serious effort to live up to their agreement with their ally.

Some hope for the future had to be held out to these emotionally torn men, some straw thrown to them to which they could cling while he was working out a plan already maturing in his quick mind, but of such far-reaching proportions that he could not possibly disclose it until after consultation with his associates in London. Therefore he announced that he would return to England, place their situation before his fellow Ministers, and give them a final and, he hoped, constructive answer at the earliest possible moment.

Hélène and Baudouin, believing that this promise meant hesitancy

She fixed the man with a furious gaze, then slapped him in the face twice, hard.

Downfall, and for a beauty, death! Vividly Frederick L. Collins gives you the story's last tragic drama

on Churchill's part, and in the end yielding, made no secret of their rejoicing. Commandant Revoil came upon them in the corridor, their faces wreathed in smiles of triumph.

"As for you two," he exclaimed in a loud voice that could be heard by all, "you can go now! Your sinister work is finished, and you had better leave!"

They did leave, and the whole government with them, for Bordeaux. Flight seemed to be an obsession with these men sworn to defend France's honor. Cabled one British correspondent to his paper:

"The public waiting outside thought Ministers were discussing the no-surrender advice which Winston Churchill had specially flown over to give them. But after Mr. Churchill had left, Ministers engaged in a squabble over the distribution of seating accommodation in the official cars waiting to take them southwards. Mme. Hélène de Portes, one of the leading political women of recent years in France and a friend of Premier Reynaud, was demanding extra accommodation for herself, luggage, maid, and Pekingese dog. The Ministers had to decide which of their staff could be left behind at Tours so that madame's wishes could be satisfied."

Churchill left on the 13th. On the 17th General Spears, with Lord Lloyd, was in Bordeaux with the British proposal to unite the British and French Empires for the duration of the war. Reynaud read the document aloud, translating it from English into French. Some of the Ministers asked for a copy to study. General Spears, told he would find secretaries in the adjoining room capable of transcribing it in French, pulled open the door, and Hélène de Portes, who had been kneeling at the keyhole, fell into the room.

Far from abashed, she grabbed the papers from the astonished Briton's hand. "What have you here?" she shouted. Then she read the papers through while the Ministers waited in silence, shrugged her shoulders, and thrust them back into his hand.

"What you offer France," she screeched, "is to become the last of the British Dominions!"

That night Paul Reynaud, faithful to the end in the discharge of his trust, was beaten for the first time in the Council—beaten by three votes, beaten by her friends.

Any attempt to explain all the nuances of what Hélène de Portes and her friends had actually done, that last sad day of France's independence, would require space amounting to volumes. We have seen something of the manner in which she operated. The reasons for her performance are more elusive.

THE spectacle of sinister forces employing a beautiful or brilliant woman to achieve their ends is no new one. Especially are we familiar with the practice when the employer is a foreign government and the intended victim is its next-door neighbor. There is no evidence, however, that Hélène acted in any one's interest except her own and what she believed to be Paul Reynaud's.

But it cannot be denied that the influence which she exerted in favor of nonresistance to Germany was indirectly due to her close association with those who, for varying reasons of their own, preferred a Hitler victory to a Hitler defeat. Because of her family background, her sympathies naturally bent far to the political Right. Her untiring effort to win to Reynaud's political support the people of this type whom she met threw her into associations which served to strengthen sympathies into convictions. Worst of these associations was the one with Otto Abetz, head of the so-called Nazi Intelligence Service, the Nazi organization charged by Hitler and Goebbels with the job of inciting fifth-column activities in France.

"He had huge sums of money at his disposal," wrote one observer. "He bought newspapermen, editors, and publicity directors. He bought politicians. In a report from Berlin, buried in Bonnet's files, it was stated that Abetz once boasted having more than a dozen French parliamentarians in his back pocket."

This would appear to be a masterpiece in understatement, unless Abetz confined his count to leading parliamentarians and Ministers of State. One authority states that of the 615 Deputies, at least 300 were on somebody's pay roll.

Abetz operated from the famous "little Brown House" on the Rue Roquépine; and his activities finally became such a scandal that he was banished from the country. But now he is back, in Vichy, and is said to be dictating from behind the scenes every important move of the Pétain-Laval-Weygand dummy government. In the hectic years before the outbreak of war he was a familiar figure in French social circles. Especially was he prominent at the soirees of the Marquise de Crussol, Daladier's lady friend, and at those of the Countess de Portes. He was perhaps the only person in all Paris who managed to enjoy the friendship and confidence of both women at the same time! As a result of such contacts, he was not only able to exert great influence in official circles but proved himself amazingly well informed on forthcoming official acts. Even after his expulsion, and even after actual war had begun, the spy system which he had built up knew what was happening in France long before any Frenchman, outside the inner circle, was supposed to know it.

Said one close student of this situation: "When the Supreme Council decided to put a British division in the front line, Hitler knew about it two hours later. When King George VI of Great Britain visited the front, the German broadcasters described his moves before the French and British press. When Reynaud and Daladier quarreled, the German radio knew all about it." Without charging that Hélène de Portes was directly responsible for all this, it is clear that by her very existence she made such things possible.

But the danger of betrayal from within was even graver. Of Weygand, Reynaud is quoted as saying: "What can I do when my commander in chief is defeatist?" He might have said the selfsame thing of half of his Cabinet and of many of the other leaders of the republic.

Pétain, Weygand, Laval—all old political foes of his—belonged to the group which seemed to put individual interests above national ones and feared revolution within more than conquest from without. Daladier, in the clutch at Munich, went definitely into the defeatest camp. Hélène de Portes was already there.

To the conservative class in France, as in most European countries, the Red menace had been a never absent specter. When the test came, or, rather, when it became obvious that it *would* come, Hélène de Portes' Fascist friends and their stooges in the government showed themselves in their true colors. The publicist Thierry Maulnier, writing eight weeks after Munich, was bold enough to say that "a victory for French arms would have been not so much a victory for France as a victory of the principles rightly regarded as leading straight to the ruin of France and of civilization itself."

Paul Reynaud did not sympathize with this view. Hélène did. That was the issue over which was fought the boudoir Battle of France.

That it was an uneven battle was due partly to circumstances over which neither of them had any control. Reynaud had to bear the brunt of the defeatists' attack. Outside of able and patriotic Georges Mandel and a few lesser lights, he was alone. Considering the weight of the influence Hélène de Portes exerted on him, it is greatly to his credit that he was one of the very last of the French leaders to give way before Hitler's demand for a surrender, and that he resigned his premiership rather than stultify himself, as old Pétain was quite willing to do, by consummating that surrender.

That Hélène's friends and Paul's enemies had not achieved anything of any lasting value to themselves is now obvious to them as well as to the man in the French street. They who thought they were using Hitler to gain their own ends have seen only too plainly that they were being used by Hitler to gain his ends. To none did the disillusionment come more quickly than to Hélène de Portes. Presumably, up to the very last minute, she had hoped that Paul would come over to her side and, while still in power, make a good bargain with Hitler and the men who represented him in the Council at Bordeaux. There is some evidence that she herself had attempted to make some such bargain as the price of her continued pressure upon Paul. The American ambassadorship, which would have enabled her to escape from the country with her jewels and her money, was the prize for which she was angling.

In the days following Reynaud's resignation she and Paul were virtually prisoners. Opinions differ as to how much actual liberty they were allowed—especially as to the automobile break for Marseilles, and presumably for America, which resulted in her death. Some say that the new French government let them start with the idea of killing them both en route. Others credit the Nazi authorities with the same grim strategy. Still others incline to the view that the pair planned a double suicide.

REYNAUD'S own version of what happened is simple enough. Lying with bandaged head in a hotel room completely dark, with Mme. Reynaud—of all people!—standing by his bedside, he spoke to a group of diplomats and personal friends these words:

"It was after luncheon on the road of Sainte Maxime. It was a long time since I had driven a car. The car was new and powerful. The sun was very hot. We were going down a steep hill. The car took on speed, and suddenly from a side road a truck emerged. It was too late to put on the brakes. I steered sharply to one side to avoid it. The car whirled about several times and finally flattened itself against a tree. I was thrown into a field, my face horribly wounded as you see. The unfortunate Hélène was instantly killed."

He picked up from the bed a bracelet taken from her body, heavy with the gaudy trinkets that she loved. His eyes filled, his voice broke.

"I have lost in a few days," he said, "my country and my love!"

THE END

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You'll want to try Parkay—the delicious new margarine made by Kraft—in many ways... It's wonderfully appetizing as a spread for bread, toast, hot rolls... and as a delicate seasoning for hot foods. And because Parkay is a flavor shortening, it makes better cakes and pies than bland, tasteless shortenings. It adds flavor, too, to pan-fried foods—and doesn't spatter or stick to the pan.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY • CHICAGO

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

FOR nearly half a century one of our largest nation-wide trades in party favors, table decorations, paper hats, puzzles, and novelty toys has been carried on by B. Shackman & Co., now managed by two young men, Stanley Bauer and Daniel Jacoby. Fun is their business and they get fun out of it. Mr. Bauer is seldom without some trick joke in his pocket, and Mr. Jacoby almost lost his fiancée by putting fake ice in a drink for his prospective father-in-law. But the fun business is a big-money business, too. We spend more than five million dollars a year on Christmas-tree ornaments alone. The Shackman headquarters—a vast showroom on Madison Avenue, stocked with thousands of baubles, newfangled and old—is an institution no holiday visitor to New York should miss. There you might meet Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Mrs. Byron Foy, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt—all regular customers, each shopping in solitude, practically in secret, so that the favors they pick for their parties will be a surprise. Alice Flynn, senior saleslady at Shackman's, is a walking Social Register. From years back she remembers what favors were used at every prominent wedding, coming-out party, etc. Soon as he enters the store, one ex-governor always yells, "Miss Flynn, come help me. I want something *new!*" . . . Gilt slippers an inch long are favorite favors in the Southern states. Hollywood, for a place of its size and glitter, is an extremely stingy favor market. Next to Christmas, Easter brings the best sales. Most expensive toy is the elaborate doll's house complete even to miniature working replicas of electric grills and flatirons. Grown-up women order these for themselves. Used to come from Germany, but now are made here, as are tree ornaments, glass animals, etc. Formerly we imported our smartest paper hats from France. You'll be glad to know that, because of the war, our busiest paper-hat milliner now is an American lady named Margaret Brown.

☆ We often are warned against getting married on the rebound. Here is a true-life story to the contrary. A girl I know broke, mended, and rebroke her engagement to a rich young man at least a dozen times. Her family and his desired the match but the couple just couldn't catch on. Then a boy who had worshiped her from afar sprang a cold-blooded proposition. "Marry me," he said. "Afterward, if you still love this guy you fight with so much, I'll give you back to him. *I* don't believe in cat-and-dog romance." Mad as fury, she took him at his word. They have two children and are content, the other man long forgotten. *Rebound* my eye! Love is *bound*less!

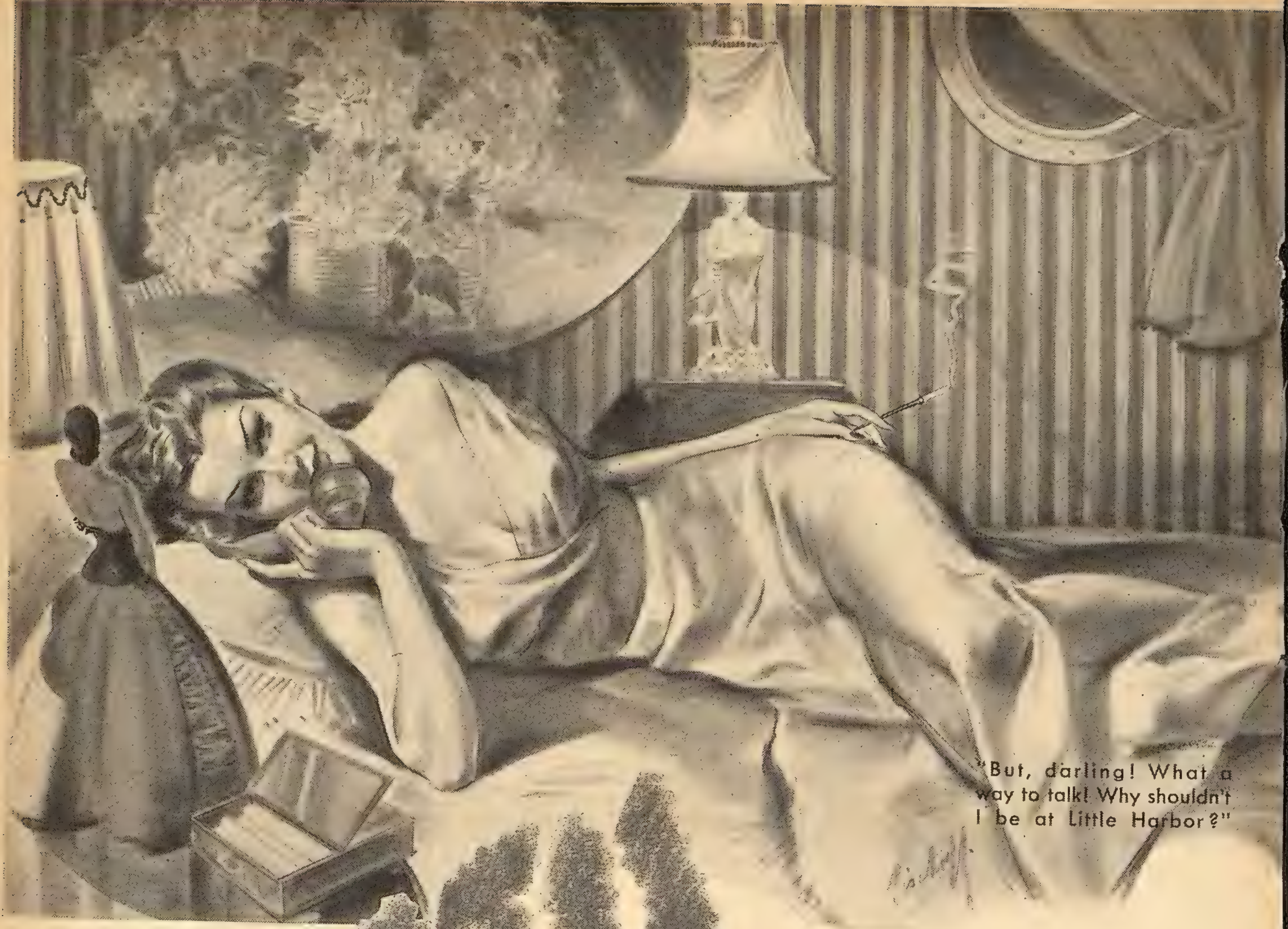
☆ *Start now if you want to have these gifts ready in time for Christmas:*

(1) Audubon bird prints, very fashionable, 500 subjects to choose from, process-mounted by the National Audubon Societies on wood plaques, mahogany, walnut, Cape Cod or bird's-eye maple, 10¾ by 12¾ inches. Easy for mailing; no glass or frames; $2.50 apiece, postage included. . . . (2) Chair cover with needle-point initials to distinguish some one's pet seat. Much appreciated by old folks. . . . (3) Pocket photo album, accommodating six snapshots. About $1.50. . . . *Next week*—Christmas presents for men.

"Can't I even burn a steak without government interference?"

☆ A rich fruitcake for the holidays should be made well in advance. A true Scot never frosts this grand old *Aberdeen Christmas Cake,* but you can put icing on it if you insist. Make the cake as follows: . . . Cream 1 cup brown sugar with 1 cup butter. Add yolks 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cloves. Beat in 1 cup honey, then 1 cup apple butter and 1 cup tart jelly. Now beat again, stirring in 6 cups sifted flour, 6 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup strong coffee, 1½ cups large seeded raisins, 1½ cups minced orange and lemon peel mixed, 1 cup each of raisins, chopped nuts, chopped prunes, chopped apricots, ½ cup each of currants and chopped figs, and lastly the whipped whites of 3 eggs. Use deep cake pan, buttered and floured and lined with 3 thicknesses floured paper. Cover with buttered paper; set in pan boiling water; bake 2½ hours in slow oven. Let cool in pan. Brush top paper with hot water to remove. Wrap cake in grease-proof paper and keep in cool place at least 2 weeks.

☆ A friend reports this about the Berlitz School of Languages: In a dither from domestic battling, she phoned the school. Her laundress, a Spanish refugee from Gibraltar, neither speaks nor understands English. "Is there any one there," begged my friend of the Berlitz phone operator, "who can tell me how to tell my laundress not to starch my husband's shirts?" The phone girl promptly put Spanish teacher Julio Noriege on the wire. He said, "Tell your laundress, *No ponga almidon in las camisas.*" My friend did, and it worked. Peace thereafter prevailed. She says, "*Viva* Berlitz!"



"But, darling! What a way to talk! Why shouldn't I be at Little Harbor?"

Danger ahead, mystery around the corner—A thrilling novel of love and a strange adventure

Death waits for a Lady

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

For synopsis of preceding chapter see page 32

PART TWO—ANN SPRINGS A SURPRISE

"HELLO, Miss Ann!" Albert bellowed gleefully.

"Hi!" Tommy screeched. "Hi, Ann! It's Tommy! Tommy Campbell! I got my expedition. We're gonna salvage the ol' treasure."

"Hello, Tommy lad!"

"We're headed for Little Harbor to see your father, Ann," I called. "I wrote him but I don't suppose my letter has reached him yet. We've made good time. I'm Bartlett Todd."

There was a silence from the boat. I felt rebuffed. Couldn't she even say hello to me?

Tommy squeaked finally: "How's Jeremy?"

Ann Jones did not reply. I heard her speak to the Britisher and heard him answer her, but I couldn't distinguish what they said. Finally I called:

"Won't you come ashore?"

Again I heard them talking, and at last Ann Jones said clearly:

"We'll anchor and row in."

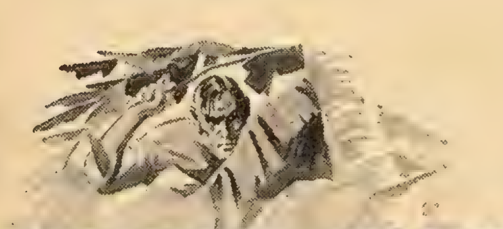
Their motor coughed and died. Their anchor splashed in the water. I felt a sudden and unaccountable depression. I never thought to send Killer out with our boat to pick them up. I just stood there dumbly on the shore — we all stood there—and watched their dinghy head around the stern of the launch. A man sat motionless in the bow, while Ann Jones, as expert with the single oar as any Bahamian, sculled swiftly toward the shore.

As they neared the beach, Killer was the only one of us who came to life. He waded out into the water, caught the dinghy by the stem, and hauled it sharply up onto the hard white sand. Ann Jones boated her oar and stepped out. The slim old man in the bow followed her onto the beach.

Ann seemed a little taller than I had remembered her, and a little thinner, though she moved with such an easy grace you'd never think of calling her gangling. She wore khaki shorts, a blue silk blouse, a flowered scarf around her neck. With her smooth, richly tanned arms and legs, she made you think of a girl stepping out of a Miami Beach cabaña. And yet, at the same time, she didn't appear at all out of place in this fire-lighted wilderness setting. It struck me then that this girl would be as much at home, as poised and unaffected, in an English drawing room as at the wheel of her father's schooner.

"Hello, Mr. Todd," she said, holding out her hand. "It's nice seeing you again."

She faced me, cool and unabashed and unsmiling. I took her hand. Her clasp was brief and impersonal. It let me down like a slap in the face. Until that instant, probably, I hadn't realized how eagerly I had been looking forward to this second meeting. I said constrainedly:



Y WHITMAN CHAMBERS

author of Thirteen Steps, Hearts in Danger, etc.

"How have you been, Ann?"

"I've been fine, thank you." She turned to Tommy. "How's it going, sailor?"

"Swell!"

He beamed, squirming, as he took her hand and pumped it vigorously.

"Dr. Featherstone — Mr. Todd, and Tommy Campbell, and Albert."

The doctor bowed. He was tall and incredibly thin and old. His shoulders were stooped but he still managed to give the impression of carrying himself like a soldier. He wore brown shorts, a military jacket, and, though the sun had set hours ago, a pith helmet. I introduced Killer, who shuffled his bare feet in the sand and tried to imitate the doctor's bow. Restraint was settling over us like a pall. I said:

"Won't you come up to the fire?"

We all started up the beach. I tried to make conversation:

"We had hoped to reach Little Harbor by dark, but the channel seems so dangerous we didn't take any chances. How are your folks, Ann?"

THERE was a moment of taut silence before Ann Jones said very quietly:

"Jeremy and Sarah were drowned last October."

The words were so unemotional that for an instant I didn't get their import. Then I found myself thinking, Good heavens, what kind of girl is this who can speak so coldly of her parents' dying only eight months ago? Until it dawned upon me that the daughter of Jeremy and Sarah Jones would have too firm a hold on her emotions to parade her grief in front of comparative strangers.

Tommy's wide eyes were aghast as he stared at her. I saw his jaw start to tremble. I put my hand on his shoulder, squeezed hard, and said:

"Of course we hadn't heard, Ann. But you're so isolated out here, it's hardly likely that we would."

The pressure of my hand kept Tommy from speaking out, and after a moment he pulled away from me—but not before we heard the sob he couldn't quite control. Ann Jones said:

"Jeremy and Sarah wouldn't want you to grieve, Tommy. They would want you to be brave, as they were brave."

Tommy choked on the words but he got them out: "I c'n be brave, all right, all right."

We walked on toward the fire.

"I've been living with Dr. and Mrs. Featherstone," Ann Jones said. "The Spindrift was lost too, you see, and I had no home. They've been very kind to me," she added.

"Kind, my dear?" the doctor said graciously. "If I talk till I reach the 'undred mark—I've only eleven years to go, Mr. Todd—I should never be able to tell Ann how much she has brightened our lives by coming to live with us."

Killer had reached the fire first. He tossed an armful of dry palm fronds on it. They caught like tinder and blazed up brightly, crackling. I turned to look at Ann Jones.

She had crossed her legs and sat down, tailor fashion, on the clean sand. She looked up at me and smiled. Her smile was not particularly friendly; it was only polite. Her fine blue eyes, reflecting the dancing flames, seemed incredibly large as they met mine in calm, unhurried appraisal.

She wore, as before, a little lipstick; the nice arch of her eyebrows might have been darkened with a pencil; but her high healthy color was certainly her own. Sitting there in the firelight, she made a lovely picture, a picture brought into sharp focus by the very fact that she was not posing in any way. She was merely looking me over and, I sensed, not liking too well what she saw.

When, without haste, she finally turned away to speak to Tommy, she left me feeling that I did not belong. Which, considering the rather glowing picture I had built up in my mind of this meeting with Ann Jones, was a little hard to take.

"Tommy, what's this you were trying to tell me about salvaging treasure?"

Tommy had himself under control now.

"Well, you know that li'l' ol' wreck Jeremy showed me?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're goin' after the treasure. We got a diving helmet and Killer is goin' down. He's really a prizefighter and an alligator wrestler, but he can dive pretty good too. Can't you, Killer?"

Killer grinned. "Well, gimme a little practice an' I don't guess I'll be so bad. I kin stay under water two minutes without no helmet."

"Most amazing!" the doctor commented.

"The same old Tommy," Ann Jones smiled. "Well, I hope you find a whole shipload of treasure."

"O' COURSE," Tommy admitted, shrugging deprecatingly, "gramp thinks the ship is the ol' Bluebird. The boat my Uncle Duncan had, you know."

"Yes, I know." She nodded soberly.

"But you don't think so, do you, Ann? Don't you think it's an ol' Spanish galleon?"

"It may be, Tommy. Have you still got the chart I helped you make?"

"Yeh—I got it right here!" Tommy whipped the chart out of his pocket and unfolded it.

He spread it out carefully and they bent over it, the boy chattering away, the girl seriously studying the tracing. Finally she looked around at me. Her voice was cool and liquid, matter-of-fact:

"Did you bring the original, Mr. Todd?"

"The original was worn out months ago."

"It's too bad you didn't save it."

"But at that time no one realized we'd ever want it."

"But this chart," Tommy insisted, "is just like the first one."

He tried to appear confident, but I could see he was deflating fast. I

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BARTLETT TODD, young lawyer for old Commodore Campbell, who lives on Hibiscus Island in the Bahamas, sails on his yawl, White Heron, to investigate a sunken ship at the Barren Cays. The Commodore believes it may be the Bluebird, on which his son Duncan and Duncan's wife sailed twenty years ago. Bart is doubtful, however. If Duncan and Deborah had been rescued so near the settlement of Little Harbor, surely some one would have reported it. And if they went down with their ship, how could the Commodore have received letters from his son in recent years, letters from various parts of the world which reported that he and his wife were well and had three sons? The Commodore advances the theory that his son John, now dead, might have written the letters to prevent Duncan's fortune of some two million dollars—left to him by his grandfather — from being divided between himself and his brother Charles. John didn't need the money, says the Commodore, but, hating Charles, who did need it, he might have played just such a trick. The Commodore doesn't like the wastrel Charles either, but he is eager to have the matter of Duncan's and Deborah's deaths settled.

With Bart on the expedition are Tommy, John's eleven-year-old son; Killer, an ex-prizefighter who is to dive at the wreck; and Albert, a Bahama Negro. Tommy has a rough chart of the location of the sunken ship, made when he took a trip to Little Harbor with Jeremy and Sarah Jones and their daughter Ann. Jeremy Jones, who writes for the Yachtsman, has been sailing around the Bahamas for years in his schooner Spindrift. Bart expects to meet him at Little Harbor, and is looking forward especially to seeing eighteen-year-old Ann again. Although he has believed himself to be in love with Iris Lake, a brittle, exotic woman who owns a night club in Miami and who, according to Albert, is the famous "li'l' lady" who ran rum so successfully during the last years of prohibition, he has discovered that, since his one meeting with Ann Jones, Iris seems cheap and tawdry.

Over the radiotelephone which has been installed on the White Heron, the Commodore tells Bart that he has heard that his son Charles has left Miami to go to Little Harbor. Charles, he believes, is up to no good.

Bart anchors the yawl for the night and he and his crew land on a lonely beach to have dinner. Suddenly they hear a motorboat approaching. A British voice hails them and after that a woman's voice comes out of the darkness.

---

felt, too, a rising exasperation toward Ann Jones. Did she have to be so pessimistic?

"You see, Ann," I said, "the Commodore never connected the wreck Tommy described with his son's ship, the Bluebird, until your father's last article came out in the Yachtsman. And that was only a couple of weeks ago."

She nodded slowly, watching me. "Have you ever been in the Barren Cays?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid you're going to have a pretty bad time. Your chart isn't too good and the water is extremely dangerous. The cays all look alike and it would be easy enough to get into that maze of reefs and sand bores and not be able to find your way out for weeks. And if a storm should come up while you were in there—well—" She smiled suddenly. "I'm sorry if I sound discouraging."

"But you know where the wreck is, don't you, Ann?"

Her eyes left mine. She picked up a handful of sand and let it trickle slowly through her fingers. When she did not reply, it dawned upon me, with a sudden feeling of emptiness, that she had no intention of guiding us to the wreck. I asked dully after a moment:

"Is there no one besides yourself who could take us there?"

"You couldn't hire a pilot for love nor money," she said flatly, shaking her head. "The blacks, you see, are all afraid of the Barren Cays. It isn't only that the water is so dangerous. It's a local superstition."

"Aw, who cares?" Tommy scoffed. "We don't need any other pilot. We got Ann. Ann's just as good a navigator as Jeremy was. Ann'll take us there, won't you, Ann?"

Ann was looking into the fire. Tommy stared at her, and his jaw began to drop.

"I'm sorry," Ann said. "I can't take you, Tommy."

"Ann!" the boy cried, stumbling to his feet. "What'sa matter? Why won't you take us? You mad at me, Ann? You still mad at me 'cause I put those li'l' ol' crabs in your bunk?"

She stood up and put her arm around him. "No, Tommy. I'm not mad at you. I'd forgotten all about the crabs. It's something else, Tommy—something you wouldn't understand. Doctor, shall we get back to Little Harbor?"

She took the old man's waxy hand and helped him to his feet. He said:

"Thank you, my dear." And to me, shaking hands: "Mr. Todd, this has been a pleasure, sir. I 'ope you will honor Mrs. Featherstone and me with a visit when you reach Little 'Arbor. Our home is at the top of the hill. Good night, Tommy lad."

Killer followed them down to the shore and helped shove off their dinghy. Tommy and Albert and I stayed beside the fire. We watched it in silence as Ann sculled away, and when she reached the little motorboat I said with a sigh:

"Well, that seems to be that. Albert, if you'll give me a hand with this gear, we'll get back aboard."

I took one look at Tommy, and then pretended not to see him because there were tears rolling down his cheeks. And then I was, for a while, too mad to talk.

Later, aboard the boat, as Tommy was getting into his pajamas, he said fiercely: "Look, Bart! We don't need no darned woman to help us find that lagoon, do we? We'll find it by ourselves, won't we, Bart?"

"You bet, sailor. We'll find it. Now you pile into your bunk."

"Aye, aye, captain."

He climbed in, turned his face away from the light, and pulled the sheet up around his middle. I watched him for a few minutes. He was crying, but I'd never have known it if I hadn't seen the sheet tremble. I felt pretty bitter toward Ann Jones.

When Tommy finally went to sleep I stepped over to the radiophone to call the Commodore. I got the Miami operator and was about to give the Commodore's number when a man's voice broke in, saying:

"Hello, hello. Mr. Todd?"

"Yes, this is Todd."

"Will you hold on a moment, please? Get off, Miami. This is ship-to-ship. Hello, Todd. Just a moment."

"Who is this?"

"Just a moment, please."

I waited for a full minute before a woman's voice said:

"Hello, darling. How are you?"

The husky voice was so familiar, so pleasant, that it thrilled me in spite of myself. It was, I suppose, my natural reaction to Ann's unaccountable hostility.

"Why, I'm fine, Iris. How are you?"

"Oh, so-so. I've missed you, darling. I stayed away, I think, too long."

"It's nice to hear your voice, Iris. How in the world did you get hold of me?"

"My radio operator happened to be listening in, as usual, a couple of hours ago. He heard you talking to Mr. Campbell on Hibiscus Island and heard you say you were going to call in again later. So I had him wait and intercept you. Do you mind, darling?"

"Of course I don't mind. Where are you, Iris?"

"Didn't Miss Jones tell you?" she asked.

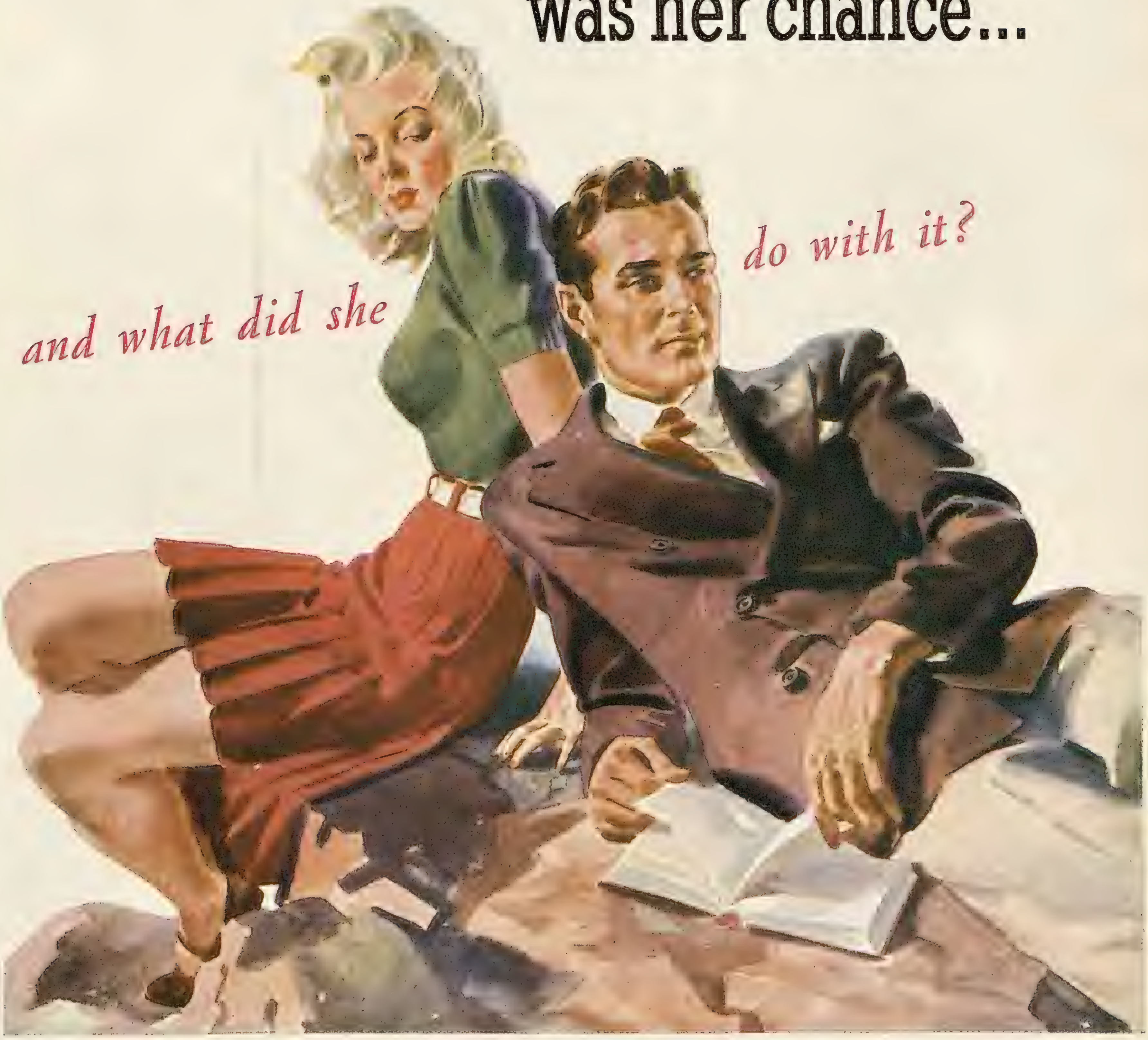
"*Miss Jones!*"

"Ann Jones. My pilot."

"Your—" I came down to earth

(Continued on page 37)

This was her chance...


and what did she do with it?

WHAT a break for Linda! In Hollywood less than a week and invited to this picnic. Stars . . . directors . . . the very people who could help her most—a chance to meet them all on a friendly, informal basis.

When the famous Stanford came over and sat next to her, she knew that her big moment had come—her opportunity to prove herself, to prove that she deserved a chance to break into movies.

But now, somehow, their conversation had suddenly gone flat. Where he had been all attention, even admiration, a moment ago, he now seemed almost bored with her. What mistake had she made, what had she done to offend him? Poor Linda! Here was the greatest chance she could ever get to realize her dreams. And somehow—*somehow*—she had thrown it away.

How's your breath?

Don't be so foolish as to take it for granted that your breath is always sweet, as so many women do. Actually, you may be offending at this very moment *without even realizing it*. Remember: Halitosis (bad breath) is one of the most common social offenses—and may not notify its victim of its presence. It can be a barrier to friendship, success, love.

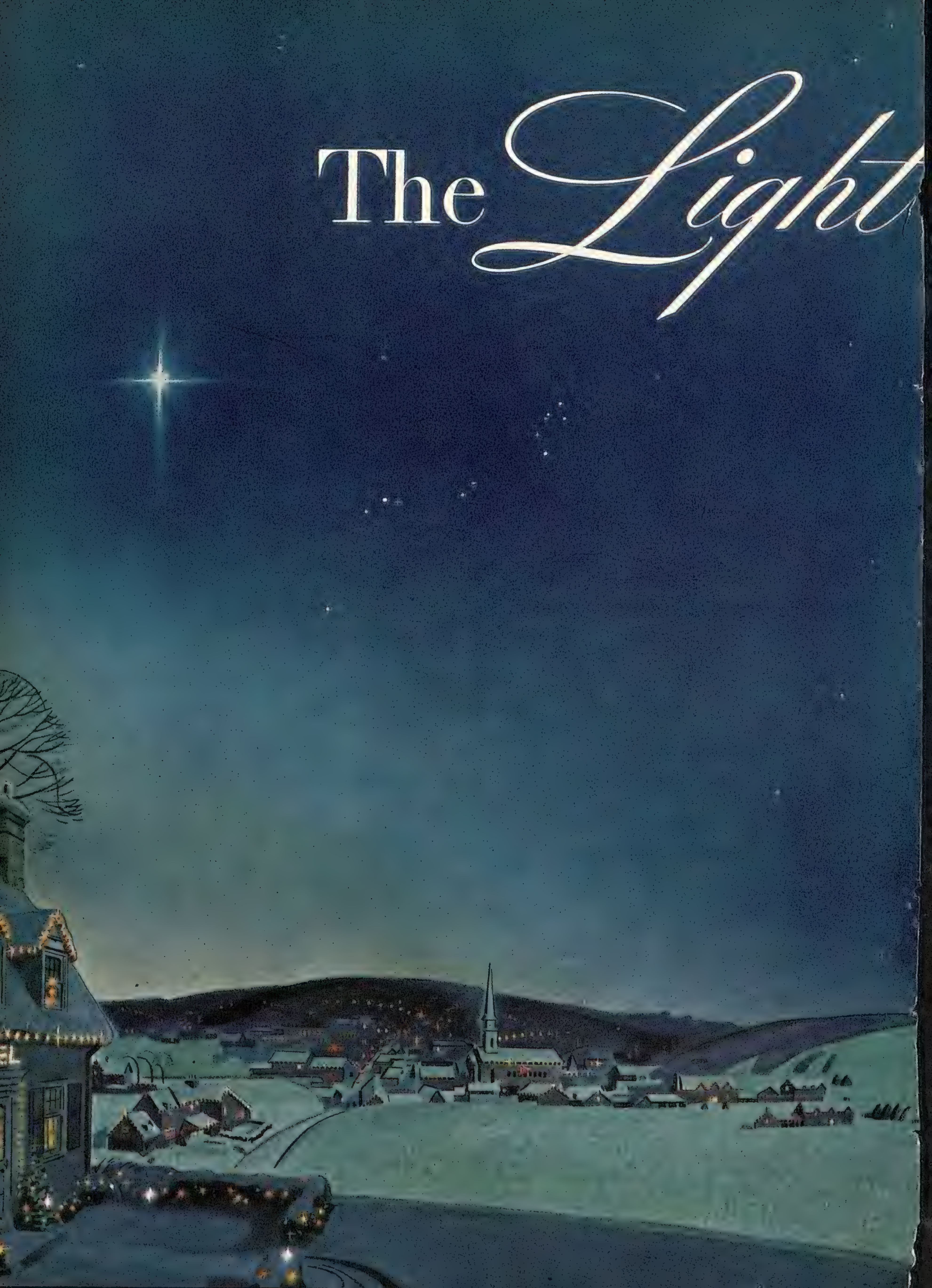
Why not take the simple, easy and pleasant precaution which is the delight of so many popular and fastidious people? Just rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before business or social engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, mouth, and gum surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Let Listerine look after your breath

The Light



that must not Fail !

This Christmas, on trees and shrubs, on the house itself and on Christmas trees inside the home . . . in public places all over America, hundreds of millions of tiny, colorful Christmas lights will symbolize the hope we keep, the faith we cherish. Like bright stars, close to earth, they will proclaim our heart-felt wish for peace on earth, good will toward men.

Christmas lighting is an American custom. It has attained a variety and beauty here that has captivated and charmed visitors from other countries. This year it assumes a new significance — for this year it becomes a forceful and expressive way to tell the rest of the world that, in America, Christmas reigns as usual . . . in America, it is being celebrated with the music of ringing bells and singing voices, amidst the sparkling beauty of colorfully lighted streets and homes.

Abroad there is fear and blackout. In America there is liberty and light. Perhaps our Christmas lighting will help us to express our conviction that we have something to be deeply thankful for, in the privilege of being an American and living in America.

Thus, Christmas lighting now becomes a symbol of the freedom that shines in the heart of every American. That is your warrant for making the lighting of your tree and of your home this year, *a ceremony* to drive home this truth, that liberty and light dwell together.

This is the light that must not fail.

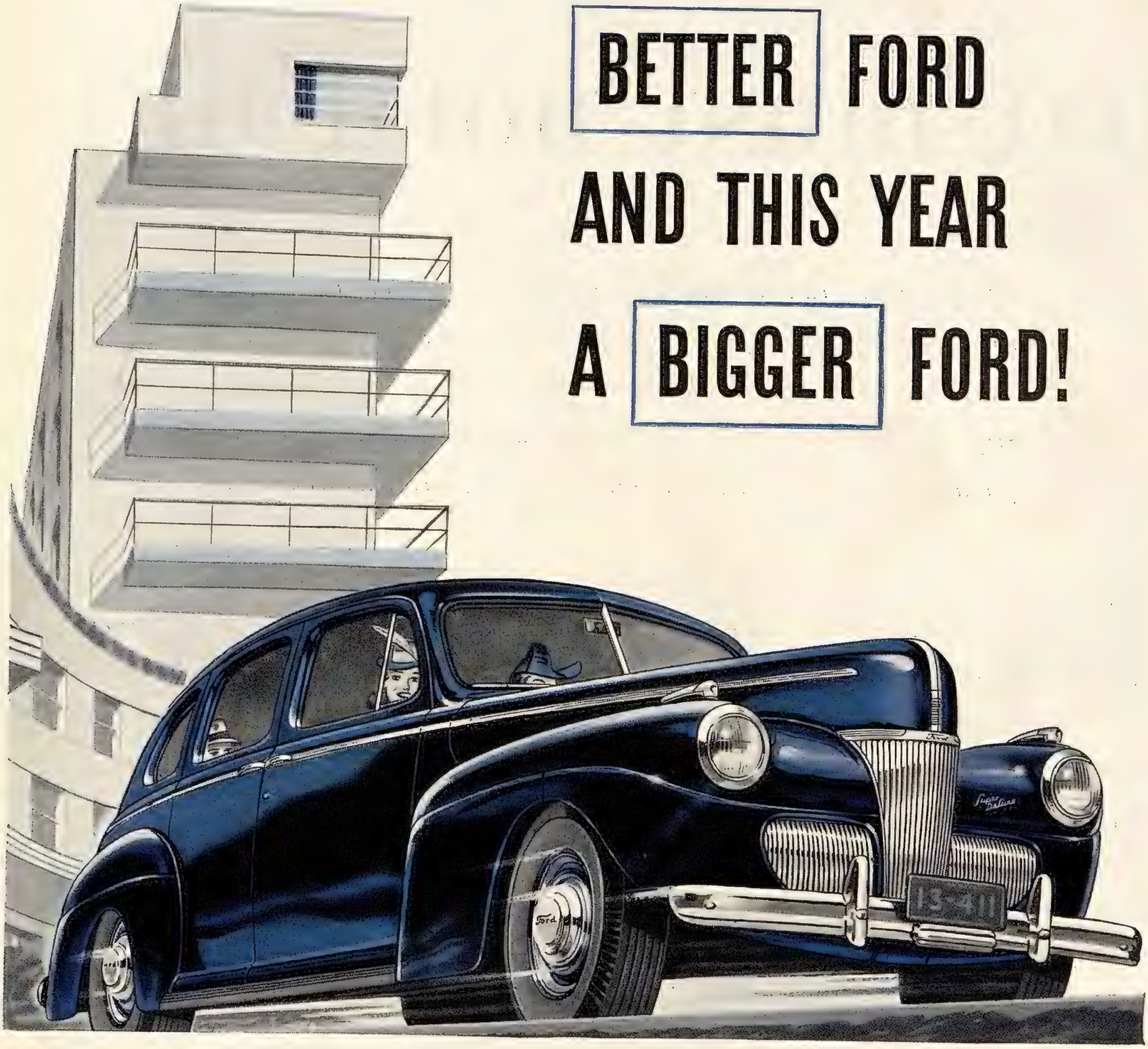
THE DECORATIVE LIGHTING GUILD OF AMERICA

2116 Keith Building *Cleveland, Ohio*

DELCA

FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION . . . WHEN YOU BUY CHRISTMAS LIGHTS, LOOK FOR THE WORD "MAZDA" ON THE BOX AND ON EACH LAMP!

EVERY YEAR A BETTER FORD AND THIS YEAR A BIGGER FORD!



Every year, the great Rouge Plant spends millions of dollars to produce a better Ford car. This year's investment brings you not only a better car, *but a much bigger one!*

Study this superb new Ford and you'll see its extra size isn't just for show. It means more room and comfort. Wheelbase is longer. *Seats are as much as seven inches wider.* Head room has increased.

And under all the bigness and beauty is a *brilliantly engineered new "boulevard" ride* — so soft and smooth that you drift along like a lazy cloud on a summer breeze!

You'll be *enthusiastic* about that ride! You'll enjoy the powerful pick-up of 8 cylinders — the smooth security of big hydraulic brakes. . . . And you'll find a trade for a 1941 Ford means a *good deal.*

Ford

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

(Continued from page 32)

with a thump. "Iris, where are you anchored?"

"At Little Harbor."

"Little Harbor! . . . Well! . . . Look here, Iris Lake! What the devil are you doing at Little Harbor?"

"But, darling! What a way to talk! Why shouldn't I be at Little Harbor?"

I knew then that she was laughing at me. I said stiffly:

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be there, except that it's a long way off the beaten track, there's nothing worth seeing around there, and the fishing is lousy. Who's with you, Iris?"

I knew who was with her, all right, because at that instant it had occurred to me that the Daiquiri was the one boat in Miami that could make Little Harbor in a day and a half.

"Oh, some friends," she laughed.

"I didn't know Charlie Campbell was a friend of yours."

"You're very quick on the uptake, darling. Yes, I've known Charlie for years."

"It was sweet of you to call and tell me this," I said viciously.

I could hear her low mocking laugh. "Well, it's been nice talking to you, Bart. I've enjoyed it. Will you come aboard when you get in tomorrow?"

"I certainly shall!"

"Good night, darling."

I went to bed and, though I didn't sleep for hours, I completely forgot I had been about to call the Commodore. Perhaps I was too busy remembering. Remembering how charming Iris Lake could be, and yet how shrewd and merciless when money was involved. Remembering that Charlie Campbell was broke and desperate and a heel.

IT came on to blow sometime in the early morning, and I awoke with the White Heron bucking like a bronco. Fiddler Cay no longer made a lee for us. The wind had hauled into the northwest and the seas had miles of banks and broken reefs in which to make up short and steep.

The luminous dial of the clock on the bulkhead showed 4.51. It was foolish to get up before daylight, but I was too restless, too anxious to be on our way to Little Harbor, to go back to sleep.

Finally I tossed off the sheet and rolled out of the bunk, got into a pair of shorts and a sweat shirt, and went up into the cockpit. The clouds had blown off. The stars hung low and bright, and off in the east a thin moon, like a section of orange peel, shone meekly through the tossing tops of the palms on Fiddler Cay.

Albert sat huddled on the deck in one corner of the cockpit. The long visor of his cap was pulled low over his face and the collar of his peacoat stuck up above the blanket and the canvas dinghy cover in which he was swathed. Looking at him hunched up there, you'd have thought it was close to freezing. And yet the heavy dew on the deck felt warm under my feet; the temperature could not have been much under 80°.

"Cold, Albert?"

His head jerked up and I could see the whites of his eyes as he stared at me.

"Just a li'l' col', cap'n," he admitted meekly.

"You should have asked me for another blanket."

"Hi'm all right, cap'n. Doan you worry 'bout me. De sun come up soon and Hi get warm."

"I'll make some coffee. I could stand a cup myself."

I went below and lighted the alcohol stove and made a big pot of coffee. Neither Tommy nor Killer awoke and I didn't call them. I filled two mugs, stirring plenty of evaporated milk and sugar in Albert's, and carried them up on deck.

'ROO by George W. Vos

The moon had risen clear of the palm trees, but it was such a thin moon and the dawn was so near that the night seemed darker than before. Albert had moved up onto the seat, freeing only his hands from the blanket and canvas. Though the wind was strong, the yawl was riding nicely and no spray was coming aboard.

"This may help a little, Albert," I remarked, handing him the coffee. "How does it look for getting on to Little Harbor right after sun-up?"

"Dat all depend on de bottom. If de bottom from 'ere on is marl, dat's ba-ad. Mebbe we stay 'ere all day. You know 'ow de marl milk up, cap'n."

I knew, all right. With a strong wind stirring up the soft white marl on the banks, the water can become as opaque as rich cream. Rocks and coral heads within a foot of the surface are invisible, and if you are wise and not too sure of the ground you stay at anchor when the marl "milks up."

I was depressed and bewildered, and I was pretty sore at several people, and I wished the dawn would hurry up and break.

"Albert," I remarked, "you're going to see Iris Lake today. She's at Little Harbor with the Daiquiri. I was talking to her last night on the radiophone."

"De li'l' lady!" he exclaimed, and I could see he was pleased and happy, thinking of seeing her again. "Why she come to Li'l' 'Arbor?"

"Albert, I wish I knew."

A faint pink glow had appeared in the eastern sky. The light grew brighter, the pink glow deepened to yellow. In the time it took us to smoke a cigarette it had become full daylight and the bright copper-colored sun was poking up through the palms on Fiddler Cay.

The beach where we had eaten dinner and talked to Ann Jones seemed ordinary now. The sand wasn't as clean as it had looked by firelight; the heads on the coco palms were storm-thinned and battered. It was just another Bahama beach and I wanted to get away from it. Yet as far as I could see the water was churned up and milky.

HOW'S it look, Albert?"

"Ba-ad," he said soberly.

Tommy, sleepy-eyed and yawning, appeared at the head of the companionway in bare feet and pajamas.

"Is our hook holding all right, Bart?"

I could see he wasn't anxious; he was merely telling me he was a sailor.

"We're riding nicely, Tommy. How about some clothes?"

"O. K., pal." He grinned at me but he didn't look happy. "How about some breakfast?"

"I'll see what can be done."

As I rose, Killer came leaping up into the cockpit in his birthday suit. "Hi-yuh, Al, old kid?" he yelled. "Coming for a swim before breakfast?"

Albert shuddered as Killer vaulted to the deck and dove cleanly over the side. He came up and struck off straight into the seas, using a powerful crawl that carried him through the waves like a submarine running awash in a breaking sea.

I went below and started breakfast. Tommy, following me, asked in a troubled tone: "Why is Ann sore at us, Bart?"

"She isn't sore at us, sailor. It just happened that your Uncle Charlie hired her first."

"Uncle Charlie!"

"He's at Little Harbor with Iris Lake on the Daiquiri. That cruiser is fast. He made Little Harbor at noon yesterday and hired Ann to take him to the wreck."

"Hired—Ann—to take him—to *my*—"

He eased onto the edge of his bunk and didn't speak again. Killer came back and dressed, and we all sat down to breakfast. We were nearly finished when Tommy, looking sad but philosophical, remarked:

"Well, I guess Uncle Charlie needs the treasure more than I do. The last time I saw him he borrowed a buck and a half off me."

"When was that, sailor?"

"About three days before we left Miami. I ran into him on the dock."

I realized then that Charlie Campbell, as the saying goes, knew all. Tommy was talkative and, despite everything the Commodore said to discourage him, he had always had a sneaking liking for his Uncle Charlie, who, to give him his due, had a way with women and with kids. I didn't ask Tommy how much he had told; I didn't want to make him any unhappier than he was. It wasn't important, anyway—I'd find out soon enough.

When we went on deck after breakfast, leaving Killer singing lustily as he washed the dishes, we found the wind still strong and the water thoroughly roiled.

"What about it, Albert?"

He shrugged unhappily.

"We'll skip it," I said. "I'm not going to risk wrecking the boat and getting stranded here. After all, I can't neglect my own business indefinitely. You and Killer stay here and come on when the water clears. I'll take Tommy and go ahead."

"No, no! Dat water too rough for de small boat!" Albert exclaimed. "Doan you go, cap'n."

"We won't go in the dink, Albert. We'll walk. Tommy, put on your heavy shoes. The going may be rough."

"Shouldn't we telephone gramp first?"

I wasn't in the mood to telephone gramp. "I told him I'd call him when we got to Little Harbor. Hurry up, Tommy." I turned to Albert. "Bring the boat up as soon as it's safe. If you're not in Little Harbor before dark I'll know you're still at anchor and we'll walk back. In the meantime, don't let Killer tease you too much."

"I don't tease my ol' pal Albert," Killer yelled cheerfully from below. "I only try to co-operate, don't I, Al, ol' kid?"

Albert merely grinned.

Fiddler Cay is shaped like an extremely long thin gourd, lying roughly north and south, the small end to the southward. For most of its length the cay is only a few hundred yards wide, but a mile or so north of our anchorage it broadens sharply, particularly on the eastern side. The town of Little Harbor is on the small landlocked bay which makes in on the northeast shore. The island's greatest elevation is approximately a hundred feet, at the crest of the tree-covered hill which now hid the village from us. The chart showed a light marked "Not in use," and I suspected that the lighthouse which had once been there had been knocked down by a hurricane.

KILLER rowed Tommy and me over to the beach and left us there. The shore toward the north looked marshy and in places the mangroves hung far over the water. I decided to cross the island here, hoping to find better going on the eastern shore. We ran into a small marsh, detoured it, and came out finally, perspiring and winded, on a wide beach.

Between here and Africa there is no land to break the long swells pushed up by the trade winds. I stood watching the great combers roll in and burst into foam with a roar like thunder. Glancing at Tommy, I saw he wasn't looking at the surf. He was staring at a line of footprints which came down from the direction of Little Harbor and disappeared into the brush a few paces from where we stood.

An unmistakable thrill of apprehension coursed down my spine.

Is somebody spying on the White Heron? Are Iris Lake and Charlie Campbell trying to prevent Bart from going to the Barren Cays? If so, why? Danger, excitement, and more mystery wait for you in next week's installment.

Tied down because he's "too tired"?

1. Of course Mary and Ed were still deeply in love...even after ten years of married life. But Ed was getting into a lot of those little habits that make men *seem* old. Falling asleep after dinner. Balking at going out. Being too done in to do anything. Then over the radio one day, Mary heard about a new way to build up endurance. Look at Ed now!

2. What she heard wasn't a cure-all or magic. It was simply to drink Knox Gelatine...a food that fights fatigue and builds endurance. She heard how hundreds of people doing a wide variety of jobs had taken the Knox 28-day test.* True, some didn't get results. But 2 out of 3 who *started*, and 9 out of 10 who *completed* the test did report benefits. They said Knox gave them more endurance...definitely reduced tiredness for them.

*23 occupational groups were tested. Many types of workers were included...business men, school teachers, housewives, engineers, telephone operators.

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JAPAN OUTLAWS JOY

Uncensored—An arresting disclosure of something new in totalitarian ways

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHERE was the world's gayest street—back yonder when there was gaiety in the world? Not Fifth Avenue, not Broadway, nor anywhere else in the United States. It was not in Paris, Berlin, Bucharest, or Vienna, nor in Rio de Janeiro. No; the world's gayest boulevard was the Ginza!

I'll leave it to Carl Crow, Liberty's Far East correspondent, and to this magazine's far-traveled editor Fulton Oursler.

The Ginza was Tokyo's Times Square, its Prater, its Strand. It was a perpetual world's fair and Japan's crossroads of the earth. Homesick Americans could get griddle cakes with maple syrup at the Olympic Restaurant (pronounced O-rimp-i-ku by the Japanese). The only place in all Asia where one could buy thick, rare, charcoal-grilled tenderloin steak was at the Suehiro in the Ginza. Fairyland eating places, where one checked one's shoes with one's hat, served sukiyaki and tempura. Hard by was the Kabuki-za theater of the drama on whose stage all female parts were taken by men, and the Takarazuka musical-comedy house, wherein all masculine roles were played by women.

In the Ginza, too, were shops to make the best in New York and Paris look dowdy by contrast. Such shimmering silks, such pearls by the bushel, such lacquer ware and leather goods, and antiques not fifty or a hundred years old but one thousand years old. And the Hollywood Hat Co.! (Horry-word in Japanese.)

Imagine all this at night: Shop windows ablaze, neon lights twinkling and glowing, and the street packed from curb to curb with taxis and automobiles. It still looks like New York or Chicago in your mind's eye until you visualize the crowds. They are what made the Ginza the gayest street in the world.

Men in native dress of haori (coat) and kimono, or in Occidental garb, or in combinations of both; army officers in crimson-slashed khaki; newsboys in gaudy jackets announcing their wares by ringing clusters of bells; yokels from the provinces in baggy tights and short kilted kimonos. And the women! A few in American or real Parisian clothes, but most of them gay as a garden of night-flying butterflies in kimonos of brightest hues, bound about with obis (sashes) of glistening brocade.

Staccato conversation, muted *beep-beep* of auto horns, clamor of news vendors' bells, and above all the *clack-clack* of the geta, those clog-soled sandals just as likely to be worn with Bond Street or Rue de la Paix clothes as with native dress.

A gay scene thronged with gayer people. Now and then the color was enhanced by the sight of a geisha hurrying to a rendezvous, with her face enameled snow white and rosy red, high-piled hair in the ancient mode, and garments more gorgeous than all the orchids in Brazil. Now and then, too—something to make your eyes really bug out—a nonchalant young man in a derby hat and a suit of balbriggan underwear with pearly buttons all the way down the front. It is not an unusual costume in Japan. It is right out of the American magazines whose advertising pages show family groups in their winter longies. The idea grew in Japan, and has become ineradicable, that the snappy costume for snappy weather in the United States is the long snug-fitting union suit with drop seat.

However, this is no travelogue.

You may have marked that I said the Ginza *was* the gayest street in the world. It is that no longer.

In Germany the Führer has decreed that the people *must* be joyful—or else. They may be, and usually are, hungry and overworked and worried but, by Wotan and by Thor, they have got to be joyous and are marshaled into the *Kraft durch Freude* movement by grim sergeants to go through the motions of being happy as larks. In Italy Mussolini has inaugurated *dopo di lavoro,* and when the day's work is done all good Italians congregate to sing the Neapolitan equivalent of Happy Am I with My Redeemer under the eagle eye of the Fascisti cops.

Not so in the third partner of the Triple Alliance.

There is laughter in Britain, the laughter of a people desperately challenged and winning against odds; there is laughter in the United States, where fun is to be had for the asking; there is laughter in Germany and Italy because the dictators command the people to be gay.

In Japan fun has been ruled out as "incompatible with the spirit of the times."

Of course all Japan never was one big Ginza. However, beyond the congested towns and cities, Japan is dotted with other gay and gossipy gathering places—the hot springs.

Terraced pools, covered with beautifully thatched shed roofs, descend the hillsides. Each pool contains low slatted seats, and upon these, shoulder to shoulder, squat whole families in noisy congregation and happy nudity. The whole Watanabe family, from grandma to the toddler, airily clad in steam; and next to them the folks from next door or complete (for as long as it takes to trade names) strangers from a distant community. They all eat melon seeds and bean-curd candy bought from vendors who hop and wade through the throng, and the din of mirth and gossip would drown any air-raid siren.

But that's out, too.

And what business is it of ours?

Friend, everything that goes on in Japan now is of importance to you. There are two reasons why laughter is under blackout in Japan, and both have great significance for the Occidental world.

Strict Japanese censorship has probably prevented you from reading of the officially promulgated antijoy campaign in the Land of the Rising (?) Sun. It comes to me from confidential sources in Japan, in letters entrusted to American sea captains to evade the postal censors. It is not gossip or propaganda but comes well documented.

Drawn up by the Cabinet Planning Board for administration by the Welfare Ministry, the antijoy decrees forbid strolling and window-shopping; they ban all publications "ignoring the importance of the times" and forbid the cultivation or consumption of "luxury fruits" such as melons, grapes, and berries. Sight-seeing buses are being abolished. Not only are the business hours of theaters, restaurants, mah-jongg parlors, teahouses, and race tracks being drastically curtailed, but taxicabs are forbidden to accept calls from such amusement centers. Store hours are being greatly reduced.

The hot-spring resorts may hereafter be enjoyed only "for reasons of health or convalescence."

For the general public these rules —except as to business hours of shops and theaters—are to be voluntarily obeyed. Students and industrial workers, however, will be arrested if they are found violating the blue laws. Keep that in mind.

The Japanese public is being told it must give up frivolity because such is not *Bushido*—"the way of the warrior."

JAPAN depends just as much upon *Bushido* to lick the world as it depends upon its army and navy. *Bushido* is the adaptation of the code of the knightly samurai. Feudalism, remember, did not end in Japan until well after the middle of the last century. In 1860 Nippon was still in the Middle Ages. Mentally it still is. Anyhow, since the war in China *Bushido* has been whooped up as the model behavior for all hands, young and old, male and female. The cult makes virtues of poverty, obedience, the ancient religion—everything to which the knights of King Arthur's Round Table swore except chastity. There is emphatically no place for chastity in a country where healthy young daughters are often a better cash crop for farmers than rice or daikon, and where it is normal good manners for a business man to entertain a customer in a brothel.

A good zealous *Bushidoist* will scourge his mind of "dangerous thoughts" and report to the police anybody he suspects of entertaining such evil cerebration. It is a criminal offense in Japan to have "dangerous thoughts," no matter how tightly locked the doubting Thomas keeps his lips. The followers of the cult, in short, pledge themselves to become dumb stooges of the government and squealers to boot, and that is the tops in honorable behavior.

"You're sure, now, your mother doesn't want these hats any more, Peewee?"

Now the average Japanese is a little too intelligent for that, and he also has too excellent a sense of humor to become a Charlie McCarthy. Docile as most Japanese are, reverent of their Emperor as a living god, they are not unanimously assured that the invasion of China was a good idea or the alliance with Germany and Italy was not a pretty grim mistake.

Hence the Japanese government under Premier Konoye's new totalitarian rule has decreed that the people must practice *Bushido* or be sent up for a stretch in the clink.

Such is the requirement according to "the spirit of the times." Loath, for very good reasons, to employ the "forceful measures" upon all the citizens that are being applied to students and industrial workers and the proprietors of restaurants and resorts, the government is engaging in an educational campaign. Censors are posted on the streets to chide violators of the new order. One Kazujiro Ima is the chief finger-pointer. According to Nichi Nichi ("the Day's Day"), Japan's greatest newspaper, Friend Ima took a census on the Ginza and found "22 girls out of 70 wearing dresses incompatible with the spirit of the times; 40 women's hats out of 172 were intolerable under the new structure; of 465 women whose hair was visible, 199 were sporting overluxurious coiffures, including permanent waves."

CAN you imagine what would happen anywhere in the United States if a G-man of sorts stepped up to a woman window-shopper and said, "Madam, your hat is intolerable and your dress incompatible with the spirit of the times"?

Nichi Nichi, however, gives us a clue to the *second* reason—and the important one—for the official restrictions on clothing and conduct. The translation is free but accurate enough. It is to the effect that the people plod along the streets "gazing with vapid faces at windows which no longer contain fancy cakes, glittering jewels, or alligator-skin luggage." Consequently Nichi Nichi says editorially, "the strollers have no more purpose in their promenade than squirrels galloping in a revolving cage" and they ought to stay home instead of wearing out their wooden soles. Wood, remember, is so scarce in Japan that no one is allowed to cut down a tree without government permission, and to conserve timber all wooden matches were recently ordered shortened.

My informants in Japan tell me, somewhat at their peril, that the real reasons for the blue laws are two—to prevent the Japanese people from *seeing* the appalling shortages created by the war, and from *talking* about them in gossipy groups.

Students and industrial workers are, the world over, the most skeptical elements in the population. It is to prevent student and workmen's riots that these groups have been singled out for penalties if they violate the antijoy ordinances. To compensate them for this loss of freedom, the government is providing free "inspirational and patriotic movies" into which the students will be herded when not studying, and the workmen when not working.

For there has been rioting in Japan, serious rioting, although the cables have not been permitted to carry the news. There is an acute shortage of food staples, especially rice. The government seized stores

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

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of seed rice, and the farmers rioted. Then the government released its emergency stores of rice from the grain elevators. Much of it was moldy and insect-infested. There were consumer riots. Silk has almost disappeared from the shelves of Japan's retail stores, because the empire has been exporting it as exchange and credit for war materials bought mainly in the United States. There is a dearth of good sound cotton, too, because Japan has cut its purchases of cotton from this country for the sake of spending its credits on petroleum and metal.

Consequently the only textiles cheaply available to the Japanese are a sleazy sort of rayon and a fabric made from short-staple cotton, both of which seem to melt under the application of soap and hot water. I have seen samples of both textiles, and I never saw worse junk masquerading as cloth. There have been consumer demonstrations against such shoddy material, too.

Japan has not been a self-contained country since it adopted Occidental ways. It is not even self-sufficient in food, although meat is practically unknown, and seaweed is to Japanese diet what the whole gamut of fresh vegetables is to our own. Japan has no coal, no petroleum, no iron, except the indifferent grades it procures from conquered territory on the Asiatic mainland. The country has been chronically hard up, and is down to rations now which even the blockaded Germans would scorn. Foreigners living in the Tokyo-Yokohama area have forgotten what oranges and lettuce taste like.

BUT the Japanese, used to scant fare, can get along on less than they get now—if they want to do it. Hence the antijoy decrees. They are being told it is *Bushido*—the way of the warrior—to eat moldy rice and to wear rags, so the army and the navy can be kept equipped. Window-shopping is forbidden and store hours are being cut down to half-holiday proportions so the Japanese will not look back wistfully on the piping times of peace when the shelves were loaded and the prices cheap. Finally, the government is preventing the people from gathering in restaurants, theater lobbies, gaming parlors, and hot-springs resorts so the Japanese will not be able to compare notes on hard times and infect each other with discontent.

"It's smart to be gloomy" will strike the Occidental mind as a boomerang policy, but one has to understand Oriental psychology to appreciate the virtues of the antijoy campaign. Hitler, knowing the suicidal tendencies of the Germans when sorrow overtakes them, commands his people to be happy or go to jail. Dictator Konoye tells his people to be gloomy or go to jail, because to a Japanese suicide is a joyous and praiseworthy act and often a patriotic duty to be performed in public.

THE END

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For you can scrub like mad and still never lose that ugly shadow—if you're using weak-kneed soap that skips the deep-down dirt! So why not switch to Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips?

Either way, Fels-Naptha holds *two* grand dirt-hustlers—richer *golden* soap teamed with gentle, efficient *naptha!* And that's a combination to send the stubbornest tattle-tale gray dirt a flying!

You'll swear by the big *golden* bar for bar-soap jobs. You'll like those HUSKIER *golden* chips for box-soap jobs. No flimsy, airy bubbles. You'll get the sudsiest suds ever!

The first "no-sneeze" chips! Another nice thing! Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are free from irritating dust—the *original* "no-sneeze" chips! Made from the very first to bring you sneezeless washdays!

So get Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—from your grocer today! Say good-bye to tattle-tale gray forever!

Copr. 1940, Fels & Co.

Design for Loving

BY

FREDERICK

WIGHT

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TWO youngish men stood in front of an apartment door. Howard Jarvis rang the bell.

"So this is the girl you think you're going to marry." John Field rocked on his heels.

A little colored maid opened the door. "How are you, Annie," Howard said. "Has Miss Osborn come back?"

"She jes' phoned and said you was to get yourself a drink and wait."

"The deuce, Field, I'm sorry. . . . Did she say when—"

"Jes' as soon as she could make it."

The sitting room had the air of being pared down for summer. One window was open on the East River, and the other looked south into haze over Manhattan.

"I'm sorry Doris is late. She's working hard these days."

"Snug place." Field sat down. "Comfortable chair. Curious you haven't told me about her before, Howdy."

"I don't want to risk her." Howard had an ingenuous smile. "But you know Morrison and it's important for Doris to know him."

"And he will make her a great actress."

"Well, she has a good part out at Westhaven now. I happen to know he's staying there this coming week."

"I happen to know it, too."

"Doris is gifted," Jarvis insisted. "You'll smile differently when you see that girl act."

"Tell me what she's like," Field said.

"I'm not going to. I'll let you catch it between the eyes." These men had known each other through school and university, and they talked in banter that had suited them better when they were ten years younger. John Field dropped back into it with condescension, and Howard Jarvis spoke out of perennial innocence. "You never were a good judge of women. I don't believe you see them at all. You just imagine 'em."

"I guess that's it," Field said. "I never see them at all in my business. There aren't any women on the stage."

"You're shopworn. Think of the scrapes I've bailed you out of. You've missed the best of it altogether."

"I'm beginning to get an idea of Doris Osborn, all the same." Field looked about him. His face was hollow, he had black eyebrows, and a long upper lip. His eyes were creased with fatigue. Howard Jarvis was red-faced and his jaw had an early jowl. Anxiety or pleasure showed on his face as frankly as on a Scotty's.

"Don't judge by me," Howard said. "I'm no sample of what she likes."

"I'll take a look. I want to take the edge off the blow." He stood up. "I'm just forming an erroneous idea."

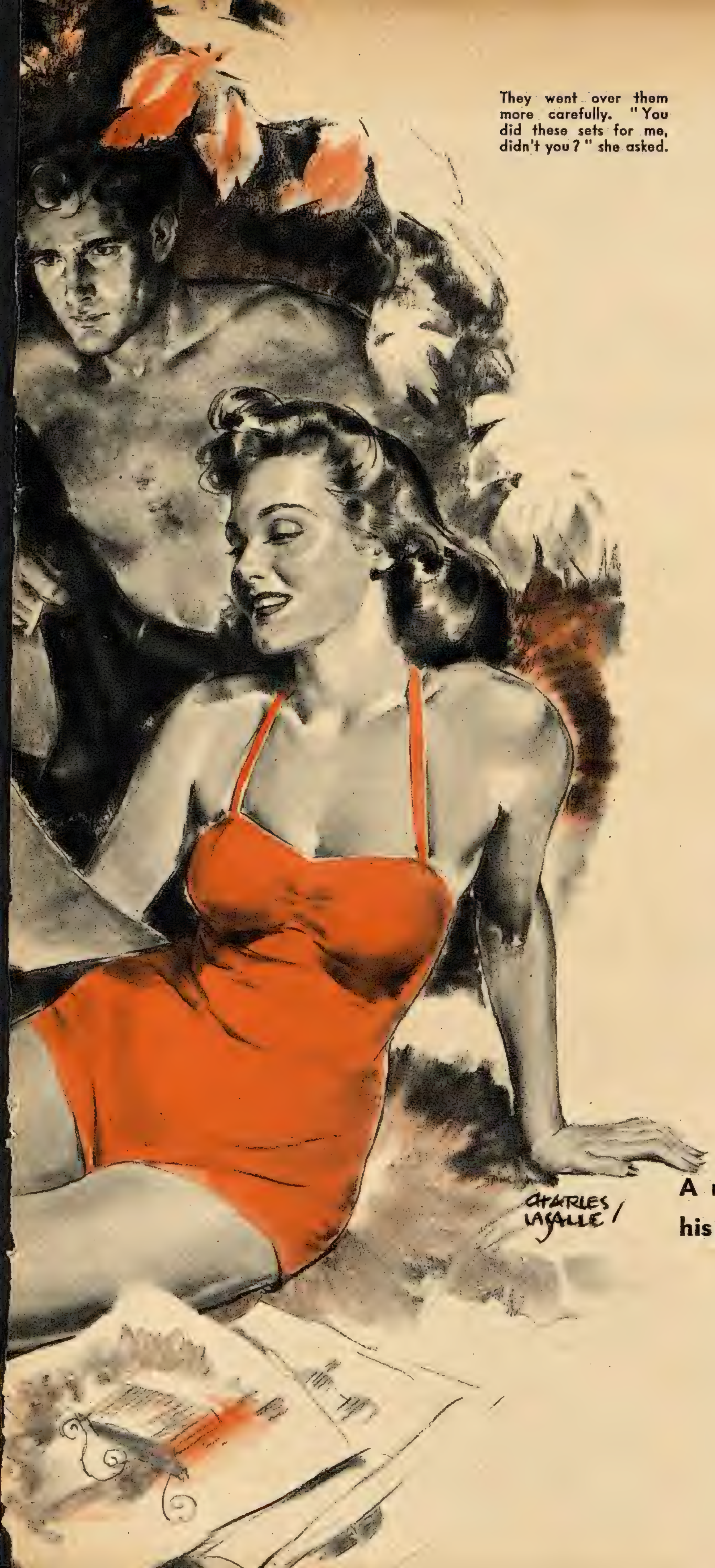
Field observed that the mirror was hung definitely high. He was six feet and he could just see his watch chain. Yes, she is tall. He took a look at Howard, who was opening a liquor closet. Howard must be five feet ten. No doubt about it, she's tall.

"Just a second—don't disturb the evidence." Field saw a good sherry, two bottles; one drink gone out of the Scotch. No extra bottle. The gin and vermouth half gone. She makes a mild Martini—if they started together. Not conclusive, but on the temperate side. The room looks friendly but not cozy. The chair he had just left looked more yielding and used than the sofa. No, her men don't stay too late. He remembered that business men have less lolling time. It is only the arts that loll.

"What are you having?" Howard asked.

"Same as you, plus a third." He considered Howard. She is not averse to solid prospects, good connections. But I mustn't mark old Howdy down. Every one likes him. She's late. Oh, for a good reason, doubtless. She's trying hard to get here. She wants to meet me to meet Morrison. Dark hair, probably. No blond in her senses would have that warm forthright color on the floor, solid as winter. Or such pale walls, either. She must be rather dark and glowing.

There was one painting on the wall, a small post-Renoir nude. Two hun-



They went over them more carefully. "You did these sets for me, didn't you?" she asked.

dred dollars. Just one good canvas . . .

"Doris likes those queer modern things," Howard said.

"Shush, don't spoil everything." No woman has a picture of a thinner woman. Ten to one she is well set up, or she wouldn't have a nude.

"I've got to look a little further, old man."

"What d'you think you're doing?" Howard followed him.

There were no scales in the bathroom. With a pleasant tingle of investigation, Field opened the medicine chest. Almost no remedies. In that case, she makes a fad of exercise. No, then there'd be scales. He wiped a touch of powder on his finger off the glass tray. It was a pale, almost blond tone. He frowned. But the shower curtain was spread out on its rod to dry; the towels large and businesslike. She isn't a soaker.

"See here; I don't think this is quite the thing." Howard offered Field his glass. "Suppose you get caught?"

"I never have been." Field took the whisky. "When you drop around, where do you hang your hat?"

"There's a cloak closet."

"Oh, yes." Field felt through the coats. Back against the wall he found skis. He pulled them out. "Quite as I hoped." He was in a hurry to go on now, to imagine everything, this whole person, before she became a fact. He examined the skis. Norwegian skis; she knows plenty. A good tennis racket. A good wrist. Several short light coats; therefore tweeds. More country than city. I hope she isn't too big. He looked at the coats. He cast a reasoning glance at good old Howdy. No, she isn't too big. How could such a girl throw herself away? But he's likable, he's painfully alive.

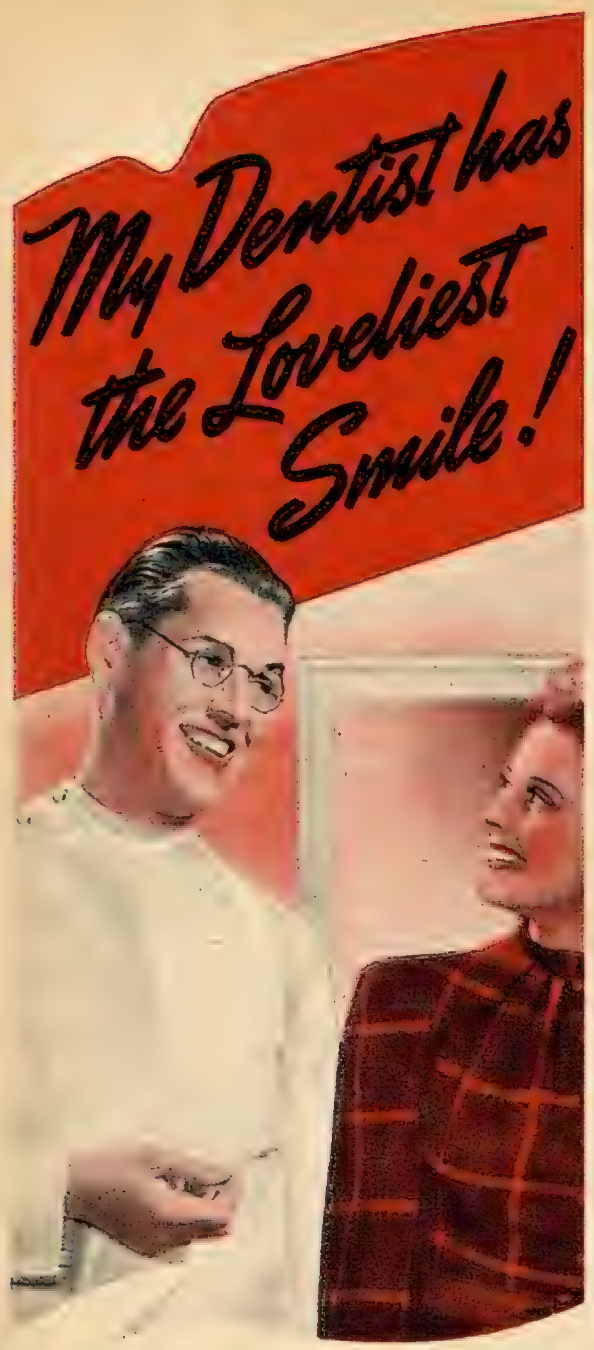
"Doris doesn't think of anything but the stage now."

"Don't tell me a word." He led the way back to the living room. She reads French. If a girl reads French for pleasure she's lived there. French-German dictionary. She's been in Germany a little while. Perhaps in Austria, skiing, while there was an Austria. Book of the Month Club. She wants to read but doesn't find time. Here's the book review left over.

A man—and a girl he made up in his mind! . . A brilliant, unusual story

If she *was* in the old Austria, what about music? The radio doesn't prove anything. But the pencil marks on the newspaper program? Toscanini gets the big X. I wonder what her voice sounds like. Rather emphatic, probably. But she knows all about her voice; she wants to be on the stage.

"She lives alone?" Field asked.



My Dentist has the Loveliest Smile!

"I WISH I had a smile like yours!" I said to my dentist. "I have my teeth cleaned regularly but they just don't *stay* bright and shiny like yours."

And my dentist said, "Here's something that ought to help—try chewing Dentyne! Its specially firm chewiness helps keep your teeth clean and polished and shining. It's a fine exerciser, too—helps your teeth and gums keep strong and healthy. Here—want to try some Dentyne now?"

So I tasted it, and say, that delicious Dentyne flavor made an instant hit with me. Its smooth spiciness actually refreshes your mouth. I bought a pack myself that very day, slipped it in my purse (its flat shape makes it handy to carry) and now I'm never without Dentyne. People compliment *my* smile *now*. Do try Dentyne! Buy some today.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
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5¢

. . . MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

"There's a friend who parks here sometimes."

"Girl friend, I hope," Field said absently. No gentleman, he considered, would search a bedroom. Bathroom but not bedroom. I'd know too much at once. It would spoil everything. He opened a door.

"We won't go in; we'll just look in," Field said.

"Of course I've always known you," Howard growled. "I've never looked in here before."

Comfortable but not too comfortable. He noticed the relationship of the window to the bed, the lightweight draperies. She likes fresh air. She doesn't mind waking early. No book beside the lamp. She goes right to sleep. The closet door stood open revealing its long mirror. He wondered what she had been trying on.

"There's a bag all packed," Howard said with dismay.

The bag had labels: Salzburg, St. Anton, Ober Gurgl. He was right about music and skiing.

The bag was on its side, half closed, waiting to be snapped shut. Field stepped into the room, tripped over it, and the lid flew open. A new white swimming suit lay on top.

"Look at that," Howard said. "Pretty snappy."

"It will sell her to Morrison if anything will," Field said. The blue woolen under the swimming suit was slacks. She had come to town to shop, not to see Howard. The clothes were for spare time, and the spare time wasn't intended for him. Field felt suddenly sorry for Howard Jarvis. He was angry with this girl.

He was reaching toward the closet door when Howard crowded ahead of him. This time Howard meant it. "Doris will be wild if we're caught in here. Get out."

"Does she know you dragged me here?" He stepped back into the sitting room.

"As a matter of fact she doesn't."

"Morrison is to be just a little surprise present?"

"That's about it," Howard Jarvis laughed.

AT this instant Field determined that he wasn't going to meet this girl through Howard. He wasn't going to have his hands tied. None of this best-friend business. "Well, then it's no disappointment if I slip along," he tried to say casually. "I ought to be going now." He proved it with his watch.

As the elevator opened he drew out of the way for a tall young woman. "I beg your pardon," she said. He should not have stood looking after her, to watch the way she walked. Not until she half turned, selected the right door with a key, did he step in the car. You can't be right every time. She was blonde with conviction, no blonder than buckwheat honey. The perfume that had bothered him all this time was in his nostrils. He could not have stood around playing second fiddle to Howard Jarvis.

He walked out into the street, keeping with him the tone of her three or four words. He had a pang for fear Morrison could do something with it. Actresses look like beautiful women because they are artists; they make their beauty. But here was something else, the quality in women that can't be added to. She was a near-gifted woman, restless with half gifts, physical skill, good looks, with things that needed to be harvested. Her restlessness, some disinclination toward Howard, had turned her to the stage.

By the time Field had reached the end of the block he knew he was going to Westhaven tomorrow. He had created this woman, put her together out of intangible things. And she had come to life—he had seen her. She should have her chance.

FIFTY hours later he sat on a porch in Westhaven, looking out over the Sound. He began simplifying the scene in his mind, making it into a theater set. His face tingled with sunburn. Perhaps he had overdone it today, not to look sallow. It makes a man seem younger, healthier. The whisky-and-soda made a warm lining for the sunburn.

Morrison sat on the other side of the porch table. "Why the devil I've let you talk me into this I don't know. I came out not to see theater, talk it, smell it; I have to breathe. Did you know I have to breathe?"

"When you see this woman you'll breathe."

"All right, all right. It's settled. It's just one more night. Are you getting on with the new sets?" Morrison asked. It was some time since Field had been designing for Morrison. Field was working for another producer now.

"I'm not too satisfied," Field said.

Morrison was compact and irritable. He conveyed a sense of unlimited nocturnal vitality. Field had seen it coming on with the closing of the day.

"I'm making you a present of something to work with, for once." Field drank hastily, conscious of the time.

"There's no hurry," Morrison said. "We're going to be late, so they won't spot us. Have you known her long?"

"Not very. It doesn't seem long."

"She'll make you happy if she doesn't make me so." Morrison looked at his watch.

The theater was back from the street, in a field. Cars parked on three sides. It was turning dusk. Electric lights overhead made acid-green nests in the elms.

At the box office Morrison asked for two seats in the orchestra. It pleased him to pay and not be recognized.

"Safe," Morrison whispered. "You give the stubs to the usher." He fell behind Field, who took the programs.

"Be a good girl and lend me your flashlight," Field whispered. "I've got to see the program." The girl complied. He took a quick glance down the cast. There she was: "Margaret Kildare, Alicia's aunt. . . . Doris Osborn."

The play, as it happened, was a revival of Outcast. It had first appeared eight years ago, and John Field had done the sets. He was considered something of a portent then. His drastic simplifications were taken for genius.

Well, they were still using his ideas, in a rustic way. He remembered the play. He recognized the lines of the lead. Alice Canby was doing it again, but she was older now. When the play first appeared, this speech filled the stage, filled the audience. He had made the stage stark to hold it. Alice Canby was doing her best now, but the whole thing vibrated hollow, empty; the stage was vacant. Nobody cared about people who felt lost a decade ago. It was like people telling how great love used to be.

"What's your girl playing?" Morrison whispered.

"The aunt," Field slurred back. "Character part."

"That's funny," Morrison said.

God help her, Field thought. It was a long time since he had suffered for fear some one would not succeed. The part is lousy. The whole play's lousy.

Margaret Kildare, Alicia's aunt, came on upstage left. Morrison nudged with his elbow.

Well, it was some one else—not his Doris. As Field realized this, it came to him as a shock of relief. He had escaped the ordeal. It wasn't the right girl. The next moment he was furious.

"Excuse me a while," he said to Morrison.

Field went around backstage. Two of the cast were leaning against the jamb of an open door.

"Who is playing Doris Osborn's part tonight?" Field asked.

"Doris Osborn."

"I've just been out front. I think you're mistaken."

"I've just made her up. I know I'm not mistaken."

"Do you know her?" the actor asked.

"Sort of," Field mumbled.

"There must be some misunderstanding, stranger," the girl said. "This is the Westhaven Theater."

"Thanks." Field backed away. He went around and sat on the steps of the theater.

He was at the end of his line; his imagination had run out. He had designed this last illusion for his own need: a woman to love. He could not let her escape.

The audience poured out between the acts. When Morrison found Field: "Have a cigarette?" He held out his case and snapped the lighter. "Let's get out of the crowd a second. You've nothing to be nervous about," the producer said. "You are dead right. She is perfectly remarkable. She's doing this whole thing single-handed. It's as though she picked a dead cat out of the gutter and hung it around her neck and it was a silver fox. Of course you're interested in the girl, but spotting this sort of thing takes something," Morrison went on. "What inspired you to bring her to me? You and I haven't been playing ball together for some time. But all I've got to say to you is thanks."

"Glad you like her," Field said. "As a matter of fact, I know her through a friend. You have me wrong."

Field sat through two acts and he watched the girl who must be Doris Osborn. She wasn't very tall, she was dark, and she was a whale of an actress.

Field had to meet her a second ahead of Morrison, by hook or by crook, and introduce himself from Howard Jarvis. What she wanted was Morrison, and he was delivering the goods. In exchange he wanted to know about the girl who had been in her apartment. Her friend, was it? Whose clothes were they, whose skis, whose white bathing suit? Who was living there? It was the other girl's perfume. The play went on forever. Once in a while Morrison nudged him. At the end Morrison clapped like a schoolboy.

The curtain went down. "I want to see her first," Field said. "She needs a little preparation for this."

"Good. There's her manager,

Ask for and see that you get

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Ralston. We'll be round in a minute."

Field elbowed his way backstage. He entered the familiar talk and scramble, the non-privacy of stock company, halfway between barn and fame. "I want to see Miss Osborn."

"That's the door," a face answered. He knocked.

"Miss Osborn? This is a friend of Howard Jarvis."

"Oh. Just a second." She opened the door. "This isn't all my own room. I'll be right out. You're John Field, aren't you?"

The other girl spun around in her chair. It was the girl he had spoken to before.

"Yes, I'm John Field."

"Come right in," the other girl said. "Don't mind me."

DORIS OSBORN was dark all right, and shoulder-high to him. Now that her make-up was wiped off, he was startled to find that she was so young. Her expression was still strained, intense, from doing her utmost. She had dark eyes and straight black eyebrows. "Has Howard come out?" she asked.

"Not that I know of." He had to speak to her alone. He beckoned with a finger. The other girl saw this and smiled in the mirror. "I'll be right back if you'll wait, Mr. Field." She jumped up and left them.

"Morrison was out front tonight," Field said. "I'm bringing him around here in a minute. He's completely sold on the job you did. So am I, but that doesn't matter."

"It certainly does." She took hold of his hand and gave it a quick tight squeeze.

"You've known me for some time; that's the only thing that's necessary."

"Well, I have, Field," Doris Osborn said. "I know all about you from Howard. You did the sets for this play when it first came out. When you did Red Holiday—"

There was a knock. "Ted Ralston," a voice said.

"Come in," said Doris Osborn.

"May I present Mr. Morrison," Ralston said. "Miss Doris Osborn."

Morrison took her hand. "Field has done me a great favor. You must know John Field, Ralston. Miss Osborn, you'll do me a bigger favor if you will join us later. We'll wait for you outside." Then the three men withdrew.

It was two o'clock before John Field drove Doris Osborn from Morrison's place to the Inn, where the Players stayed.

"It was tremendous of you to do this," Doris Osborn was saying. "But had you ever seen me act before tonight?"

"Never."

"Then this was a favor for Howard. He has friends like that. He is likable, isn't he?"

"I want to talk to you about Howard. Could we tonight?"

"I'd be glad to," she said. "It makes things different, you and Howard getting me this chance. I hoped to come through on my own." She squeezed his hand again. "But that's been the trouble between me and Howard."

He stopped the car in front of the Inn. There were still lights. "We can sit out in the garden," she said. "It's not too cool."

"Who is the girl who stays at your apartment?" he asked. "Howard's mentioned her."

"Oh, did he?" She laughed. It was a warm unjealous laugh. "That's Jane Lancaster. She said she saw you in the elevator. You will like Jane. She's been in the apartment a lot this summer—more than I have. I've had to be out here. You can't do things halfway. Howard can't understand that."

"That's true enough," Field said.

"I think Jane and Howard are interested in each other," she said. "He doesn't know it yet, but he will." She looked toward him. "I love Howard just as much, but he can't be a part of our world. I moved out on him. After tonight, with everything coming my way, it's clear as crystal that I had to. I deliberately led Jane across his trail," she laughed. "Howard would make a grand husband for her."

"Did you ever ski, Miss Osborn?"

"Why, no," she said. "I'm not an athletic person. I have plenty of energy, but I just never do those things. Do you?"

"I haven't for some time," he answered.

"Jane loves it. She's tops. Good tennis, too. About the only thing I do is swim. I don't mean I'm good at it. I just like to get my clothes off. There are not so many years we look all right without them."

YOU'D look stunning in a white suit," he said.

"As it happens, I have a new white one. You're going to be here tomorrow?"

"I have to get right back to town, I'm afraid."

"You're not doing anything of the sort, Field. I can't get away from here. Morrison invited me for lunch tomorrow. I'll get hold of Howard and Jane and I'll make him bring her out. I have to thank him. After all, you did this for him, not for me."

"You don't have to feel that way."

"You'll stay, won't you?" she said. "It will be fun."

"All right, I'll stay," he said. Then he asked abruptly, "Are you fond of music? Do you like to listen to symphonies, that sort of thing?"

"I'm getting to," she said. "Living with some one who is really musical does it. Jane's terrific for chamber music. She knows a lot about painting, too. You saw that little canvas? I'm afraid all I do is act. That's why it's so important to have it liked."

"I thought Howard said you had been in Austria."

"No; that's Jane," she said. (Then it was Jane's bag.) "I've never been out of the country." (And the books are Jane's; she doesn't read French.) "Did Howard tell you all that about her? That's how I know you," she said. "He's always told me all about you. Things that would surprise you. I know about when you were together in Paris. I know that you're called just Field, never John or John Field. Howard called you a great guy. Howard and I have walked you up and down until you were sober. I've seen women you didn't want to see and sworn you were married. I've lent you my clothes, that didn't fit you. I've bought you railroad tickets; I've got you out of jail, in Dijon; got your passport to you at the last moment at Cherbourg—oh, I've been useful. But that was all a long time back. I don't know what you would have done without me. About the time I was studying spelling.

I'VE seen every set you've ever done," she said in a different tone. "I think you've done some superb things. But not your best for some time. Why don't you work with Morrison? You did your best things when you worked with him."

"That's a fact," Field said.

She was silent a moment, and then put her hand on his. "There are still great things ahead out there?"

"You are a fine actress."

"No, no; I mean it."

"So do I."

"This is a good point to say good night, don't you think? You'll be at the beach tomorrow? I'll bring my new white suit."

He left her at the door of the Inn. He knew she had meant that she would help him with Morrison when the time came.

How I live on vanity, how it nurses its wounds, Field thought as he drove back to Morrison's. He was disconcerted that Doris Osborn knew so much about him. He went back over the women he had attempted to love, and his vanity tried to console him. Good Lord, they were like my own designs. They were stark brilliant effects, breath-taking; but they were a formula any one could steal.

The next day was sunny and hot. Field was not dressed until about noon. The house was empty. He took down a heavy book on the history of the stage. He looked for his own name in the index. It was not there. Morrison came in. "I've had a swim and sun bath," he announced. "It did me good. Why don't you get some exercise? You need it."

"I suppose I should." He had to tear himself to pieces to meet Morrison's mood. I'm the one that has to play up now. I'm the one that's slipping.

"I feel like a new man because of that girl of yours," Morrison said. "But did you hear Alice Canby last night? Didn't she stink?"

That's what he thinks of my sets. They stink.

Doris Osborn arrived, wearing the palest corn color, and her hair shone like a crow's wing in the sun. "Here you are," Morrison greeted her. "Now we'll get this lunch over and we'll get to work. Field will take himself off, or he'll take scissors and cut out sets for Aïda. Big fat Egyptian columns." Field had done something with columns for the last job with Morrison.

When Morrison went after a bottle of sherry, "They're coming out," she said. "They'll be here for early dinner. We'll get away before we have to meet them."

Morrison returned. "You're going to shout a little Shakespeare this afternoon. The plays that are always waiting on the shelf for anybody that can do them. We're reaching for your limitations, Miss Osborn." Field noticed that Morrison kept watching every move Doris made. "Listen, Miss Osborn," the producer said. "Let's suppose you have fallen suddenly, incredibly in love. You don't want Field to leave, but he knows he has to go. 'It was the nightingale, and not the lark.' Go ahead. Let me hear what happens."

"It was the nightingale, and not the
lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of
thine ear—"

THAT afternoon Field removed a wad of stationery and a pencil from Morrison's desk. He went down and sat in his car in the garage where he could not hear their voices. And he thought, What is romantic love to us? He began to draw balconies, wrought-iron balconies. Where were there hot-blooded jealousies nearest to us, where people stuck each other in the guts just for the arrogance and pride and hate of it? He worked on the sets and the afternoon melted away. He put the sheets in his pocket and came up to the house. He felt pleased with himself.

"I suppose that's enough, Doris." Morrison looked up. He had a bland, almost drowsy expression. "If they were all like that, I wouldn't be gray."

"That's good news," Field said. The drawings burnt his pocket. He wanted to show them to Doris Osborn before he showed them to Morrison. "I'll take my bag now," he suggested. "I seem to have done my stint."

"You certainly have," Morrison said. "I'll see you in town. I am feeling friendly. In fact, I'm feeling grateful."

"Where shall we go?" Field asked Doris in the car. "We've a couple of hours."

"There's a pond on the property of some friends of mine. I often go out there by myself."

"Tell me which way to go."

He did not talk. He knew she was elated with her luck. She deserved it. Morrison never gave anything away. Complete changes of fortune came suddenly to women, he thought. They never seem to lose their heads. It's lucky it isn't that quick for men. He wanted to show her the drawings, in the hope that she would be pleased. He drove on, thinking of success that is always possible, and never happens, and the halfway results. Shopworn.

They turned into a dirt road. They came at last to a pond, as she promised.

"I forgot my new white suit," she said. "I'll have to wear this yellow one."

"It was to dazzle Morrison," he said. "You didn't need it."

She got out of the car. "I'll put on my suit here. Your beach is up farther, but you can swim down."

Her dark eyes were sizing him up, getting a complete picture of him. "What's bulging your pockets?" she demanded.

He spread the sets for Romeo and Juliet on the seat of the car.

"You haven't shown them to Morrison?"

"Not yet."

"May I?"

"I wish you would."

After the swim: "Bring those drawings down to the beach again, will you?" she asked. They went over them more carefully this time.

"You did these sets for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, that's something, isn't it? I mean, it's a little tryout. You see, I know all about you already. You don't know about me, but that isn't so important. I can be any way you need. I'm an actress. What you've kept trying to do all along, Field, is love somebody; make her fit your work. How about being loved? Just taking it and using it, and keeping at work? That's what you want."

"You're going to be a fine actress. Is that going to leave you room for loving and being loved?"

"But that's what the play is about," she said softly. "It's not my fault if you came in late."

WHEN they drove up to the Inn, Field recognized Howard's car. He parked behind it.

"I'm glad you're here, Field." Doris hooked her arm through his. She held it very tight against her.

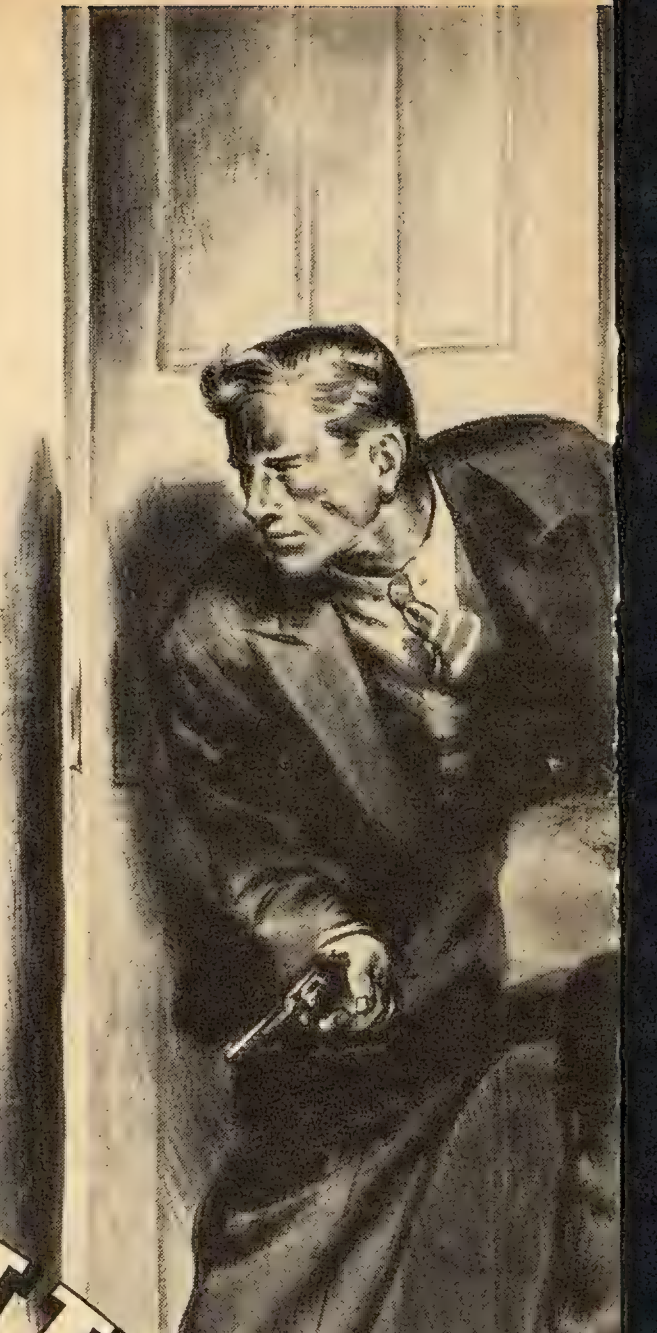
"Miss Osborn." A waiter came toward them. "A lady and gentleman are expecting you."

They were sitting where Field had been with Doris last night. A table was in front of the bench with long drinks on it. They both turned and stood up and came forward. And the girl was tall and blonde.

The two women reached out, suddenly leaned forward and kissed each other. Field knew something was happening: both women seemed to laugh but they were really grave. "Hello, Doris. Hello, Jane." Howard Jarvis' face was a solid grin.

"I want you to meet Mrs. Howard Jarvis, Field." He made himself stand as tall as he could. He was just her height.

THE END



FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

BY SAX ROHMER

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

HIS agents having stolen the chart of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean from Sir Lionel Barton, the great Orientalist, Fu Manchu sets forth for America from London to prevent the United States navy using the Panama Canal. His hate of the white race, his love for China motivate the yellow wizard.

Together with Sir Lionel, the famous detective, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, and Bart Kerrigan, star reporter, follow the trail of Fu Manchu across the Atlantic. Held captive in his evil power is a beautiful girl, Ardatha, with whom Kerrigan is in love. The Chinese scientist has robbed her of her memory. Nevertheless she manages to communicate with the reporter before leaving England with her master, tells him their destination, and implores him to hold onto Peko, Fu Manchu's beloved marmoset, which Sir Lionel captured in an attack on the Chinaman's charnel-house laboratory in London. It is possible that Fu Manchu may release her for the return of his pet.

Reaching New York, the pursuers of the Mongolian superman find that their co-worker, Colonel Kennard Wood, an American secret-service man, had missed the air liner from Havana, and that his young assistant, Jim Longton, on arriving in the metropolis, had been murdered within a few hours—his body strangely drained of blood and thrown into the East River. What had killed him? The "Snapping Fingers," a weird and terrible voodoo agency, declares Nayland Smith. Of course it is the work of Fu Manchu.

Hardly believing his ears, Kerrigan receives a phone call from Ardatha. She warns him that Kennard Wood is now in town and that he is marked for death that night. He must be saved! Also she reveals that her master and herself are going to the Canal Zone.

Nayland Smith and Kerrigan locate Colonel Wood and at midnight set a trap for would-be assassins. In the darkness they hear a queer clicking sound. It means the presence of the dread Snapping Fingers!

PART FIVE—THE SILVER BULLET OF KING CHRISTOPHE

THE sudden knowledge that here, in the darkness of the room, some nocturnal creature which drained one's blood was already questing victims, imposed a test upon my nerves which I found hard to meet. Kennard Wood breathed rapidly.

I remembered that windows were open and I visualized a giant vampire bat at this very moment entering stealthily—a hybrid horror created in the laboratories of Dr. Fu Manchu. The suspense of those tense moments was almost unendurable.

A repetition of the snapping sounded very distinctly—on this occasion, I thought it came from near the bed. A third time I heard it. . . .

"It's utterly uncanny!" muttered Kennard Wood. "What is it, Smith? What *is* it?"

"Ssh!" Smith warned. "Don't stir."

Twice again in quick succession it came—*snap! snap!*

"Now"—cried Smith—"we shall know!"

He was standing near the door, and as he cried out he turned up all the lights.

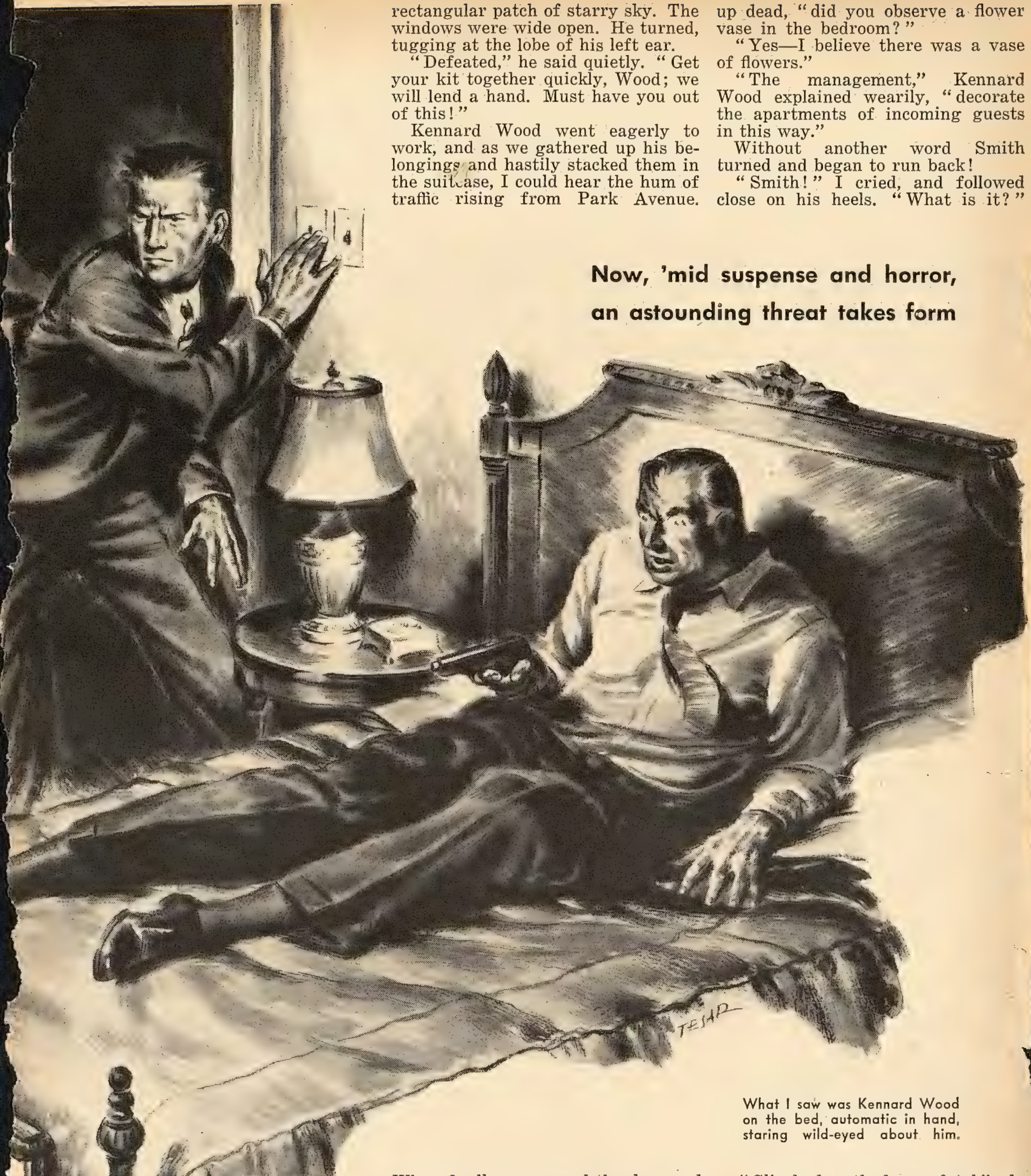
What I had expected to see it is impossible to state—some ghoul of medieval demonology, I believe. What I actually saw was Kennard Wood crouching on the bed, automatic in hand, staring wild-eyed about him, and Smith beside me looking right and left in ever growing amazement.

Nothing whatever was visible to account for the sounds!

Crossing the room, Smith jerked the draperies aside and stared out. I could see twinkling lights and a rectangular patch of starry sky. The windows were wide open. He turned, tugging at the lobe of his left ear.

"Defeated," he said quietly. "Get your kit together quickly, Wood; we will lend a hand. Must have you out of this!"

Kennard Wood went eagerly to work, and as we gathered up his belongings and hastily stacked them in the suitcase, I could hear the hum of traffic rising from Park Avenue. When finally we opened the door and deposited case, topcoats, and other gear out in the corridor, Sergeant Doherty came doubling up.



Now, 'mid suspense and horror, an astounding threat takes form

What I saw was Kennard Wood on the bed, automatic in hand, staring wild-eyed about him.

"All's well," I said. "The colonel is changing his quarters."

Smith, last to leave, switched off the lights inside and brought the key. As we moved toward the elevator, his preoccupied manner was so marked that I was on the point of saying something about it, when:

"Kerrigan," he snapped, and pulled up dead, "did you observe a flower vase in the bedroom?"

"Yes—I believe there was a vase of flowers."

"The management," Kennard Wood explained wearily, "decorate the apartments of incoming guests in this way."

Without another word Smith turned and began to run back!

"Smith!" I cried, and followed close on his heels. "What is it?"

"Slipshod methods are fatal"—he was unlocking the door—"in dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu."

Throwing the door open, he stood still for a moment.

"Quiet! Listen!"

I held my breath.

He switched the lights up, and I followed him through the sitting room into the bedroom. We both looked at a round table set between the windows. Here had stood a glass flower vase.

"Good heavens!" Smith shouted. "It's gone!"

Running forward, he dropped down on his knees and scrutinized the carpet under the round table.

"Water spilled here!" he reported.

Springing up, he stepped to one of the windows and craned out. He appeared to be looking down into the avenue. Then, twisting sideways, I saw him staring upward; and suddenly:

"Hang on to me, Kerrigan!" he cried.

Frantically I leaped forward. At the moment that I gripped him, he leaned right out and raised his arm. I saw the flash of his pistol in the moonlight. He fired twice, upward and to the left.

Hot on the second shot came a high thin scream which seemed to grow swiftly nearer and then to fade away into silence. From far below there arose a muted uproar: cries; a cessation of the immediate traffic hum; a shrill whistle. . . .

We rushed out no more than a few moments after the police had dragged something onto the sidewalk. They were holding back a crowd of morbid onlookers, many in evening dress. Inspector Hawk elbowed a way through for us.

We stood hushed, looking down at what had been a small brown-skinned man.

"As I thought," said Smith—"one of the Doctor's devils."

And as he spoke, and I turned away—for the spectacle was horrifying—a suspicion crossed my mind that here lay the origin of the strange story told by the house detective. The dead brown man wore a kind of jersey almost the same hue as his skin, and trousers of similar coloring; his footgear consisted of rope sandals. But the outstanding characteristic was his disproportionately long arms: he had the arms of a baboon.

"He was dead when he landed, inspector," said the patrolman to Hawk. "Must have come a long way down. He had some kind of a satchel hung over his shoulder and it was filled with glass or something. . . ."

KENNARD WOOD is safe—for the time being."

Smith faced me in our sitting room. He was smoking at top speed. Wood was asleep in an apartment near by, a man worn out. Rorke remained on duty in the foyer, but would be relieved at four o'clock.

"Now that Wood has got in touch with you," I said, "the mischief is done—from Fu Manchu's point of view. Probably he will leave him alone."

"I agree. But when I shot the Negrito, I lost the only clue to the Snapping Fingers! Yes, it was one of the Doctor's Pygmies, whether from the Andamans or Sumatra I cannot say. You have had some experience of these little devils, Kerrigan. Undoubtedly he slipped in tonight among the crowd."

"But why did he come?" I asked.

"He brought the Snapping Fingers! Then he slipped out of a window and crouched somewhere outside to await the end. Anywhere an ape can climb a Negrito can climb. When I saw him he was swarming up an apparently smooth wall from ledge to ledge, making for the roof. He would have come down the fire escape."

"He carried a satchel—"

"To accommodate whatever causes the Snapping Fingers. When Wood was dead, it was the Pygmy's job to remove the evidence. He saw that plans had miscarried and so made sure that no trace of the attempt should remain. The thing—whatever it is—was in that flower vase! I failed there, badly."

I was silent for a while, watching him pacing up and down.

"The — characteristic smell was missing," I said.

Smith turned and stared at me.

"The characteristic smell is present not before but *after* the feast," he replied. "Now I am going to bed. Take my advice and turn in."

IT was sound advice and, having bade Smith good night, I tried to act upon it.

But I found that sleep was not for me.

Groaning, I switched on the lights, got up, and reached for my dressing gown. The suite was silent. Thoughts of Ardatha haunted me; her image, as I had glimpsed her in the blue dress in the lobby below, persistently intruded itself. Her eyes, seen even in that swift regard, had seemed to mirror a shadowy fear.

My thoughts took a new turn.

What was the nature of the gruesome experiments upon which Dr. Fu Manchu had been engaged in that deserted Limehouse warehouse? What new secret did he try to wrest from a normally unreadable future?

The ghastly horror of the Snapping Fingers was never far from my thoughts. A sudden stir in the foyer brought me to my feet.

"Who's there?" I heard dimly. "Don't try any funny business!"

Something had aroused Sergeant Rorke.

The room allotted to me was the last but one at the north end of the suite; Sir Lionel's was actually the last, and there was a communicating door. Smith slept at the southern end. I set out to inquire, switching up the sitting-room lights as I went through.

Rorke had the front door open and was peering to right and left along the corridor outside. Hearing my footsteps, he turned swiftly.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, and his manner was jumpy.

Once more he peered sharply to left and right, then came in and closed the door. He began to chew.

"What rouses you, Mr. Kerrigan?" he asked (he was a present-tense addict). "Hope it isn't me singing out."

"No—I was awake. Did you hear something?"

"Well"—he resumed his seat—"I'm on duty here now quite a while, and this job is kind of monotonous. Maybe I doze off, but certainly I think I hear something—right outside the door."

"What?"

"Now, that's not so easy. No, sir. It might be a shuffle, like somebody steals along quietly, or it might be somebody fumbles with the door."

"It didn't sound like—snapping fingers?"

"Snapping fingers?" Sergeant Rorke stared hard and chewed hard. "Why, no. Why does anybody snap—"

"You saw nothing?"

"Not a thing."

I went back to my room. Smith had not been awakened, and I was inclined to believe that Rorke had dreamed the episode. The vicious little marmoset (which, nevertheless, meant so much to me) occupied a commodious cage in Barton's adjoining room and there was nothing to indicate that the animal had been aroused.

I was about to take a cigarette, when I paused, my hand suspended over the box.

"What was that?" I muttered.

I thought I had detected a faint movement in the sitting room, indefinable and inexplicable.

I opened a drawer, took out my Colt and slipped it in my pocket.

There was something reassuring in its cool touch; and now I lighted a cigarette. As I dropped the lighter on the desk, I caught my breath and listened intently.

I had heard the sound again . . .

DISMISSING the idea that any one could have been hiding in the rooms since Smith and I had returned, only one other theory seemed to remain — assuming that my overtired senses were not deluding me. I remembered that Rorke had recently opened the front door and had gone out into the corridor. It was just possible that during that interval some one had crept in.

Certain secret maps and plans, indispensable to our project, according to Barton, were locked in a steel box in Sir Lionel's bedroom.

I stepped quietly into the darkened sitting room and stood there for a while. I could detect no sound. I switched on the lights. The room was empty. Nevertheless I examined it methodically; but found nothing. I returned, and once more seated myself at the desk.

"These creatures move like shadows . . . ." Almost I seemed to hear the crisp voice of Nayland Smith. "Anywhere an ape can climb a Negrito can climb."

Had one of Fu Manchu's devilish little brown allies crept into the place in some way?

I dropped my cigarette in a tray and sat upright, listening.

There it was again . . .

Footsteps, I was prepared to swear—padding footsteps. *Pad, pad, pad*—halting, furtive, but unmistakable.

I sprang up and ran to the door. I had left the lights on in the sitting room. It was empty.

Yet, as I stood there, my ears convinced me that soft padding footsteps were actually receding at the farther side!

I took myself firmly in hand. Was my imagination indeed playing ghostly tricks? I walked in the direction of the sound, and came to the door which led into the foyer. It was shut, and I paused there for a moment, listening. What I heard determined my next move. Quietly I opened the door and stepped out.

Sergeant Rorke was fast asleep in his chair.

A short passage led to Smith's quarters; I could see his door from where I stood; and I hesitated. What I might have decided to do does not matter now: a decision was forced upon me.

From somewhere behind came a weird whistling and thrumming—not loud enough to waken the sleeping police officer but clearly audible to myself. I started wildly, twisted about, my heart leaping, and then recognized the sound. It was the marmoset in its cage!

CROSSING to my own room, right on the threshold I pulled up sharply. The communicating door, the door which led to Barton's quarters, was wide open. When I had gone out it had been closed!

Determined now that the menace was real, I ran to the dark opening, reached for the switch and turned up the lights . . .

Perhaps I stood there for as long as thirty seconds, staring into an empty room!

The steel box, with its three locks, remained in its place, untouched. Set on a chest of drawers, opposite, was the big cage which Sir Lionel had bought to accommodate Peko, the Doctor's marmoset. And Peko's behavior was most remarkable.

Wrinkled forehead twitching, wicked teeth exposed, he tore at the wire with tiny eager fingers, pouring out a torrent of angry whistling chatter.

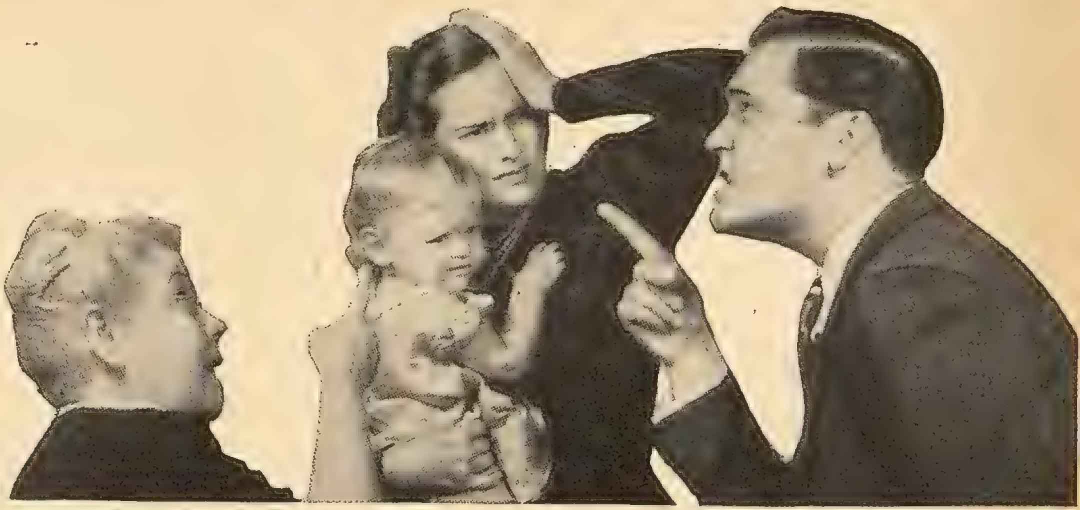
Why?

A door from Barton's room opened directly onto the main corridor; but it was closed. I began to distrust my own judgment. Then resolutely I returned to my room and mixed myself a stiff drink.

I had left the door open, and even as I set my glass down on the desk, I heard again, but very softly, *pad, pad, pad.* The marmoset whistled furiously and tore at the bars.

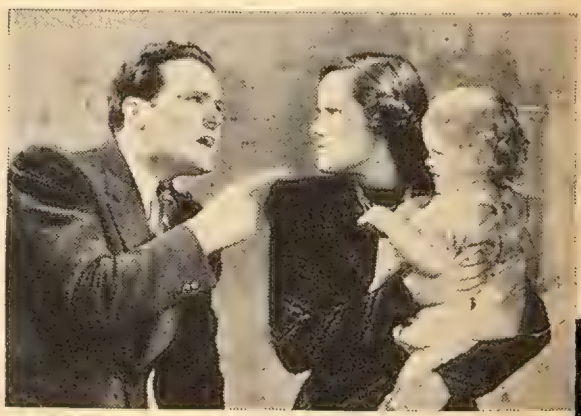
And then I grew terribly afraid—afraid not of this invisible menace but afraid of myself. I could see again the thoughtful eyes of the Harley Street doctor who had assured me that I must not think of active service for at least three months. What had he feared?

Between my husband and his mother ...I was going crazy!



1. When Jim and I were married, and his mother came to live with us, I had my fingers crossed. His mother is full of old-time ideas. We don't see eye to eye on lots of things. But we hit it off great and everything was swell till little Judy was born.

2. That's when the fireworks began! Morning, noon, and night my mother-in-law was fussing. "You'd think that child was a hot-house flower," she kept raging. "Special diapers—special foods—good glory, even a special laxative! That baby gets so mollycoddled, it's a crime."



3. Then *Jim* began to side in with her! Said hi mother was bringing up babies before I wa born! Boy—did I see red! Did I tell him! "*Thi* baby is *my* baby and she's going to be brough up the *modern* way. Nobody's going to tell m what to do for her except the doctor!"

4. Finally it got so bad, I had to do something to make mother stop stirring up trouble. "I don't want to hurt your feelings," I said, "but the doctor's orders are orders. He says a baby's system is delicate—you can't treat it like an adult's."

5. "*That's* why I wouldn't dream of giving t baby anything but Fletcher's Castoria. made especially *and only* for infants and ch dren. It's safe—there isn't a harsh drug in The doctor says you couldn't want a bett laxative than Fletcher's Castoria for a ch

6. "And golly, mother, you've seen how pesky Judy acts when she has to take *any* medicine. But she *loves* the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria." Well, just then the baby smiled and settled it! We haven't had a squabble since.

Chas H. Fletcher

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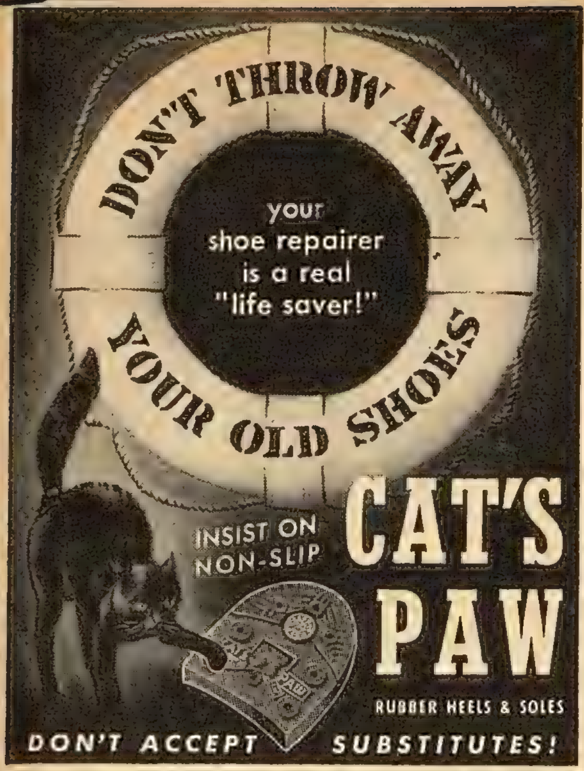

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver ills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to ke you feel "up and up." Get a package today. e as directed. Amazing in making bile flow free- Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

As I raced across and stared into Barton's room, I saw that the outer door was wide open. . . . It closed, and I heard the snap of the lock!

Almost hurling myself forward, I reopened it and sprang out. So precipitate was my action that Sergeant Rorke, who had evidently awakened and had come along the outside corridor, was nearly bowled over!

"Go easy, Mr. Kerrigan," he spluttered. "Gee! What's doing?"

"Quick! It's important, sergeant! Did some one come out just ahead of me?"

"Come out? No, sir. I'll say some one goes in! I wake up—oh, I'm asleep all right—and I get a hunch there's another door to this suite. Seems to be kind of something doing along here. I move right away. I see the door shut just as I step up to it. Then it opens again and you come out like the Gestapo's after you."

"But you are *sure*"—I grasped his arm—"that the door opened before *I* opened it?"

He resumed chewing, regarding me stolidly.

"That goes in my report, Mr. Kerrigan."

"Thank heaven!" I whispered. "Because, you see, Sergeant Rorke, no one came in. I was just behind the door. And you know that no one came out!"

"Some one is coming out!" a snappy voice announced. "It's impossible to sleep through all this chatter!"

Turning, I saw Nayland Smith.

"Smith!" I exclaimed, "I did not want you to wake up; but something very strange is going on."

"So I gather."

Rapidly, in a very gabble of words, I told him of the padding footsteps, of the remarkable behavior of the marmoset, and of the opening door.

He stared at me very hard, and in the sudden silence I knew that he was listening.

"I shall be glad," he added, "when the conference is over tomorrow, Kerrigan. In New York we are besieged by enemies who fight with strange weapons. . . .

I SHALL be obliged, Sir Lionel," said Mr. Hannessy, "if you will tell us now, in your own way, the circumstances which have led you to believe that you hold a clue to what may prove to be a secret submarine base in the Caribbean. We are told by our navy—represented here by Commander Ingles — that, allowing for underwater craft belonging to belligerent nations, there is still a big surplus around those waters belonging to no nation which so far we have been able to identify. Valuable lives have been lost in trying to plumb the mystery. . . . We are all anxious to hear the facts."

WE sat at a long table in our sitting room. On my right, at one end of the table, was Nayland Smith; facing me, Commander Ingles and Kennard Wood, on my left the celebrated Mr. Wilber Ord, expert adviser to the White House on international relations. Facing Wilber Ord, John Hannessy, the speaker, white-haired, fresh-colored, vigorous. From the other end of the table, Sir Lionel Barton dominated everybody. The steel box lay before him.

He was in his element. Those dancing blue eyes under shaggy brows told how much he was enjoying himself. He glanced around at everybody, and then:

"There had been for many years an heirloom in a branch of the Stewart family, known as the Stewart Luck. It consisted of a silver-mounted pistol to which a small object was attached by a piece of catgut."

He paused, looking about again from face to face.

"The family met with misfortune. I had great difficulty in tracing the survivor—last of the Stewarts of that branch. From her—she is a very old woman — I acquired the Stewart Luck."

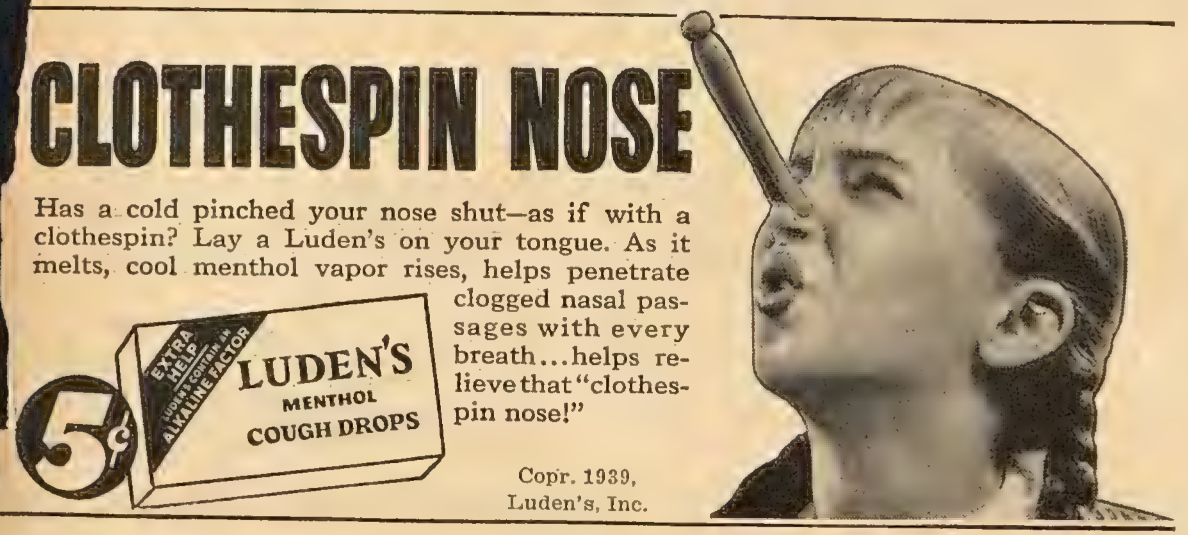
Opening the steel box, Barton took out an old dueling pistol.

"This," he said, "with the object attached, is the Stewart Luck. Now, this pistol was almost certainly manufactured in Edinburgh about 1810-14. The fact is significant. It is fitted with a Forsyth percussion lock, an early example. It was designed, of course, to fire a ball. How it came into the possession of that remarkable character to whom I am about to introduce you, I leave to you, gentlemen, to decide. Myself, I think I know. But his crest was added by a later hand."

He pointed to a crest engraved upon the mounting.

"The 'attached object'—a piece of silver resembling a small pencil case—called for my special skill. For a long time it defeated me. Only by identifying the monogram on the pistol was I enabled to grasp the real character of this mysterious object. After many failures, I deciphered the monogram. The monogram mystery solved, my next conclusion was obvious. . . . The small silver object was almost certainly the first *conical bullet* ever used in the history of arms!"

Sir Lionel was warming to his subject. His great voice boomed around the room.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“My discovery was revolutionary. I had satisfied myself that the device, monogram, or crest embodied a date in Roman numerals. That date was 1811 A. D. Together with the monogram and the silver bullet, it was sufficient. This pistol had been the property of Christophe—that great Negro who built the Citadel, perhaps the most majestic fortress in the world; who expelled Napoleon's troops; who made of cowering slaves from the interior of Africa prosperous and useful citizens. Yes, gentlemen—Henri Christophe, crowned in 1811 King of Haiti!”

No one interrupted. Barton had his audience enthralled.

“King Christophe, that noble Negro, at the height of his power was betrayed, deserted; and it is common knowledge that he fired a silver bullet into his own brain!”

John Hannessy stared around, nodding in confirmation to the others present.

“The first conical bullet in history was fired into the brain of King Christophe by his own hand. This point of my inquiry reached—what did I ask myself?”

“I cannot imagine, sir,” said John Hannessy in a hushed voice.

“The question I asked myself was this: Why should so many persons—myself included—incur great risk and expense to recover the pistol and the bullet with which King Christophe possibly committed suicide? I replied: A great treasure—jewels, bullion, variously estimated at five to seven million pounds sterling—were hidden by the Negro king during his lifetime, searched for after his death—but never found!”

BY now I was keyed up as tensely as the others. I was not prepared, however, for what was to follow. Barton continued:

“I found myself to be much intrigued by the fragment of catgut which formerly had attached the bullet to the pistol. Catgut is uncommon stuff. It suggested (*a*) a fiddler; (*b*) a surgeon—”

“I don't believe, sir,” John Hannessy burst in, “that catgut ligatures were in use in 1811.”

“And I don't care a damn, sir! Some later owner may have tied the bullet to the pistol. But I had my clue! You see, I knew that King Christophe had a resident medical attendant—Duncan Stewart, a Scots physician.”

“Good heavens!” Smith murmured. “You certainly know your own game, Barton.”

“I knew that he, Dr. Stewart, was probably the last man to see the black king alive. Later, the body was thrown into a pit in the courtyard of Christophe's great fortress, the Citadel, on the crest of the mountain. But”—he spoke slowly and emphatically, punctuating each word with a bang of his fist on the table—“before that event took place, Dr. Stewart had extracted the bullet and had seized the pistol, which I suspect to have been his own present to the black king!

“We must assume that Dr. Stewart was ignorant of the secret—assume that he retained these gruesome relics for purely sentimental reasons. It remained for me to discover that the historical silver bullet was *hollow!*

“There was a pin in the base. This being removed, it became possible to unscrew the shell—for a shell it was. I extracted a roll of some tough vegetable fiber, no larger than a wooden match.”

Nayland Smith was staring hard at Sir Lionel, who had now taken from the steel box a tiny piece of papyrus set under glass. The expression upon Barton's sun-wrinkled truculent face was ironical.

“I should be glad, Mr. Hannessy,” he said, “if you would examine this and then pass it on.”

He handed the fragment to John Hannessy.

“A glance was enough. Christophe had had a chart—a minute chart—made of his treasure cave and had hidden it in his own skull at the instant of death!”

THERE was a momentary silence—an awed silence—as Mr. Hannessy passed the chart to Commander Ingles.

“It can be read only by aid of a powerful lens,” Barton went on; “but it showed an enormous cavern, in which the cache is marked by a red cross. Further inquiry—you know something about it, Smith—led to the discovery that this cavern, which has an underwater outlet to the sea, was big enough to hide a battle fleet!”

“I am prepared to hear, Sir Lionel,” said Commander Ingles, studying the chart through a magnifying glass, “that you have identified the location of this cave—”

“Commander Ingles—I know my way there as well as I know the way from my town house (now sold) to my club! And, listen, Smith. The passage from da Cunha's manuscript in the British Museum was copied by Dr. Fu Manchu, in person, as long as a year ago! I have evidence to prove that. But I have beaten him to it this time. Wilton of Drury Lane, the best manuscript faker in Europe, made me a duplicate of Christophe's chart.

“Wilton's duplicate was exact in every particular—except that the treasure cache and the exact bearings of the entrances to the cave from land and sea were slightly altered. It was Wilton's chart that was stolen by Dr. Fu Manchu. *This* is the original!”

Nayland Smith was tugging at one ear.

“There's your secret submarine base, gentlemen. It—”

“Who's there?” cried Commander Ingles and glanced back over his shoulder.

The magnifying glass clattered onto the table.

“I heard nothing,” snapped Nayland Smith.

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"Nor did I. But, nevertheless, something *touched* me!"

"Touched you?" Barton began to chuckle. "Perhaps it was my story!"

"I insist that some one bent over my shoulder while I was examining the chart."

We all sat perfectly still, listening.

"Who opened that door?" Nayland Smith demanded sharply.

The door leading to my room was half open—and suddenly the marmoset, in Barton's quarters beyond, began to whistle shrilly!

Smith exchanged a swift glance with me and then sprang up. He reached the open door first, but I was not far behind him. Everybody was up now. As we dashed through to Sir Lionel's room I saw at a glance that the outer door, that which led into the hotel corridor, was wide open. . . .

Silence fell, save for the whistling chatter of the monkey, and we all listened.

We all heard it—

Pad, pad, pad . . .

Soft footsteps were moving along the corridor, far away to the left. But no living thing was visible.

RUSH to that staircase, Kerrigan!" rapped Smith. "Bar the way to anything—visible or invisible."

I raced headlong to the end of the corridor.

Coming to the head of the staircase, which forty floors below gave access to the lobby, I stood still, breathing heavily and listening.

Smith's snappy orders had followed me in my rush.

"You, Barton—that way! Watch all the doors. If one opens, rush for it. Commander, cover both elevators. Allow no one and nothing to enter, whoever comes out . . ."

Fists clenched, I stood listening.

That sound of padded footsteps was no longer audible. We were all victims of some illusion, some trick. . . . Its object must have been to get us out of the apartment!

As this idea seized me I turned from the head of the staircase and began to run back.

"Smith!" I shouted. "It's a ruse! Some one should have stayed in the room."

"Don't worry." Smith was standing there on guard. "I have stuck here and Barton's door is locked."

But we found no one and heard no one. The Shadow had come—and gone.

COMPLETELY baffled, we reassembled in the sitting room and resumed our places about the table. Nayland Smith solemnly deposited before Barton the ancient pistol, the silver bullet, and the chart.

"You left them behind. I picked them up for safety."

We stared rather blankly at one another for a moment, and then:

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said John Hannessy, "that the experience which we have just shared calls for a consultation."

Everybody was in tacit agreement with the speaker. Commander Ingles replied in his crisp way:

"I give my testimony, here and now without hesitation, that something, something palpable, touched my shoulder at the moment that I called out—"

He paused suddenly, staring down at some notes on the table before him. His silence was so unexpected and his expression so strange that:

"What's wrong?" growled Barton, leaning forward. "What have you found there?"

Commander Ingles looked around from face to face, and I saw that he held a sheet of paper in his hand.

"Just this . . . I will read out what is written here:

"'First notice—'"

"What!" snapped Smith, and was on his feet in a moment.

"I will repeat: 'First notice. The Council of Seven of the Si Fan is aware of the aims of an expedition led by Sir Lionel Barton and Sir Denis Nayland Smith. In view of the fact that the Council is in a position to negotiate with the government of the United States regarding a matter of first importance, this is a warning, both to the government of the United States and to Sir Denis Nayland Smith and those associated with him. The mobility of the United States navy is seriously threatened, but the Council is in a position to nullify the activities both of a certain eastern neighbor and also those of a western Power. This is to notify all whom it may concern that you have two weeks in which to decide. An advertisement in a daily newspaper consisting of the words "Negotiate. Washington," will receive prompt attention.

"'President of the Seven.'"

Whose padding footsteps haunt this conference of deepest secrecy? Is there an invisible man watching every move, hearing every word? What weapon can Nayland Smith contrive against such a foe? How will they meet that foe's latest warning? Surprise joins surprise, climax piles on climax, in next week's Liberty.

Your eyes can see this!

Through the beautiful translucent bit of a Royal Duke you can actually see moisture being extracted from the smoke. There is an air-conditioner and a cooling and filtering chamber in addition. This means cool, clean smokes.

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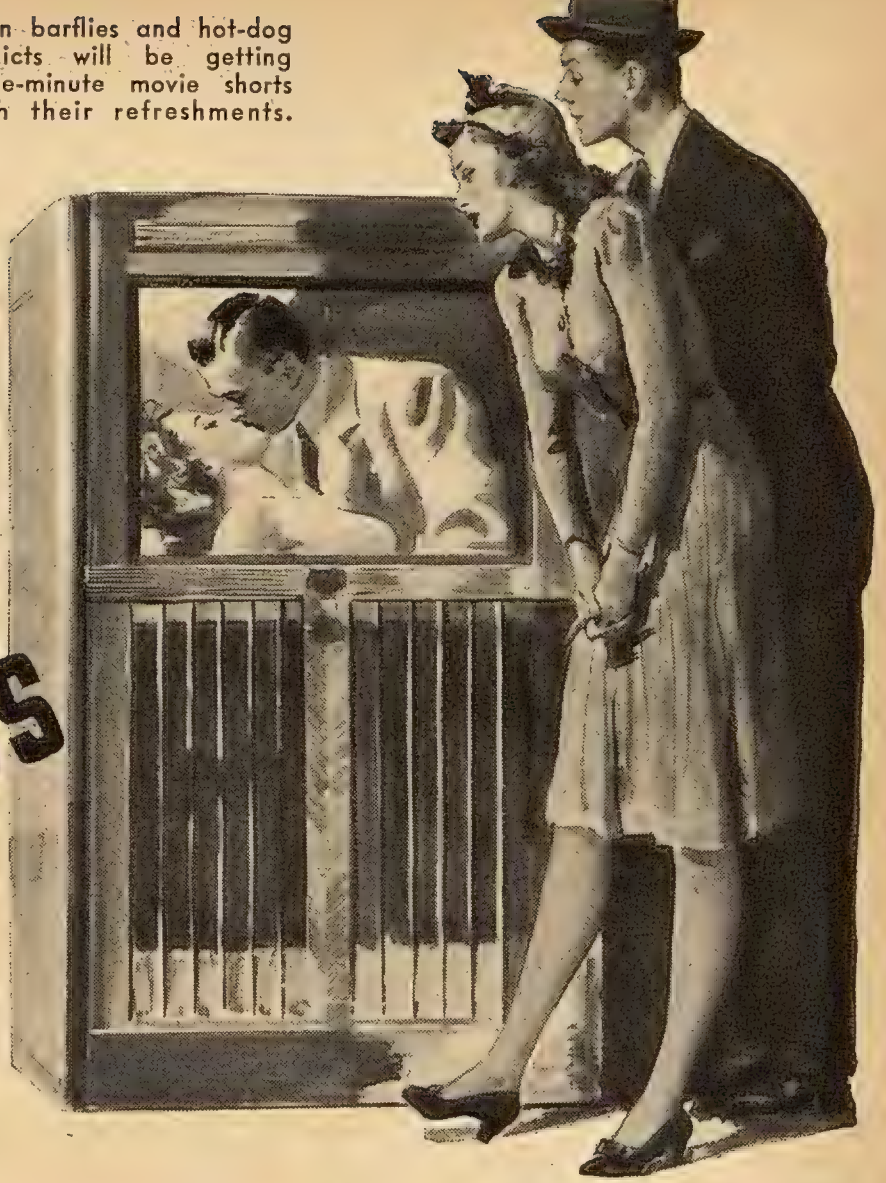
Keeping up with the Jukeses



Soon barflies and hot-dog addicts will be getting three-minute movie shorts with their refreshments.

A lively look at a $7,000,000,000 family . . and its newest child

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt looked upon their first-born, who had come into life during the Christmas rush of 1907, they had no premonition that in his elegant maturity the boy would be known as Juke-Box Jimmy.

There was nothing, either, in young Jimmy's subsequent career at Groton and Harvard, except normal rah-rah vociferousness on autumn Saturday afternoons, to indicate that he would one day become president of Soundies Distributing Corporation of America, Inc.

Yet both of these unlooked-for developments have come to pass, and to such a pass that they threaten to cause aural, optical, and gastronomic unrest among hamburger and frankfurter fanciers throughout Papa Roosevelt's domain.

The average quick-lunch consumer has accepted as an inescapable accompaniment to his masticating processes the juke box as we now know it—a mechanical phonograph which bursts into sound when motivated by a nickel in the slot. What the more sensitive stomach reactions will be when the new movie juke box, wired for sight as well as sound, suddenly goes Louis-B.-Mayer on them, no man can tell. But all men—and women too, and innocent little children—must prepare to find out.

For Jimmy Roosevelt has decided that what this country needs with its hot dogs is a good five-cent or, if the traffic will bear it, a good ten-cent Hollywood hotcha.

Since, in this momentous decision, he has the blessing and the backing of the four Mills brothers—of the juke-box slot-machine Millses, not to be confused with the quartet of colored gentlemen who use their fingers for saxophones and their thumbs for drums—he is likely to make good his boast to install 500,000 of these contraptions in eateries and drinkeries during the next five years.

Moreover, other movie-minded gentlemen share Jimmy's determination to convert our cafés and bars into movie nickelodeons. So we may expect, with such equanimity as we can muster, several years of impeded assimilation and imperiled digestion, during which we shall have Mickey Rooney pretty continuously in our beer and Johnny Weissmuller on occasion in our hair.

The term "slot machine" has admittedly unpleasant connotations. The reason is, as Jimmy's partners the Millses point out, the way it was used for gambling purposes, which brought down on it first the wrath of law-abiding citizens and ultimately, in most sections of the country, the law itself.

Slot machines of the old penny-arcade type are still manufactured and, in some states, still operated for gambling purposes, but since they acquired their bad name they have been replaced to a large extent by various forms of pin games, skee-ball games, baseball devices, bagatelle, and what have you, manufactured for the most part by the same people and used, generally speaking, for the same unfortunate purpose.

Leaders in the manufacture of all kinds of nickel-in-the-slot machines for two generations have been various members of this same Mills family, whose current representatives —Fred, Ralph, Herbert, and Hayden—operate the huge Mills Novelty Company of Chicago and are interested with Jimmy Roosevelt in the latter's "slotties." But, like most of their competitors, the rich Millses make it clear that they are manufacturers of the machines, not operators of them, and have nothing whatsoever to do with the $150,000,000 gambling racket which others built up partly around their product. Neither, of course, has Jimmy Roosevelt.

To aesthetes, five-cent jazz or even five-cent cinema may not rank among man's higher achievements; but, as we have seen, when we compare the use to which the nickel-in-the-slot devices were once put with the musical or movie juke boxes of today and tomorrow, we must look on Jimmy and his collaborators as benefactors of the human race.

BY BARBARA WAKE

Automatic music in roadside eateries is nothing new. But the old-time nickel-catchers were not selectors. You paid your money and you took whatever you got. Your mood might call for Suwannee River and you'd get Everybody's Doin' It Now.

They manage things better in the musical jukes. You push the button of the number you want, or you just call its name into the machine itself, or into one of those remote-control boxes that slide along the bar, and before you know it, your feet under the table or on the rail are tapping out Beer Barrel Polka or Stardust or Sweet Leilani or Old Man Mose.

Those four jazz classics, by the way, have worn out more juke records than any others in the history of this six-year-old business. But Josephine has recently been gaining on the leaders, as have Ella Fitzgerald's A Tisket-A-Tasket, Jimmy Dorsey's rendering of Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga, and the comely Andrews Sisters' Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen.

The bulk of the juke musical output is hot dance music—which will be disheartening news to the fundamentalists who refuse to accept swing music as among the finer of the arts. The juke-box impresarios, however, must depend wholly on the patronage of the cash customers, and if the majority of the latter are gypsy-givers and bishop-wallopers, it isn't altogether the impresario's fault. As John Henry Hammond, Jr., Maecenas of swing, has so well said:

"You can't intellectualize boogie-woogie."

THERE is comfort in the thought that the juke-box product, though hot, is usually clean. For a time, during the brief vogue of the smutty song, which Irving Berlin calls "the French postcard in music," it looked as if the new slot machines would carry on the bad name of the old ones; but now the slotties are well soaped.

Another good thing about the juke boxes: no song is plugged any more than the nickel-shovers want it to be plugged. No Tin-Pan Alley or Hollywood press agent is forcing on your unwilling ears a tune that nobody cares a darn about except the guy who published the sheet music or the guy who made the movie in which it is being played. The juke box makes its own Crosley ratings, conducts its own Gallup polls. You may be reasonably sure that the tune you hear most in your neighborhood juke box is the one that the people in your neighborhood most like.

Thus, as one expert puts it, "In the South hillbilly tunes are the most popular; upstairs Greek restaurants in New York City like the exotic folk music of the Balkans; patrons in Italian restaurants go for grand opera; Harlem gets its jive hot; and in ordinary American bars Bing Crosby and Glenn Miller have things all their own way."

Bing Crosby and Glenn Miller! Yes, that's the winning ticket in a nation-wide juke-box election, in which there is no possibility of stuffing the ballot boxes and in which the result is not even close.

Juke boxes, in spite of their already wide distribution, are technically and commercially still in the experimental stage.

The machine in its simplest form is merely a mechanical phonograph equipped with from twelve to twenty-four disks, which can be played at will by the insertion of a nickel and the pressing of a lever or button opposite the name of the selection desired. Some boxes have a device which makes possible the insertion of many nickels at one time, with the result that a concert program lasting several minutes is automatically run off.

A variation of this scheme, used in establishments sporting several boxes, is the so-called remote-control system, where the customer yells into the instrument the name of the tune he wants, and an operator in the cellar or back room puts on the required disk; and it was inevitable, of course, that this chain idea should be elaborated to include a central exchange, with a library of several thousand disks capable of supplying the patrons of a string of cafés and dance spots with almost any tune desired.

The latter scheme has its points, and its drawbacks. Patrons of a string of restaurants in Detroit discovered that they could not only telephone in their requests for the tunes they themselves wished to hear, but could arrange to have such tunes as they wished played, with suitable dedicatory remarks, for the benefit, and frequently to the great embarrassment, of friends dining in other restaurants in the chain.

At this writing, the simpler form of juke-box operation seems likely to be most widely used. The average machine costs from three to four hundred dollars and, at the present rate of improvements, grows obsolete fairly soon. Replacements figure about 150,000 a year. The disks cost thirty-five cents apiece, and are capable of grossing $50 on one thousand renditions before they are "played white."

The annual take is admittedly around $150,000,000, probably a great deal more.

HOW the juke box's baby sister, the soundie juke box, will fare, is another question. Jimmy Roosevelt is a smart young man. When he went out to Hollywood, he worked hard at something or other — no one ever found out just what it was—for the eminent Mr. Goldwyn, had himself photographed frequently with Sam and a flat-top desk, assumed various directorates and resigned from them, started his own movie company, and generally left the impression that in his Hollywood ventures he had laid what the trade calls an egg. Instead, he had laid a soundie.

After looking over the regular movie situation with his keen insurance broker's eye, and noting the obvious signs of fatty degeneration in the cranial regions and dropsical conditions in the vicinity of the box office, he decided that it was a bad risk.

Noting also that juke boxes were almost as popular as the naked-legged waitresses in the Hollywood drive-ins, *and* learning that Fred Mills, juke boxer extraordinary, was in Hollywood cooking up some sort of deal with Warner Brothers—what a fraternal organization that would have been, the Frères Warner and the Frères Mills!—Jimmy stuck his long nose and bald head into the cooking and spoiled the Warner broth.

SINCE then, he and his partner, the old Universal stand-by Henry Henigson, have been making three-minute movie shorts for the Mills Novelty Company's Panoram Soundies Machines to exhibit to barflies and hot-dog addicts on an eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch talking screen set in the front of a juke-box cabinet.

The commercial aspects of the undertaking are thus analyzed by the New York Times: "The reels will contain eight three-minute subjects, each costing the ultimate consumer a dime to see and hear. This makes the 'soundies' the highest-priced cinema entertainment, the equivalent of a single feature bill necessitating an expenditure of $3.25. On such a basis a customer would have paid $7.30 to see 'Gone With the Wind,' a realization that must fill David O. Selznick with envy."

Aside from this question of expense to the consumer, which disappears if we count as beneficiaries of the one customer's investment all the others in the restaurant audience, both willing and unwilling, here are two factors, one technological and the other psychological, which may slow down the flow of coins into Jimmy's slotties. The first is the fact that the machines, so far as now developed, give the customer no choice of subjects; he must take the soundies just as they come from the unrolling reel. The other is that whereas a song often grows more popular with frequent repetition, a movie practically never does.

However, when Jimmy and the Mills boys exhibited their budding product—appropriately enough in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood—movie-colony comment was generally favorable. The motion-picture industry, ravaged by the loss of its foreign market, which contributed about 40 per cent of its income, is ready to grab at most anything which will help to take up the slack—even if it means going back to the days of the nickelodeon and the penny arcade.

If long-legged, long-headed Jimmy turns the trick, Hollywood will give him a great big hand—provided he is sufficiently protected by patents!

THE END

PHOTOPLAY
combined with movie MIRROR
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Two Great Magazines for the Price of One

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WITH its current issue PHOTOPLAY magazine takes the most important step in its history.

Since its inception twenty-nine years ago, PHOTOPLAY has been the mouthpiece of fans, stars and the cinema itself, a forum in which all the interests of the industry have been heard frankly and freely. In that time it has earned a place in the world of motion pictures never approached by any other publication.

When Bernarr Macfadden acquired the magazine six years ago, he determined at all costs to maintain its standards in quality and its leadership in the field of motion picture publications. In these days when every buyer is more than ever concerned about each penny, we have sought a way to maintain that standard of leadership and still make the magazine available to the hundreds of thousands of people who might not wish to spend twenty-five cents for it.

So now PHOTOPLAY magazine comes to what we believe is an even greater destiny. We believe that the usefulness of this publication beginning with the next issue will be intensified and extended far beyond its original frontiers. For you are now able to buy PHOTOPLAY for ten cents.

Among Bernarr Macfadden's great magazines is one known as MOVIE MIRROR, which has been under the same editorial guidance as PHOTOPLAY. By linking these two publications into one it is possible to offer MOVIE MIRROR readers a greatly improved magazine and to give PHOTOPLAY readers their favorite features in addition to some outstanding new ones.

Beginning with the January issue, now on sale, the merged publication appears under the name PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. It sells for ten cents. It contains lifelike full-color pages, possible in no other similarly priced magazine. You will find in its pages Don't Be A Draft Bride by Bette Davis—Hollywood's Super-Headaches by "Fearless"—Full page four color portraits of Judy Garland and Jimmie Stewart—The Ten Best Dates in Hollywood according to Margaret Lindsay—Round-Up of Pace Setters by Sara Hamilton—Beauty and Fashion—Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Dancing School in which Mary Beth Hughes and Robert Stack demonstrate the Conga. Also Close Ups and Long Shots by Ruth Waterbury—Shadow Stage—Cal York—Casts of Current Pictures and many other features you have grown to love.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR sets out on its journey to meet your approval with the prospect of a circulation greater than any other in its field, a distinction which will make it possible to keep this the leader in quality as well as in quantity.

Be sure to get your personal copy of the very first issue of this new masterpiece of screen publications, the most for your money ever offered in its field, yet only ten cents at the nearest newsstand! January PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR—Now On Sale Wherever Magazines Are Sold.

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JANUARY
TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FO

Terror tells a tale

BY BEVERLY HILLS

A gripping chronicle of fear under the swastika comes tensely to the screen

Robert Taylor and Norma Shearer supply the love interest in the suspense-packed drama, Escape.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ESCAPE

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Conrad Veidt, Alla Nazimova, Felix Bressart, Albert Basserman, Philip Dorn, Bonita Granville, Edgar Barrier, Elsa Basserman, Blanche Yurka. Screen play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts based on Ethel Vance's novel. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 104 minutes.

THE popular novel of the terrors of totalitarianism in Germany by the mysterious Ethel Vance is done with sustained power, thanks to conscientious fidelity to its original, to several fine performances, and to sane, balanced direction. Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor are the co-stars, but somehow others emerge with the acting honors.

Very possibly you know the story of a young American artist, Mark Preysing, and his attempts to locate his mother, Emmy Ritter, one-time celebrated Continental actress, in Germany. In spite of the walls of silence, Preysing discovers that his mother is in an internment camp awaiting execution for treason. His attempt to get her to safety, as a drugged " corpse " in a coffin, aided by an American-born countess, constitutes a tense, generally exciting story, which holds strongly three quarters of its length, never actually slips far down in its grip.

Norma Shearer is the world-weary Countess Ruby von Treck, trying to forget many things of the past in the love of a general of the old school—and her performance has warmth and sophistication. Robert Taylor does Mark Preysing, but we doubt if any one could make this character anything but what it is, blundering, headstrong, and something of a naïve fool shot with luck. A stand-out performance is Conrad Veidt's playing of the countess' benefactor, General Kurt von Kolb, a suave and worldly mingling of music connoisseur, cruel military martinet, and savagely jealous patron.

The other personable hit is contributed by a Dutch newcomer, Philip Dorn, as a kindly young surgeon of the concentration camp. Alla Nazimova returns to the screen as the condemned distraught Emmy Ritter, but she actually has few opportunities. You can't do much acting as a drugged occupant of a coffin.

The basic theme—of a degenerated national morale under a fanatical ideology—still shines through, thanks to conscientious adherence to story. It is difficult to gauge an emotional drama such as this. You unconsciously supply so many emotions yourself. With its sustained suspense and its human sympathy, it seems to me this hits home hard. Much of the agony and the compassion of Ethel Vance's novel has been celluloided.

VITAL STATISTICS: Here Alla Nazimova plays her first film role in fifteen years. Quit pictures in 1926. First scored in the old silent days in War Brides. Dick Barthelmess was the boy who went to war and on to stardom from that film. There's drama in Nazimova's return to Hollywood. She has been occupying small quarters in the hotel known as the Garden of Allah. This hotel was once the private home of the Russian actress. In fact, she built it for herself in the old golden days of silent films. When Alla was signed for the role of the ex-actress her first assignment was to be fitted for a wooden coffin! It didn't worry Nazimova, however. . . . Philip Dorn, the young Dutch actor, came to Hollywood ten months ago, couldn't speak a word of English then. For six months he sat in projection rooms with an English coach, watching three or four pictures a day. Now he speaks perfect English. Dorn was born in Scheveningen, Holland, studied architecture, turned to acting. Stage debut at fifteen. Curiously, he toured Holland and the Dutch colonies as Captain Stanhope in Journey's End, the same role that Bob Taylor played in a Pomona College production, thereby winning a screen test and a job. . . . Largest set for the film was the concentration camp. Parade ground alone was 200 by 400 feet. Set included prison buildings in background, one wing of a prison hospital, guarded entrance gate, towers manned with machine gunners, double barbed-wire fence. Another set, a veritable Christmas card, occupied all of M-G-M's largest sound stage. This showed a frozen lake, Alpine peaks in the distance, a rustic tea pavilion among the pines along the shore. Here the girls of the countess' finishing school skate. . . . Bob Taylor's first feature film role was as Will Rogers' son-in-law in Handy Andy. Before that he did his very first screen role in Buried Loot, one of the Crime Doesn't Pay shorts. Just out of Pomona College then. Bob grew a mustache for Waterloo Bridge, then shaved it off. Grew another for Mark Preysing, says now it is going to be permanent.

★ ★ TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Marjorie Rambeau, Alan Hale, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan, Clarence Kolb, Charles Halton, Paul Hurst, Victor Kilian, Chill Wills, Harry Shannon, John Hamilton, Sidney Bracy, Jack Mower, Dana Dale, Josephine Whittell, Neil Reagan. Screen play by Walter De Leon based on characters created by Norman Reilly Raine. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 77 minutes.

IF you know your movies you remember the late Marie Dressler as the skipper of the old tub Narcissus. It must have taken courage for Marjorie Rambeau to get into the greasy duds and big boots of Annie and tempt the movie fates.

Here you find the owner of the Narcissus looking upon Annie as not a little outmoded. Indeed, she is about to be beached. Then, when the new skipper of the Narcissus drinks himself into his bunk, it's Annie who salvages a valuable tow, a million-or-so-dollar drydock, and saves the day for her company. Through the proceedings runs the perennial feud with that ornery, unscrupulous other tugboat skipper, Cap'n Bullwinkle.

Miss Rambeau doesn't achieve the hardy, grimy reality of Miss Dressler —or maybe things seem better in retrospect. Still, if you like Annie, I can't think of any one better fitted for the part. This newest fable built around Norman Reilly Raine's character is not a little mechanical. Alan Hale is Bullwinkle. There's a young chap, Ronald Reagan, as Annie's protégé, who will bear watching. The lad has personality.

VITAL STATISTICS: Norman Reilly Raine says Annie has a prototype, one Thea Foss. A Norwegian ship's carpenter, Andrew Foss, and his family arrived in Tacoma with two dollars in cash and a chest of tools. He salvaged two huge cedar logs, some drifting lumber, built a floating home that served the family for years. While Andrew was away on a job across the Sound, Thea not only cared for her three sons and a daughter but she started what was to become a great tugboat business. Bought a twenty-dollar rowboat for five—and from that great things came. One son, Wendell Foss, later became head of the Foss Launch and Tugboat Company. . . . Marjorie Rambeau has been acting since she was ten. At twelve she actually played Camille in Pacific Coast touring companies. Became a Broadway star in 1913 in Kick In, which Willard Mack wrote and co-starred in. Now Miss Rambeau is married to a movie exec and the two live on a farm in the San Fernando Valley. Own 5,000 chickens. . . . After Ronald Reagan (his nickname is Dutch) and Jane Wyman kissed fervently in one scene, they admitted that they were both thinking of what they'd have for lunch. You see, Ronald and Jane are married. Reagan, by the way, once was a lifeguard, so those rescue scenes came easy. Jane had to leap in four times for various shots, spoiling four lovely powder-blue afternoon frocks.

★ SEVEN SINNERS

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Mischa Auer, Albert Dekker, Billy Gilbert, Oscar Homolka, Anne Lee, Samuel S. Hinds, Reginald Denny, Vince Barnett, Herbert Rawlinson, James Craig, William Bakewell, Antonio Moreno, Russell Hicks, William Davidson. Story by Harry Tugend, Ladislas Fodor, and Laszlo Vadnai; screen play by John Meehan. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Universal. Running time, 87 minutes.

TORRID, shoddy stuff this, getting La Dietrich back in the trenches in a sort of tenth-rate Blue Angel role plus a dash of eleventh-rate Sadie Thompson. In brief, she's Bijou, a café singer who is deported from one South Sea island after another because everywhere she pauses to warble the male contingent goes berserk. In her tropical trail you find such husky he-men brawlers as John Wayne as a naval lieutenant who falls momentarily, and Broderick Crawford as a slow-thinking ex-sailor who has installed himself as a kind of bodyguard. Both are experts in portraying authentic barroom sockero. Then there's Albert Dekker as an outcast ship's doctor and Mischa Auer as an itinerant light-fingered magician. The Seven Sinners? That's the name of the café on the island of Boni-Komba which is wrecked in a free-for-all over the lureful Bijou.

All this is as smudgy as it knows how or—shall we say?—as it dares. There are bits of blue dialogue. Miss Dietrich is shown in various stages of dishabille; now and then, as the cabaret entertainer and perpetual deportee, she sings an unimpressive torch song.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those tramp-steamer scenes were shot in a sandy stretch of the San Fernando Valley owned by the Warners. The ship was just a movable billboard silhouette with wooden supports. . . . When she was tops at Paramount, Marlene got $250,000 a picture, a price only equaled by Greta Garbo and the late John Gilbert. When she started her comeback career last year with Destry Rides Again she got $75,000. . . . They say Brod Crawford wrecked his own apartment rehearsing one of his fight scenes. Crawford, son of Lester Crawford, stage actor, and Helen Broderick, screen comedienne, is the lad who couldn't land a Hollywood job, bought a copy of John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men on his way back to New York, haunted Manhattan stage managers' offices until he got the role of Lennie behind the footlights. He went along with the part when Hollywood did the picture—and now he's a real film name. . . . This marks Anne Lee's American film debut. Born in Kent, daughter of an English minister, she was encouraged in her stage career by her father, lifelong student of Shakespeare. Up to the age of twelve Anne was educated in a boys' school where her dad was headmaster. Landing in films, she married Robert Stevenson, the young English director who came over to make Tom Brown's School Days. Anne came too—and here she is.

Short Review:

★ **HULLABALOO** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). In which Frank Morgan does a successful one-man radio show, thereby paying up back alimony to his three ex-wives and winning the love of his three children. Mild, attenuated farce. (77 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town.

★★★½—The Great Dictator, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.

As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

★ ★ ★ ★

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.

An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

★ ★ ★ ★

They're thinking of calling it—

★ ★ ★ ★

Comrade Xmas. —Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

NATURE QUIZ

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

By **DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE**

author of Green Laurels, Audubon's America, etc.

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—What is the longest-lived of all insects?

2—What makes Mexican jumping beans jump?

3—What relation do flying ants have to ordinary wingless kinds?

4—Why are sexton beetles so called?

5—With what organs do the following animals produce sound? (*a*) elephants; (*b*) gorillas; (*c*) crickets; (*d*) birds; (*e*) honeybees; (*f*) houseflies; (*g*) frogs.

6—How is the sound of the deathwatch beetle produced, and what is its real meaning?

7—How do the following animals hear? (*a*) grasshoppers; (*b*) crickets; (*c*) mosquitoes; (*d*) fishes.

8—What is the range, in vibrations per second, of sounds that the human ear can detect?

9—The following nicknames represent what famous naturalists? (*a*) The American Woodsman. (*b*) The Father of American Ornithology. (*c*) John-o'-Birds. (*d*) The Hermit of Walden. (*e*) The Vicar of Selborne.

10—With what specialties are the following naturalists associated as authorities? (*a*) William Ditmars; (*b*) Leland Ossian Howard; (*c*) Frank Chapman; (*d*) Robert Cushman Murphy; (*e*) Ira N. Gabrielson.

11—What President of the United States (*a*) had an elk named for him? (*b*) had the highest peak in North America named for him? (*c*) had one of the largest individual trees in the world named for him? (*d*) by his signature created Kings Canyon National Park?

12—Identify the following naturalists, with the outstanding accomplishment of each in the field of nature: (*a*) William T. Hornaday; (*b*) Theodore Roosevelt; (*c*) William Beebe; (*d*) Carl Linnaeus; (*e*) John James Audubon.

13—Identify the following classics of nature writing by author: (*a*) The Compleat Angler; (*b*) The Origin of Species; (*c*) Wake Robin; (*d*) A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf; (*e*) History of Animated Nature.

14—What is shivering for?

15—On what part of his body does a dog perspire?

16—How do toads drink?

17—When a bird wishes to rise from the ground or water, does it face the wind and try to rise into it, or turn its back and let the wind lift it?

18—Do snakes (*a*) move by means of their scales? (*b*) climb trees by going spirally up the trunk? (*c*) refuse to cross a coil of rope, as cowboys say?

19—How many sides has (*a*) a honeycomb cell? (*b*) a snowflake?

20—How long is the longest pregnancy among animals?

21—What animals are longest-lived, and approximately what are their maximum ages?

22—How can you estimate the height of a standing tree?

23—What is the fastest flying bird in the world?

24—How do insects breathe?

25—How can you distinguish America's poisonous snakes?

26—Poison is injected in their prey by the following animals with what organs? (*a*) rattlesnake; (*b*) centipede; (*c*) scorpion; (*d*) spider; (*e*) wasp; (*f*) Gila monster.

27—What simple rule, if any, is there for distinguishing poisonous from nonpoisonous mushrooms?

28—How can you distinguish poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac (called also poison dogwood) from similar harmless plants?

29—Name two luminescent (light-producing) animals.

30—What is the origin of the light seen rolling in the eyes of animals at night, and what is the mechanism of its diffusion?

31—What is (*a*) the smallest kind of bird in the world? (*b*) the bird with the largest body in the world? (*c*) the bird with the greatest wingspread?

32—What sort of nest is made by (*a*) orioles? (*b*) purple martins? (*c*) nighthawks? (*d*) cowbirds?

33—Name three birds, not cage or barnyard birds, introduced successfully from other lands and now at home with us.

34—Which of these birds are extinct? (*a*) bird of paradise; (*b*) Eskimo curlew; (*c*) egret; (*d*) ivory-billed woodpecker; (*e*) passenger pigeon; (*f*) great auk; (*g*) flamingo; (*h*) dodo.

35—The eagle has been chosen the national bird of the following countries: Mexico, Russia, Italy, Prussia, Austria, Roman Empire, Napoleonic Empire, and the United States. In what way does the American bird differ (both ornithologically and as represented on national emblems) from all others?

36—Name two kinds of carnivorous plants found in the United States.

37—Can plants grow without (*a*) light? (*b*) soil? (*c*) water?

38—Name four important cultivated plants or plant products that originated in the Western Hemisphere and were known to the Indians but not in Europe before the discovery of America.

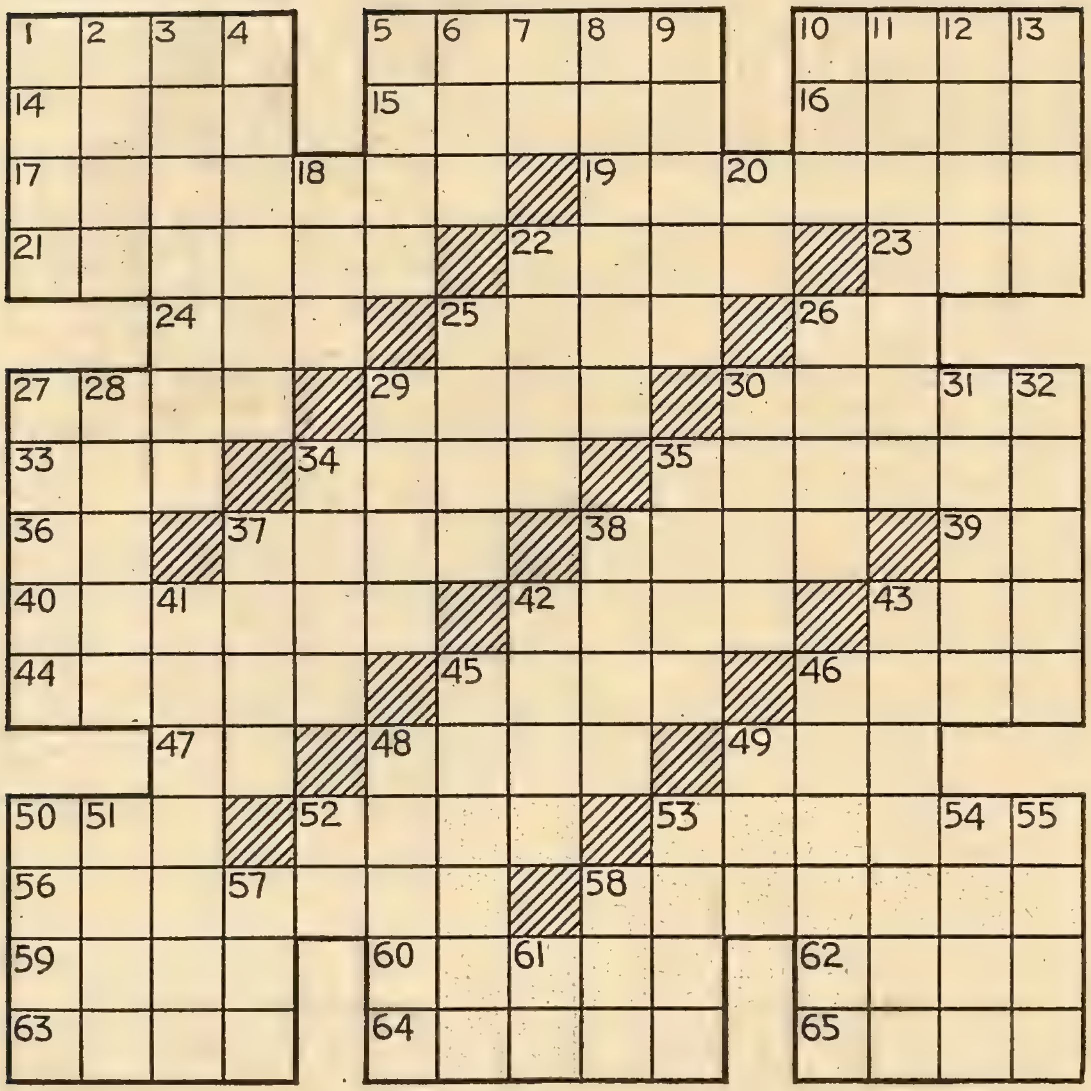
39—Of the following flowers proposed as the national floral emblem of the United States, which, if any, has been officially designated by Congress? (*a*) mayflower; (*b*) American Beauty rose; (*c*) daisy; (*d*) columbine; (*e*) goldenrod; (*f*) aster; (*g*) sunflower.

40—Of what countries or states are the following plants the official, or popular, national emblems? (*a*) iris; (*b*) rose; (*c*) cornflower; (*d*) cherry blossom; (*e*) maple leaf; (*f*) thistle; (*g*) clover; (*h*) lotus; (*i*) daffodil; (*j*) palmetto; (*k*) poppy; (*l*) pine tassel.

(Answers will be found on page 65)

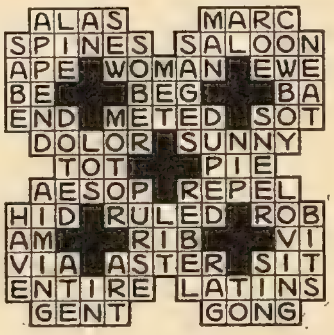
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Urges
5 Panama Canal lock
10 High tableland
14 To pierce, as with a horn
15 Without company
16 Street urchin
17 Enliven
19 White and smooth
21 Give or grant by will
22 Unfastened
23 Seine
24 Consumed
25 Large jug
26 Polynesian plant of the lily family
27 Gait
29 Hairless
30 After a while
33 American Indian
34 Girl
35 Judge's chamber
36 Interjection
37 Most desirable
38 Cut into cubes
39 Conjunction
40 Inclose in a covering
42 Minute insect
43 A fruit drink
44 Distributed
45 Diversion
46 Assert
47 Prefix: two
48 Commanded
49 Poem
50 Prefix: three
52 Wan
53 One who breathes noisily in sleep
56 From east to west
58 Manage
59 On the sheltered side
60 Toughen
62 Personality (pl.)
63 Network of veins
64 Enclosed
65 Dinge



ALAS MARC
SPINES SALOON
APE WOMAN EWE
BE BEG BA
END METED SOT
DOLOR SUNNY
TOT PIE
AESOP REPEL
HID RULED ROB
AM RIB VI
VIA ASTER SIT
ENTIRE LATINS
GENT GONG

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Interjection
2 Departed
3 Smirk
4 Descendant of Shem
5 Movable barrier
6 Beverage
7 Preposition
8 One-footed
9 Not at any time
10 Deface
11 Arsenate of copper
12 Mentally balanced
13 Aid
18 An enzyme
20 Preposition
22 Bird (pl.)
25 Compass point
26 Subdue
27 Whined
28 Make amends for
29 Worthless
30 Ornamental fabric
31 Eat away
32 More unusual
34 Unless
35 Summon officially
37 East Indian island
38 Coin
41 Piece of furniture
42 Constructed
43 Ordinary rank or degree
45 Sulphide of lead
46 Worshiped
48 Fundamental
49 Number
50 Former ruler
51 Regulation
52 Jumbled type
53 Hastened
54 British school
55 Remainder
57 Very small
58 Coin of Denmark
61 Pronoun

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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YOU wish to improve your personality? Then start on the outside and work in. Start at the bottom and work up. Start with the least important phase of personality, your surface appearance. As you improve yourself, keep in mind the inexorable rule: "To be somebody, do something."

"Handsome is as handsome does." "Actions speak more loudly than words." Yes, and words count for more than mere looks. Even a nod of the head counts for more than the looks of the head that nods.

Whenever I seek something lovely to look at in idle contemplation, I never turn to a human being. I turn to clouds, to sunsets, to birds, to trees, to insects, and even to fish. Color, form, and pattern in the lower forms of animal life surpass the best any man or woman can offer the sensitive eye. And I wouldn't trade all the female beauties since Helen of Troy for one autumn sunset over Newfoundland, *provided* that I am merely looking as an aesthete.

All this is just an odd way of saying that human nature never appears on the skin, nor in the bulk and shape of body, nor in the color of eye, nor in the shape of ear and nose. When you see only the outside, you see nobody. And beneath some outsides there *is* nobody. The loveliest woman I ever saw was a Fifth Avenue millionaire moron. She was so defective above the ears that her husband maintained two clever women to protect her against the world. When she presided over her marvelously managed dinners, she reigned like a queen at the head of the table, but never said a word beyond "yes" and "no." On each side of her sat her two managers. They ran the show.

When wise men say that "beauty is only skin deep," they mean, of course, that what you see on the surface is no indication of what lies below. This is why so-called beauty culture has little to do with personality culture. It has a little, but how very little!

EVERY normal person would rather watch a play in the theater than look for the same length of time at fine statues or paintings in an art gallery. Most of us can endure statues and paintings for a few minutes. Rare the person who can look and look for hours.

The loveliest inactive thing holds us less strongly than a third-rate living creature in action. We are alive. We try to keep alive, and we try to make living more pleasant. Here lie all our powerful interests. The farther removed from them a thing is, the deader it is to us.

The more weakly a thing affects us, the less we attend to it—and the faster it bores us. A person in complete repose seems almost a picture—something inanimate, like a statue. How could such a lifeless surface move us deeply? It says nothing. It does nothing. It means nothing. How uninteresting, in the long run!

"Nobody can get a rise out of her." So the boys say of the wallflower. What they're really saying is that the poor creature isn't quite alive. She is all dressed up and empty. Poor thing!

What should she learn? What should everybody else learn? Just this:

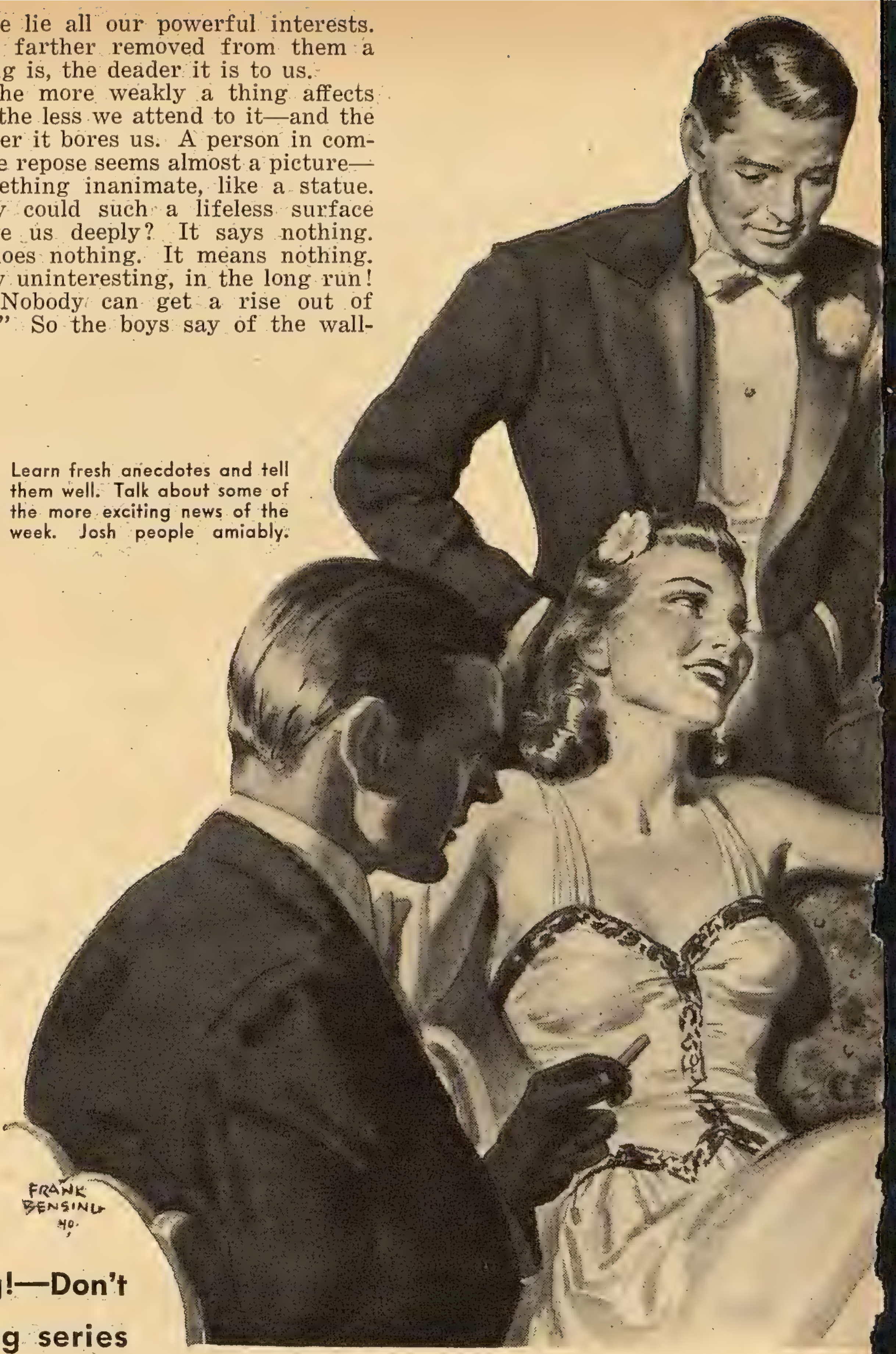
Avoid inaction as you avoid the plague. Avoid creating the impression of total rest such as is always produced by people who present only their surfaces to the world.

Always do something, no matter what, while in the presence of people whose attention and interest you seek. Slightly inane behavior is better than no behavior at all.

What is the lowest form of behavior worth while? Learning a lot of fresh anecdotes and telling them well. Asking questions that are not downright silly. Showing off a new dance step. Exhibiting some odd or funny skill you've picked up. Talking about some of the more important and exciting news of the week, even though you haven't much to say about it. Joshing people amiably.

Make friends with other neglected people at the party. Change your act often. Do nothing for long. Do many things each for a little while.

Now I'll risk a dogfight. I'll tell tales on a woman who, before illness removed her from the scene, started off in New York as a green country girl, and within a few years became a gracious, vivacious personality as well as a famed hostess. For a little time I helped her over a few hard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Y PROFESSOR
ALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

STEPS TO PERSONAL SUCCESS

3

YOUR BEHAVIOR

bumps; that's how I know her methods.

She had looks from the beginning, but nothing else except a grim determination to make good in the big city. Her mind is so-so. Probably a fewer points above the average. But she was plenty smart enough to get and to hold a job as society reporter on one of the best Manhattan newspapers. Smart enough, too, to wheedle a special expense allowance out of her father: she wanted to take Junior Leaguers out to lunch, the better to get low-down for her paper. If the editor wouldn't foot the bill, all right!

For a time she was in despair. She couldn't keep up her end of the table talk. She didn't dare throw a party for the sophisticates. Yet she felt sure that she'd never get into the big game until she had people begging for dinner invitations.

"Let's get down to the naked logic, Totsy," said I one day of gloom. "What do you want? An inside track to get society news. All right. You must make the dames think well of you. They think socially, if at all. So you must please them at dinner tables and week-ends, mustn't you? Right. Well, then, why not go at it as if you were running a vaudeville show? Work out your program minute by minute. Write all your stuff down until you get the hang of it. Carry the notes with you in some pretty notebook. Look at it, whenever you must, to see what you do next. Keep yourself going. Keep everybody else going. Never one second of deathly silence. Never allow anybody to look at you and remark how pretty your hair is. That means that you're slipping."

Well, she tackled the job with a whoop. She built up half a dozen highly organized shows in which the actors were the guests, all unaware of their roles. She investigated the past of every guest. She found out matters that she must never mention or drag up. She found hobbies, quirks, prejudices, each of which could be put to work in certain ways. She learned to avoid certain issues which had split high society wide open. Above all, she mastered the art of picking guests who struck fire from one another but without setting fire to the house.

I used to attend some of her dinners. I hate social affairs, but hers were different. I laughed myself sick over her devilish skill in keeping everybody on the move, herself included. Not one idle minute! Everybody worked for his dinner. And, before she fell ill, she had people clamoring for dinner invitations.

She did it all with sheer activity. That's why I parade her as a shining example. She had no other trick beyond that one. Keep moving! Keep moving!

THE rule works all down the line. It's the best for a dinner party.

It's also the best for a business conference, for married life, for a reform movement, for whatever throws people together and brings out personality. Many of us accept the weak compromise with laziness. We work up some simple routine of activity and let that serve for all occasions. Did I not say that almost any action was better than inaction? Yes, I did. Well, then, let's take the easiest way. Let's standardize a simple patter and pattern.

What a fat book I might fill with failures who have taken that easiest way! True, they've done better than the surface personalities, but not much better. And there's a reason. It's just this: A person having a simple routine in meeting people creates the impression of a mechanical doll. Living creatures have variety. They're always surprising the onlooker. Machines can be understood through and through. They have no surprises, once you've caught on to their design.

For years I knew a man of such stereotyped behavior. As a boy he went with his father to China, where he studied under the old mandarins and grew up with the rigorous Chinese etiquette. He mastered the art of saving his face and saving other people's faces too. A useful art, in its place; but too limited for America.

He came back here for college wearing a Buddha mask. He always smiled a frozen smile of great gentleness. Always he spoke in a soft, even-toned voice. Never once did he show anger or excitement or curiosity. All in all, he was the most monotonous person I ever knew. Or did I know him?

Everybody else was asking that question, too. Was he saint or rogue? Was he intelligent or stupid? I don't know. But I do know one thing. I'd never want to spend a week with him on a desert island.

He was one thing to all men. Just the reverse of another weak-personality type, which is all things to all men. He lacked character. He never attached himself to any group or cause. Saving his face, he lost his soul. He never grasped the elemental truth that life is doing, and that whatever does nothing is dead. Who wants the dead around?

I urge you to take this lesson to heart. For many old-fashioned personality culture systems teach the stereotyped behavior: "Always smile. Always hold out your hand in greeting. Always tell a person how much you appreciate him." And so on. Well, this is dangerous. And the more people practice it, the deadlier it grows. You grow impatient at the monotony. Everywhere the same smirk, the same outstretched hand, the same flattery in the same phrases! How you'd welcome a change!

I did that just last year. I attended a luncheon of the Best People in a Southwestern town where everybody with even one oil well was striving to be somebody. Such fine clothes all around the table! Everybody had committed Emily Post to heart, I'm sure. Conversation started off slowly, lamely, and then with locomotor ataxia. After some fifteen minutes I hoped the hotel would catch fire. . . .

Then in blew a cyclone in brown rags. It sat near me. I saw it was a woman. I never heard her name and I don't need it. For she is engraved upon my heart. She turned to me and yelled: "I never read your books and never shall. Too busy. Books are all right for the idle rich and the idle poor . . ."

She slammed the governor of the state, who sat next to me, for some bill he'd just signed. "You must've et something that disagreed with you, Ed."

To the town's dumpiest dowager, all cluttered up with jewelry, she snorted: "Win all those stones at last week's raffle, Emmy? The blue ones are purty, but the others ought to go back to the gravel pit they came from."

She enraged half a dozen people, got them shouting at her and at one another . . . made the headwaiter laugh so that he lost all his professional dignity . . . complained about the olives, which were too green . . . told everybody she was out to get that old skinflint, Mike Duggan, because he wouldn't cough up ten thousand dollars for the boys' summer camp . . . looked at her watch, snorted: "Well, guess I'd better be going . . . it's dull here . . . s'long."

Professor Pitkin discusses another phase of personality next week. Read him and learn how to put your best foot forward.

Exit cyclone.

What a party! From that instant forth the luncheon roared along. Everybody was stirred up. Manners went, lost in the shuffle. I had a grand time, and so did everybody else.

"Whenever she comes to a party, she breaks the ice and throws the chunks at everybody's head," an old-timer told me later. "She runs a cow ranch eighteen miles out of town. She's got the manners of a maverick. Are we glad to see her!"

Stereotyped behavior sickens us all, in time. We crave variety. The more life's in you, the wider your variety.

To improve your personality, avoid all standardized conduct if you can. (Sometimes, especially at the beginning of a meeting or party, you have to play safe while sizing folks up, and then it's wise to stick to colorless conventions.) Fit your acts to each new situation, to each new person you meet, and to their interests and desires. Above all, be yourself. Come out into the open. Do what you are urged to do.

Any group of people will grow excited over the frank behavior of even a weak personality. But they will be bored stiff by dolls and puppets and face-savers. The worst live one is better than all the dead in a heap.

THE END

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40 ANSWERS

By Donald Culross Peattie

to his questions on page 60

1—The periodical cicada, incorrectly called "locust." Its grubs or larvae live seventeen years underground (thirteen years in some Southern states), and then they become adults, emerge, "sing," fly, mate, lay eggs, and die. On hatching from the eggs, the new larvae bore into the ground.

2—Mexican jumping beans are small seeds occupied by the grubs of an insect which, like measuring worms, writhe and double up; this causes the beans to jump about.

3—Flying ants are the unmated queens and drones (or "kings"). After the marriage flight the drones die and the fertilized queens strip off their wings before going underground to found a new nest.

4—Because they bury small dead animals. They excavate a pit beneath the animal, and when it has sunk below the level of the earth, they lay their eggs on it, and then cover it over with earth.

5—(*a*) By blowing through the trunk. (*b*) By forcing air through special "roaring sacs." (*c*) The stiffened wing covers of male crickets are provided, one with a file, the other with a rasp; by rubbing the edges together the cricket chirps. (*d*) By forcing air through the syrinx, a special organ of the lower part of the trachea. The sound box of humans is located in the larynx. Birds have a larynx but do not use it for singing. (*e*) By vibrating the wings. (*f*) Chiefly by vibrating membranes behind the thorax; that they do not buzz solely by beating their wings can be demonstrated by holding a fly by the wings and listening to its protests. (*g*) By forcing the air, with nostrils and mouth both *closed*, back and forth between the lungs and the vocal sacs, across the vocal cords.

6—The deathwatch beetle, once believed to be ticking off the moments left in the life of the listener, is really signaling to its mate. It does this by tapping on the timbers in old houses with its hammerlike head.

7—(*a*) In the abdomen, just beneath the wings; (*b*) in "shins" of the front legs; (*c*) in the antennae or "feelers"; (*d*) by ears.

8—Twenty vibrations per second is the lowest sound humans can hear, and 20,000 the highest. Many animals may hear other sounds above or below these.

9—(*a*) John James Audubon. (*b*) Alexander Wilson. (*c*) John Burroughs. (*d*) Henry David Thoreau. (*e*) Gilbert White.

10—(*a*) Reptiles; Ditmars is now curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Society. (*b*) Insects; Howard is the retired chief of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, and America's most famous "insect fighter." (*c*) Birds; Chapman is now curator of birds at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and is considered the dean of American ornithologists. (*d*) Ocean birds, especially of South America; Murphy is now president of the National Association of Audubon Societies; (*e*) Wild-life conservation; Gabrielson is now chief of the Biological Survey at Washington.

11—(*a*) Theodore Roosevelt. The Roosevelt elk is found on the famed Olympic Peninsula of Washington State. (*b*) William McKinley. Mount McKinley, Alaska, is 20,300 feet high. (*c*) Ulysses S. Grant. The General Grant Tree in Grant Grove, Kings Canyon National Park, California, is 40.3 feet in diameter and 267 feet high, making it one of the most ponderous (though not tallest) of all the sequoias. (*d*) Franklin D. Roosevelt, who early in 1940 signed the Kings Canyon National Park bill, America's newest public wilderness.

12—(*a*) Hornaday was one of those who saved the American bison from extinction. (*b*) Roosevelt secured more land for our national parks and national forests than any other President of the United States. (*c*) Beebe explores the life of ocean depths in a bathysphere. (*d*) Linnaeus, Swedish naturalist of the eighteenth century, founded modern classification of plants and animals. (*e*) Audubon painted all the birds of America known in his day, life-size, in full color.

13—(*a*) Izaak Walton. (*b*) Charles Darwin. (*c*) John Burroughs. (*d*) John Muir. (*e*) Oliver Goldsmith.

14—Shivering increases muscular action, thereby heightening the heat of the body.

15—On the pads of the paws, on the nose and tongue.

16—Through the skin, not the mouth.

17—It flies against the wind, just as airplanes do.

18—(*a*) No; by muscular contractions and body traction. (*b*) No; snakes have to be able to reach a branch from the ground. (*c*) No; snakes can and will crawl over rope coils.

19—(*a*) Six. (*b*) Six.

20—Elephants and rhinoceroses each have the maximum gestation period, nineteen months. Horse, donkey, giraffe, and zebra have a twelve-months period; sea lions come next with ten and one half months.

21—According to S. H. Williams, professor of zoology in the University of Pittsburgh, who compiled the latest authoritative list, the palm for longevity goes to the giant tortoise, which has lived in captivity a maximum of 200 years. Falcons come next, with a record of 163 years, then golden eagles and carp with 150. Parrots are not known to surpass 120 years; salmon, sharks, and crocodiles have lived up to 100, and whales 90 to 100. Of all the mammals, man is probably the longest-lived, surpassing easily any known record even for elephants.

22—Measure the length of the tree's shadow and of your shadow. Multiply the length of the tree's shadow by your height, and divide by the length of your shadow.

23—The chimney swift. It can fly from seventy to two hundred miles an hour, which is almost four times as fast as the maximum for the next fastest birds, such as some of the ducks and falcons.

24—Insects breathe through pores in the external skeleton, usually situated on the abdomen and thorax; they have no lungs and, in our sense of the word, no noses. Slight dilation and contraction of the body force the air through the tubes.

25—Rattlesnakes are distinguished by rattles. Copperheads and water moccasins have narrow "necks," giving the head the appearance of being larger than the body, or of being diamond-shaped, squarish, or hammerlike. They have a pit between the eye and nostril. The only other poisonous serpents in America are the coral snakes, which are slender little serpents with broad rings of red and black separated by narrow rings of yellow.

26—(*a*) Fangs which fold back when not in use; (*b*) modified forelegs containing poison; (*c*) tail; (*d*) fangs; (*e*) sting, which, however, does not separate and stay in the wound, as does a bee's sting, but is withdrawn by the wasp and can be used over again; (*f*) teeth.

27—There is none. "Tests" for poisonous mushrooms based on silver turning black if put in a poisonous brew, or the peeling free of the skin of harmless kinds, are dangerous superstitions. There is no substitute for a sound botanical knowledge, if you want to eat wild mushrooms.

28—Poison ivy and poison oak are distinguished from Virginia creeper and fragrant sumac, which they resemble, by having glossy leaflets and smooth lead-gray berries. Poison sumac can be told from the innocuous kind by its dull gray berries and the fact that it grows in bogs, where real sumac is never found.

29—Glowworms and fireflies. Others are luminous jellyfish, squids, starfish, and corals.

30—The source of the light is the same as that by which you are seeing the animal, that is, moon, torch, etc. But a special reflecting device, situated back of the lens, reflects the maximum of available light rays, thereby enabling certain animals to see in the dark far better than we.

31—(*a*) Hummingbird; (*b*) ostrich; (*c*) condor.

32—(*a*) A hanging nest with a double lining. (*b*) Martins now nest only in birdhouses, formerly in hollow trees. (*c*) Nighthawks make no nests; they lay the egg on the ground, on a flat stone, or even on flat roofs of houses. (*d*) Cowbirds lay their eggs in other birds' nests.

33—Starling, English sparrow, ring-necked pheasant.

34—The following are extinct: Eskimo curlew, passenger pigeon, great auk, dodo.

35—The American eagle differs from all others in being the bald or white-headed eagle, a bird found only in North America. When properly represented, the American eagle always shows the white head.

36—Pitcher plants and sundews. Also Venus flytrap.

37—(*a*) Yes; all plants grow at night; many, such as mushrooms, can grow without ever receiving light. (*b*) Yes, if chemicals are supplied. (*c*) No. Plants grow just as long as they have an adequate supply of water stored or derived; when that ceases they stop growing.

38—Tobacco, rubber, quinine, corn. Also chocolate, vanilla, and coca (source of cocaine).

39—None. Congress has never chosen an official floral emblem.

40—(*a*) France; (*b*) England; (*c*) Germany; (*d*) Japan; (*e*) Canada; (*f*) Scotland; (*g*) Ireland; (*h*) China; (*i*) Wales; (*j*) South Carolina; (*k*) California; (*l*) Maine.

A Short-Short Visit to O. Henry's Home Town

FULTON OURSLER

A FEW WEEKS ago I was the guest of the Executives Club in Greensboro, North Carolina. In the afternoon before my address I was taken on a sightseeing tour that filled me with admiration for the progressiveness and vision of this city of more than fifty thousand people. To find a seventeen-story office building—headquarters of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company—was an immediate surprise, and the handsome new courthouse and post-office structure was modern and in fine taste. I saw cotton mills, overall factories, cigar factories, and fertilizer plants, all going in high gear. The care of the workers and their housing conditions especially interested me; the Communist harangues about exploited Southern labor obviously were not true of Greensboro. I was fascinated, too, by the Quaker Guilford College, with its noble trees and venerable buildings. Then I was taken to the battleground of Guilford Court House, the hero of which was General Nathanael Greene, for whom Greensboro was named. Here was a good American city—one felt its spirit in each new sight—the stadium, which is Greensboro's memorial of the first World War; the massive pillars and façade of Aycock Auditorium of the Women's College of the University of North Carolina; the spruced, windowed shops on Elm Street, the formal gardens and lawn in front of the Masonic and Eastern Star Home; and the fountains in Lake Daniel Park.

BUT IT WAS NOT until we were returning to the hotel—there are two excellent ones, the King Cotton and the one where the meeting was to be held—that I remembered the literary background of this beautiful North Carolina city.

"Here's where we meet tonight," explained my host, and I found myself in front of the O. Henry Hotel. O. Henry! Of course! The great American tale spinner, genius of the short shorts, had been born in Greensboro. Later, in my hotel room, on the walls of which were framed original magazine and book illustrations of the O. Henry stories, I learned a most interesting O. Henry-like story—the history of what is now the Greensboro Public Library.

ONCE UPON A TIME the red-brick library building, charming in its old-fashioned architecture and pointed bell tower, was a church—the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro. For thirty-seven years its pastor was the Rev. Dr. Jacob Henry Smith; that is a long service for any clergyman, and when he died the whole city was in grief. It was many years after his death that the church's fate began to be discussed. It was in the heart of the business district, and now there were plans for the congregation to sell it and move farther out. It was then that the late pastor's daughter and granddaughters bought the church property. The old building in which their father and grandfather had preached the word of Our Lord for so long, the place so filled with memories for them, they bought, not for themselves but to give to their fellow townsmen. So it was that Mrs. Lunsford Richardson, daughter of the clergyman and wife of the founder of Vick Chemical Co. (Vicks VapoRub, etc.), and her daughters—Mrs. Carl I. Carlson, Mrs. William Y. Preyer, and Mrs. Karl E. Prickett, joined in a wise and liberal benefaction. The small Carnegie Library in Greensboro had been long outgrown; now these civic-minded Southern women offered not only to pay $100,000 for the church property but to spend an additional $120,000 to remodel it as library, museum, and art center.

That is exactly what was done, and there the old red church stands today, in the rip tide and crisscross of three busy streets, a blessing to the city. In the old building is a collection of O. Henryana that would certainly astonish the author of The Gifts of the Magi if his ghost could revisit this place which he knew well as a boy. His mother's schoolbook is there, and a volume that belonged to his grandfather; letters, photographs, incunabula, and memorabilia—a scholar's collection about a man who wrote for the masses.

This good thing Mrs. Richardson and her daughters did for the city of Greensboro. Her brother, Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith, wrote an authorized biography of O. Henry—and managed to overcome family objections so that he might tell the facts about O. Henry's prison term. It was Dr. Smith's contention—and how right he has been proved!—that O. Henry's career, in overcoming such a handicap, should inspire all who heard of that sad part of his past.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE comes to you in Liberty next week from that Joan of Arc of the Chinese people, Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Writing in war-torn Chungking, she speaks her mind plainly in her article, Democracy Reaps the Whirlwind. The table of contents next week groans with good things, like a winter night's feast. Especially recommended are: I Saw War's Hell on the High Seas, by Robert Low, Liberty's on-the-spot correspondent in the Battle of Britain; I've Got Those Broadcasting-Booth Blues! by Bill Stern; The Tabard Inn of Hollywood, a piece about the Tavern of the renowned Al Levy; a Newspaper Quiz, by Bide Dudley; another adventure in personality by Professor Pitkin; and another fine piece on the Broadway theater by George Jean Nathan. As for fiction, the short stories are especially good, and I particularly recommend Daredevil Dayton, by Howard Brubaker; and Engagement Party, by Margaret Lee Runbeck. There will be large portions of the current serials and all your favorite departments.

SALMAGUNDI: Had a charming visit the other day with Theo. Annemann, editor of the Jinx, liveliest little journal about magic and magicians ever published. I was fascinated, listening to his stories about modern methods of pseudo-mediums and how famous people are taken in by charlatans. The old motto of sleight-of-hand performers continues to be true: *Mundus vult decipi; ergo decipiatur*—which might be roughly translated: "The world wishes to be deceived; therefore it is deceived." . . . Footprints of the Trojan Horse, issued by the Citizenship Educational Service, Inc., 122 East Forty-second Street, New York City, is the finest possible presentation of the fifth-column danger to the minds of young children. Four **** for this one.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER 14, 1940

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EDITORIAL

Americanism—Is It Worth Saving? Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Woman Trouble Grace Sartwell Mason 18
The Old Martinet's Daughter—Liberty's Short Short Charlton L. Edholm 24
Design for Loving Frederick Wight 42

SERIALS

Murder Over Brooklyn—Part I Frederick L. Collins 10
Du Barry 1940—The Woman Who Ruined France—Conclusion Frederick L. Collins 26
Death Waits for a Lady—Part II Whitman Chambers 30
Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal—Part V..........Sax Rohmer 48

ARTICLES

Get Fit to Fight!...Jack Dempsey 15
Japan Outlaws Joy..Walter Karig 39
Keeping Up with the Jukeses Barbara Wake 55
Nature Quiz Donald Culross Peattie 60
Seven Steps to Personal Success Professor Walter B. Pitkin 62

FEATURES

Vox Pop, 6; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 29; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 58; Crossword Puzzle, 61.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY RUDOLPH BELARSKI

Wine lends to your Holidays a special warm-hearted charm

Popular hosts and hostesses report that more and more people now prefer a moderate beverage like wine

WHY DON'T you try it this year? When "turkey and fixings" come to table, pour for everyone a glass of ruby Burgundy or golden Sauterne wine. As an *extra touch* of hospitality!

We promise it will bring you an interesting discovery. A new glamour at your table. A still more royal taste added to your festive main dinner course by good wine!

Sauterne and Burgundy, mind you, are *made* to bring out the flavor of our rich holiday meats. In all the world, no connoisseur has found a more perfect complement to turkey than these delightful table wines.

While the holidays are here why not try another venture, too? When you've guests at supper or in the evening, set out platters of sliced ham . . . turkey . . . dainty sandwiches . . .

And trays on which small glasses surround a decanter each of nutlike Sherry and mellow Port.

This year — however you serve your wine — you'll notice more and more people now prefer this moderate beverage. You'll discover that the gracious custom of serving wine compliments your more important guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

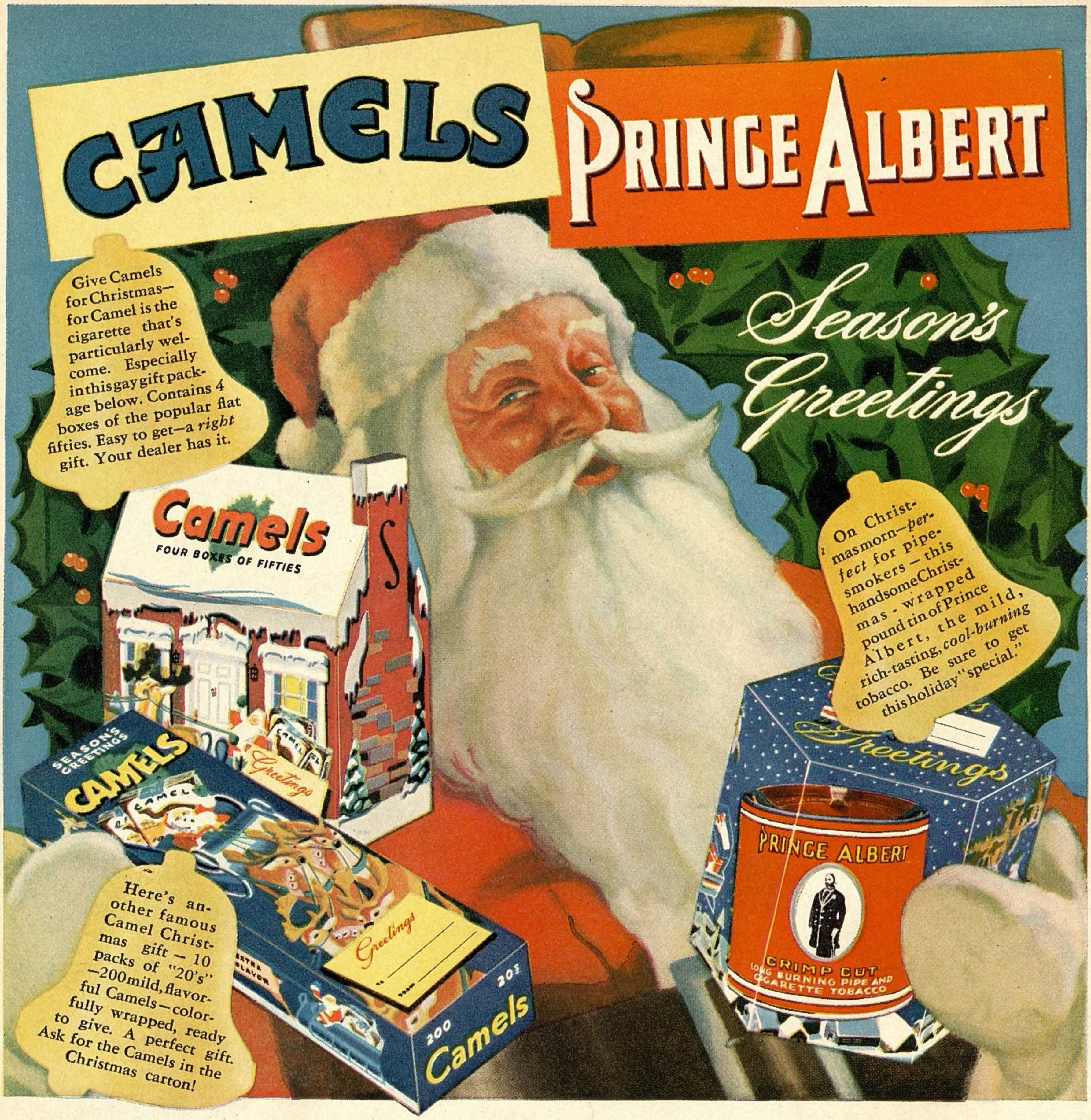
In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

At the appetizer hour, try serving Sherry wine . . . Nutlike in flavor, mellow amber Sherry is an age-old and perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions

The table wines are light and "dry" (not sweet), made especially to accompany main-course dishes. Try pale-gold Chablis or Rhine wine with chicken, and ruby Claret with your steak or roast

"Sweet" wines are made for serving with refreshments. When you're entertaining casually, try setting out cocktail-size glasses of Muscatel. It's a golden wine rich with the unique Muscat grape flavor

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco


CAMELS
PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
Camels
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
SEASONS GREETINGS
CAMELS
Greetings
200
20's
Camels
Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a *right* gift. Your dealer has it.

On Christmas morn—*perfect* for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christmas-wrapped pound tin of Prince Albert, the mild, rich-tasting, *cool-burning* tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special."

Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift—10 packs of "20's"—200 mild, flavorful Camels—colorfully wrapped, ready to give. A perfect gift. Ask for the Camels in the Christmas carton!

CAMELS

● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts *today!*

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Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers